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Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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SEPT. 20, 1919

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Beginning The Peddler—By Henry C. Rowland

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A National Clothes Service

The HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

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THE PEDDLER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

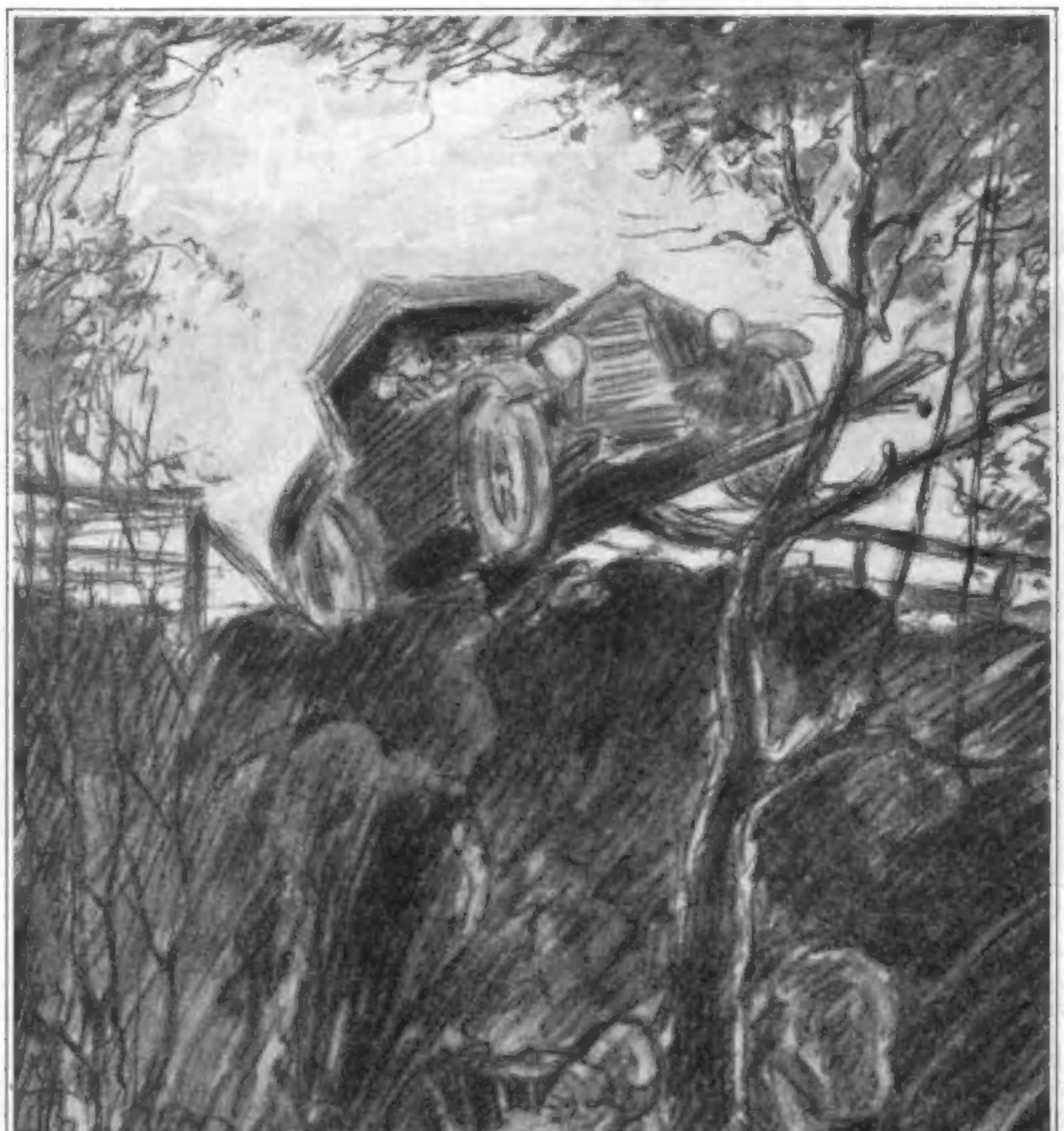
FOR five generations the Kirkland family had lived at Kirkland Manor, and for the last three of these their neighbors had regarded them with a mixture of admiration, respect and strong disapprobation.

Such esteem as the Kirklands received in the community was principally for what they represented. They were the oldest dwellers on the land; possessed of wealth commensurate with their station; direct in their dealings—often painfully so; good to look upon, and possessed of a number of admirable traits which many held to be more than counterbalanced by their failings. But they represented that rare element, an American aristocracy which was based on descent, breeding, long-established customs of elegance and residence upon the soil.

The present family had always been a headstrong tribe, but after the death of the wife and mother no further restraint of the four wild sons and self-willed daughter obtained. Mr. Kirkland—known as "the squire" to the old-timers—appeared indifferent to his children's escapades, and as they reached adult age he appeared to find an agreeable diversion in them.

So it had come to pass that the old manor house was regarded obliquely by the more sober-minded of the community. This did not apply to the new, rich and fashionable set of whom the elaborate palaces had more recently sprung up from most of the dominating points both along the shore of the bay and inland. These were invariably eager to make acquaintance with "the Kinky Kirklands"—as the boys were dubbed at Harvard. This was in no way difficult, as this family, the old aristocratic one of the countryside, still preserved a good many colonial traditions of hospitality and welcome to what it had come to regard in the light of its domain.

The estate itself portrayed its patrician character. A number of such are still to be found throughout that section of New England and bear a certain cachet impossible to reproduce in the beautiful and costly estates that spring up on every side to minimize them by comparative magnificence. But these former are not dismayed by such display. Like some old aristocrat of lofty lineage Kirkland Manor wore its insignia of rank in qualities which only time can evolve—the velvet fineness of its lawns, a depth of shadow and girth of trunk to trees set out in stately order of alignment, and such a merging of art and Nature in its grounds as one might see in old pictures, a dissolving of early landscape gardening into the massive features of rock and hillock, woods and broken shore which characterizes that part of the rugged coast.



The Slightest Move Would Have Been Fatal, Precipitated Them Into the Abyss, the Car on Top of Them

But the family itself did not appear to have shared in this mellowing of age. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the region the trouble with the Kirkland men had always been strong drink. Yet they stood as a bad argument for prohibitionists because they continued to prosper in their affairs, held fast to their fortunes and increased them, reared sturdy and beautiful children who grew to be attractive men and women, high-spirited and temperamental.

Contrary to local prophecy they managed to keep out of penal, hygienic and charitable institutions, while none had ever fallen as predicted under lethal weapons in the hands of husbands, fathers or brothers. Not only were they gentlefolk but they seemed to have inherited a certain canniness and wit from their Scotch-Irish ancestry. So that while everybody expected to hear on almost any day that they had got drunk and burned the house down or broken their necks riding cross country or drowned themselves in their marine maneuvers or blown themselves up or squandered their substance in riotous living or fallen foul of their neighbors or each other with fatal consequences, none of these things ever happened. And none could deny but that they were always very much alive until Father Time garnered them with his scythe.

Perhaps the reason was that their strong red blood found a certain percentage of alcohol required by its plasma; perhaps that they were such tough-fibered outdoor folks that they did not fall within the jurisdiction of hygienic rules that must apply to others.

The family consisted of Mr. Andrew Kirkland, "the squire," who was a sportive old chap and prideful as the turkey gobbler which he much resembled; James, the eldest son and the best mind of the family when unclouded; William, who knew everybody both native and newcomer and had a habit of living in almost anybody's house but his own; Diana, the only daughter; and lastly the twins, Donald and David.

In ages the children were spaced about three years apart—barring only the twins, when this interval was about three minutes—and as James was twenty-eight, the ages of the others may be quickly computed by the bright mathematical mind. The brothers were of a clean-cut,

rangy, athletic type—the fibrous type; but Diana was lighter of frame and more luxuriously upholstered. She had a very clear ivory skin with a flush glowing through it at most times, dark violet eyes which excitement made indigo, black wavy hair, very thick and fine. There was a sort of suppressed eagerness about this girl, as though she were waiting impatiently for a summons that was long in coming. When in motion she suggested the Winged Victory, but so far she had not lost her head. Yet she gave that same impression of the rush of free strong air, perhaps because she was usually in rapid motion.

Whatever Diana's errand might be she seemed to infuse it with that intensity of ardor which most people reserve for a crisis; in fact, this girl lived at what would be crescendo for other folks, though she had never even nearly approached her own.

All of this paints perhaps too attractive a picture of the Kirkland family. To the debit side of the ledger were many intemperances besides that of strong drink. They were lacking in self-restraint, and in their own home lived in a sort of ferment of dispute; scarcely a day passed without a wrangle, the sides variously chosen. They made warm friendships with new neighbors, then offended them by some thoughtless or careless act, parted with anger, to greet them on their next meeting with an amazing disregard of any unpleasant episode having taken place. They fought continually amongst themselves, suddenly forgot it—or changed sides in the course of the combat and never let the sun go down upon their wrath.

"At Any Rate, We Know That the Sultana Went Back to Madame d'Irancy and That the Little Fool Refused Either to Sell It or Lock It Up in Safe Deposit"

Mealtime was usually a pandemonium, but the same might happen at any hour of the twenty-four; or on any occasion, no matter how solemn. They snapped and snarled on the verge of their departure for the war, and when it was over came trailing home at intervals to get at it again five minutes after arrival.

Also there were wild parties at which Diana usually assisted, though she did not smoke or drink. Exaggerated stories were told by passers-by of nocturnal revels, yells, screeches and the destruction of household effects as indicated by the uproar within. Or it might be of motor cars tearing dementedly about the country to the peril of orderly traffic. In a word, the Kirklands outraged established rules of conduct, rode roughshod over popular prejudices with never a word of by your leave or pardon me.

And yet their home itself seemed always to run smoothly enough in its domestic machinery. Their servants stuck to them and, strongly up for them, retailed no intelligence to their discredit. Though their neighbors usually had a double watch of these indispensables—one coming on duty, the other going off—the Kirklands appeared to enjoy a sort of feudal loyalty in this regard. Though they probably paid about half the wage of the millionaires who surrounded them on every side, there may have been some quality about them that made a servant feel like a servant there instead of a paid and tolerated guest; and also a sort of pleasurable excitement, as though with a circus or menagerie or motion-picture outfit. Life was never dull at Kirkland Manor, which was the old name of the place, though it had fallen into disuse. The butler was a Chinaman and a sort of ubiquitous familiar of any who might need him at any time. Most of the others were Irish and found the atmosphere temperamentally congenial.

But for all this internecine strife, despite the bickering and wrangling and chronic Donnybrook that usually prevailed, let any outsider or group of outsiders start a serious offensive against any member of the family, and the attack met not with a massed defense but a very swift and united counter-offensive, invariably launched before the *casus belli* had been clearly ascertained. It was rather like kicking over one of several beehives, which in the lapse of a honey flow are busily engaged in looting each other. With a yell of delight the family turned as one unit to rend the aggressor. And this known fact, more than any other, had enabled the Kirklands, up to the epoch of which we write, to pursue their violent personal affairs in no danger of alien interference.

II

DIANA came in from an early morning ride to find her oldest brother, James, alone in the big oak-paneled dining room breakfasting on kippers and a bottle of ale. He greeted her with a grunt and a nod.

"What's got you up so early?" she asked.

"Have to go to town," he growled. "Filthy morning to ride, Di. You take a chance, too, with that Barney horse. Since he fell with me he's been wabbly on his *pattes*."

"If you're going to town," Diana answered, "you'd better start for the station in plenty of time. The road is greasy as the deck of a cod-fisher. I came up Oak Hill this morning and it's a mess after the rain. They ought to do something to the edge. It's washing out."

James nodded.

"I've complained about it several times. It seems to me we pay enough different sorts of fancy taxes to get a road to the station we can tool over without risking a drop into the ravine. Somebody will go down some day and he'll only make one trip."

"I'll drive you in myself," said Diana.

She went to the garage telephone, then rejoined her brother, followed by Chang, the butler, with coffee and eggs.

James was in a bad humor. Like many country gentlemen of outdoor habit he held it a punishment to go to town unless for some particular joyous event. But as the eldest and clearest-headed of the family he had assumed control of its financial affairs. The children had inherited independently from their mother, and would one day inherit from their father, but by a sort of tacit agreement James had been charged with the direction of their separate and collective fortunes. He ran the house as one might a club, each contributing pro rata for such things as they shared in common; and like a club different members undertook the management of separate details. Thus Diana was housekeeper; William ran the wine mess, for which they signed chits; Donald looked after the stables and garage; and David, the navy—a seagoing motor yacht, two launches, a small sailing racer and a flotilla of canoes and rowboats. A hydroplane was shortly to be added to this squadron and the hangar for it was at that moment in process of construction.

James was bolting his kippers, something in the manner of a Malemute sledge dog, when suddenly he paused and cocked his head.

"What's that devilish row?" he demanded.

They both listened. It was one of those soft, soggy mornings in late spring, very still, with a sort of greenhouse atmosphere from vegetation growing with intense speed in warm, humid air. On such a morning one can almost hear buds bursting, and see the exfoliation of leaf and blossom as they burgeon. Heavy as was the air and still, practically the only sound being the drip from the saturated buds, the conductivity to the senses of smell and hearing was extreme. The air was laden with a fragrance of baby-growing things, and on this still morning you could hear the splash of their tears, sounds never sad in the spring as they are in the autumn, when these fall from the dead and dying. And now through such soft noises came the most appalling though still distant uproar of banging and clanging and slamming and clattering, accompanied by staccato grunts and coughs and the clashing of heavy gears.

The two listened in astonishment. For such a racket, startling anywhere except along the wharves, seemed outrageously misplaced as trumpeted across the somewhat cemeterial grounds of Kirkland Manor.

"My word," said James, "if it were a year ago I'd say it was a file of tanks hustling up to the Front. A disgrace to let a thing like that go over the road!"

"It is probably a steam roller with a trailer sent to mend the bank at Oak Hill. You're nervous this morning."

"Nothing of the sort!" snapped her brother. "I'm never nervous!"

"You are though. Your nerves are as raw as the paws of an overbred pointer the first week of the shooting. And small wonder—sitting up all night playing poker and drinking whisky."

"Maybe you're right. Guess I need a real drink"; and he reached for the decanter of Scotch.

"Don't, for heaven's sake!" cried Diana, exasperated. "You've got to go to town and do some business. If you start drinking now, where will you be by noon?"

"Right where I belong. You make me tired, Di."

"Well! You make me tired. You all make me tired with your everlasting guzzling. I'll be glad when the country goes dry."

"Guess we can weather the drought. William told me he'd bought ten thousand dollars' worth. By the time that's gone we'll all be back ——"

"In the family cemetery. It's a good thing you've got me to drive you to the station!"

"Huh! Glad you think yourself a safety device. It would be a new idea to anybody else. Listen to that! You'd think the scoundrel was driving into the grounds."

There was an amount of truth in this remark, for the extraordinary clamor had suddenly augmented, increased in volume and the peculiar variety of its component noises. Aside from the sounds that one might expect of an overworked steam roller there were hideous crashings and bangings, shrill janglings and thumpings, and such shrieks of agony as might be heard from the bulkhead of a wooden sailing ship becalmed and laboring in a heavy cross chop. As these smote vociferously upon their ears Diana sprang to her feet.

"But it is coming in!" she cried. "It's right outside"; and she hurried to the front door, which was open.

At the same moment the astounding racket stopped abruptly, to leave utter silence except for the dripping from the trees.

"My word!" cried James. "Have some of my buddies in the tank service sent me a whippet for a souvenir?"

As he spoke a blithe musical voice from without began to lilt most cheerfully an ancient little French nursery song:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

Almost convinced that his wild guess was indeed a fact, and that some kind friend had remembered him in the division of the spoils of war which broke out spontaneously in Paris shortly after the signing of the armistice, when almost anybody in a big car might be seen towing a German fieldpiece up the Champs-Elysées, James followed Diana out onto the broad veranda, there to fetch up with a snort of astonishment and anger.

Where the drive forked to lead under the porte-cochère and round the house to the stable and garage there stood a most extraordinary vehicle, which seemed to tower to the first cleavature of the ancient elms. It was a huge motor truck of the biggest and latest army model, and there was built upon it a house the cubic contents of which were enormously increased by virtue of its height and stern and lateral overhang. Like a London bus it had a ladder by which to mount to the top, and it had windows like a British caravan or French nomad wagon; and the whole was painted a bright sky blue, the wheels a canary yellow.

The sides of this amazing vehicle presented much the aspect of a South Street junkshop, except that the merchandise displayed was newer and more varied, also of an agricultural and domestic as well as nautical character. There were coils of rope and galvanized chain, tools, anchors, mechanical devices, heavy blocks, plowshares, fire extinguishers, lawn mowers, ships' sailing lights, ice-cream freezers and children's toys—all displayed under the projecting eaves which jutted from the roof and to which tarpaulin curtains were snugly furled.

But the eyes of Diana and James passed quickly from this rolling general store to a figure equally anomalous which was approaching the front entrance in the self-assured manner of an invited guest. This was a young man of medium height but uncommon breadth of shoulder, dressed in a curious costume of blue denim and wearing the *béret* of a Breton fisherman. As he drew near Diana observed that his face was distinctly attractive though unusual of type by virtue of the heavy bony prominences of forehead, jaw and cheek. He reminded her in fact of the rather exaggerated conceptions of artists and sculptors exemplifying Labor. But unlike these his expression was distinctly merry instead of thoughtful or brooding. A laugh appeared to have its headquarters about his widely spaced gray eyes. His nose was straight and high-bridged, and his mouth of generous dimensions.

Walking briskly up to the side of the veranda where they stood, he came to a halt and saluted with a smile.

"Good morning, sir and lady," said he. "I trust that my boisterous entrance has not disturbed you."

James stared down at him with rising anger. He was already in a bad humor—first on being obliged to go to town, then at Diana's commentaries on his habits. His harsh temper was roused at the cheek of this fellow roaring and crashing into the grounds, gouging up the drive with his huge double wheels and thundering to the house with possible damage to the borders and ornamental shrubs.

"Well, it has then," he growled. "Confound your nerve, anyhow! What do you mean by tooling that infernal hardware store into a private place?"

This rough reception did not appear to dismay the peddler in the least.

"My presumption was for the sake of your convenience, sir," he answered. "If Mohammed will not go to the mountain the mountain must go to Mohammed. I felt that it would be a greater temerity to ask you to walk down to the front gate and that such a request must be met with a refusal. In my quality of peddler, or *marchand ambulant*, the first requisite is that of bringing my wares directly to the feet of the prospective client."

"Then you'd better first make sure of the prospective client!" snarled James.

"Sir," replied the peddler, "all clients must needs be prospective ones to the merchant when seeking to establish a clientele. If you would give yourself the trouble——"

"I'll give you the trouble to beat it out of here, and quick! Take that accursed truck of yours round the house, and be damned careful how you make the turn."

"Oh, come, James," said Diana, "there's no use being so nasty about it."

"It's enough to make anybody nasty!" he rasped. "Fancy giving a man a license to go roaring round blocking and tearing up the roads with a thing like that. And the cheek of the beggar ramping in here, scraping the shrubbery and waking everybody up and shaking the pictures off the walls! You get into that hardware store of yours and clear out with it if you can, though I'm hanged if I see how you're going to make the turn without tearing up the borders and knocking the corners off the house. If you smash anything I'll telephone the sheriff and have that bus of yours held and taken down and shipped to you in sections at your expense."

But still the peddler lingered, and Diana observing him closely was struck by the fact that instead of being angry or alarmed at this rough admonition the expression of smothered amusement about his eyes seemed to increase. Yet he did not impress her as impudent or importunate. There was something singularly disarming in his level gaze.

"I regret profoundly having abused the implied hospitality of your wide-open gates, sir," he said; "but having committed this error may I not attempt to rectify it by supplying some unfilled if unsuspected need? I have a great many articles indispensable on a big shore estate like this. Blocks and tackles, chains and shackles to brace the limbs of these ancient elms, special cement for tree surgery, pruners, dog clippers, rat poison, mole traps—all of the highest grade at ten per cent below store prices——"

"Now that will be about all, my man," James interrupted. "Get into your wagon and go, and take care you don't knock those hospitable gates off their hinges."

"Very well, sir," replied the peddler with respectful regret. "Sorry, sir. Good morning, sir; and you, ma'am."

(Continued on Page 77)

"In All Your Nonsense," Said Diana, "You Showed Yourself to be a Very Erudite Man. Why are You a Peddler?"

UNCRUSHED GERMANY

By GEORGE PATTULLO

AS A PEOPLE we are addicted to surging forward irresistibly in mass, only to swing round after we have overrun the mark and surge just as hard in the opposite direction. The statement is beyond gainsaying; you can see the tendency in any new enthusiasm the nation embraces, in any hero it exalts.

At the outbreak of the war didn't we endow the Germans with the qualities of supermen? And now that they are beaten we turn back to our affairs with the comfortable conviction that Germany is disposed of as a great commercial power. We read the peace terms and complacently remove her from the list of serious competitors.

A dangerous delusion! Germany is not crushed. France emerges a victor, but broken; her rival comes out vanquished, but strong. She is still a giant among nations.

In my opinion Germany will be the most dangerous competitor for world trade the United States will have to meet in ten years' time. No matter what indemnities she must pay—regardless of how the peace terms cripple her—she is destined to take place in the front rank, and her recovery from defeat will astound those of her enemies who count upon ruin to follow the conditions they have imposed.

Ready for the Spartacists in Berlin

We might just as well face the prospect squarely, for the Allies can no more prevent it than they can arrest the flight of time. They may heap military and economic hobbles upon the Germans until their ingenuity is exhausted, and still Germany will emerge a Colossus.

Germans as They See Themselves

WHY? Because of their genius for organization and their tremendous capacity for work. All material success boils down to those two factors. No race on earth surpasses them in tireless industry; no European nation even approaches them. To these gifts was due the military might which required a world in arms to break.

"Oh, that devil-born gift of work they've got!" exclaimed an Englishwoman to me in Berlin. She said it with a sort of passionate resentment. At that time they did not know what the peace terms might be or whether they would be signed, yet the Germans were going steadily ahead with railroad improvements, subway construction, road building, farming, and every kind of manufacturing and business for which they were able to obtain materials.

"Were it anybody but the enemy," I answered, "I'd call it God-bestowed."

"Why? I don't like that view. Work isn't everything in life."

The Germans themselves are perfectly aware of the value of their industrious habits, and with their customary arrogance classify their chief rivals about as follows: One German is equal to three Frenchmen or two Englishmen, and is superior to one American. Time and again I have heard Germans of substance and standing give practically this ratio.

"But what about our material achievements?" I objected. "The United States has done bigger things industrially than any other nation—far and away. In agricultural products too—in almost every line of material endeavor—she leads by a wide margin."

"Luck! It is your good luck—due to the resources of your country. *Ach*, with the same resources and natural advantages what couldn't we Germans have accomplished! You Americans have made your money and your success easily. But our workmen and our business men are better. Yes; man for man, the German is superior."

Heinie entertained that opinion before the war, and he clings to it still. His sense of racial superiority crops out at every turn. By way of parenthesis I may say the notion that American success is largely due to extraordinary luck rather than any special capacity is pretty general throughout Europe.

But one cannot withhold admiration of the Germans' extraordinary talent for work. It was remarked even among the prisoners of war held by the Allies. Colonel Burn, in a speech in the House of Commons recently, said the German prisoners were putting their backs into it and doing more work than the British workingmen.

To-day Germany is in the position of a young, rugged, industrious, able man who has plunged and lost. What has been our experience with that type? You may trim him down to a shoe string but you cannot keep him down. He will get going again, and in time he will beat established individuals of less energy and driving power. It has always been so and always will be; which leads me to think that the war's setback is largely a retarding incident in German progress and not a knockout, for, of all the European peoples I have seen, these Germans are the champion hustlers.

Many people counted—and are still counting—upon Bolshevism to accomplish the enemy's disintegration and relapse into a condition approaching chaos. There is slight chance of that; never has been any real danger. After traveling some months through Germany at a time when it was popularly supposed in the United States that the country was a welter of internal disorders I became convinced that Bolshevism will never make the headway there that it may in other European countries. Many other observers in a position to know agree with this conclusion. Italy and France—even England—probably face more serious situations from the spread of Bolshevist poison, and we may even encounter more trouble in America than Germany is likely to experience from this source.

For Bolshevism is foreign to the German character and temperament. They love order too well; they are too industrious and thrifty to embrace readily the social upheaval for which the Russian brand of extremist clamors. Discipline has been so thoroughly inculcated into the whole nation that it is ingrained; it is one piece with their daily life and thought.

The threat of Bolshevism was extremely useful to the rulers of Germany as a bogy for frightening the Peace Conference. They worked it overtime. Leader after leader got up to warn the Allies that the floodgates would be opened to the tidal wave unless the conditions were made easier and acceptable to German honor. Brockdorf-Rantzau declared that Germany could stem the tide, but could also turn it loose—an unconscious admission that it was under control.

General Pershing and George Pattullo

Demonstrations Fostered by the Government

HE ALSO made a theatrical bluff along this line when announcement of the peace conditions reached Berlin. It was done with the deliberate intent of bulldozing the American representatives at Versailles. Telegraphing the German Government, which promptly gave out the warning to the newspapers, he said: "It is herewith requested to take good care that the officers and commissions of our enemies, at present on German territory, be specially protected. They should be advised to go out only in civilians' clothes. This is meant foremost for American subjects, against whom, in all probability, the greatest fury of the disappointed populace will turn."

Didn't the count suppose that the authorities on the spot could gauge the situation? Or was this message for Allied consumption?

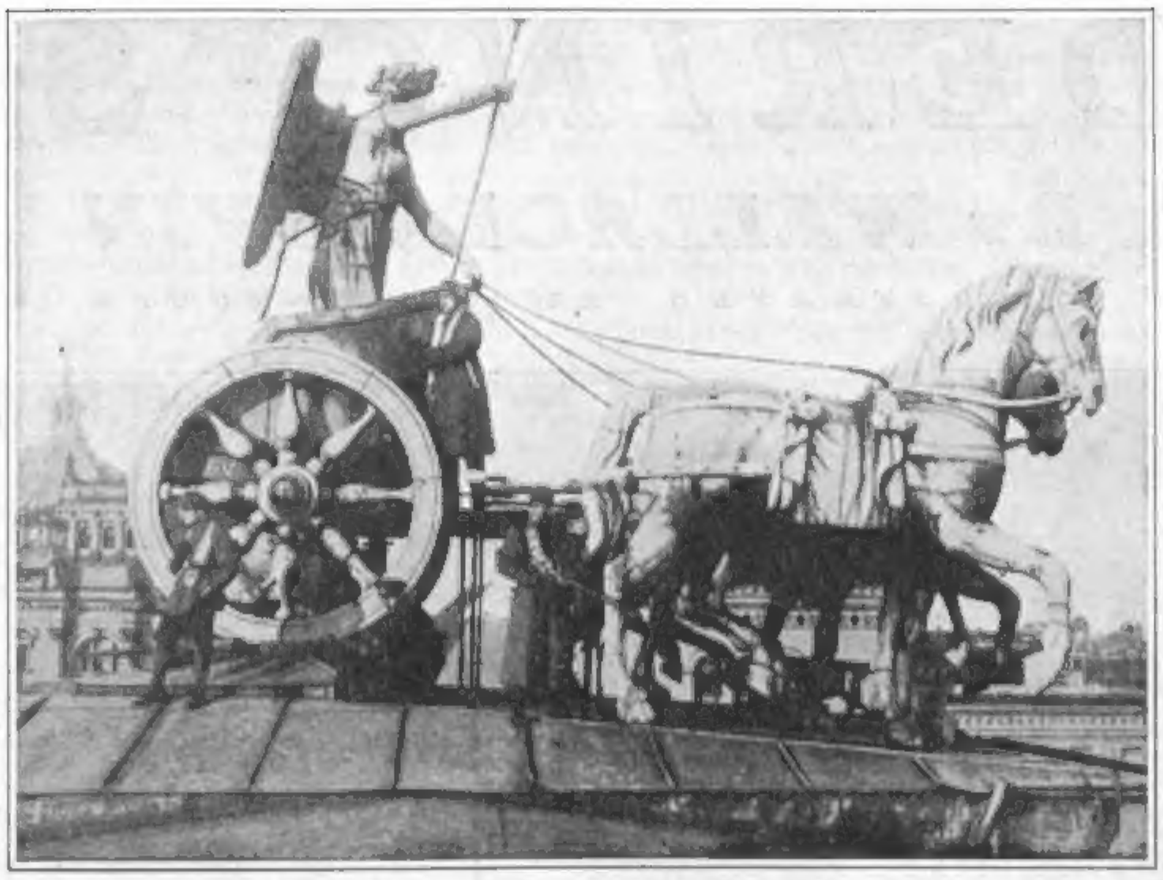
I was in Berlin then, and saw the demonstrations and mingled with the crowds. It was all a huge stage play, stimulated from the top, apparently under the delusion that America could be frightened into using her influence to compel the Allies to a softer attitude. The Germans will never lose faith in the power of fear.

More of these matters in another article; suffice to say here that the Scheidemann Government could have prevented the demonstrations whenever they chose. A cordon of Noske's soldiers could have diverted the orderly procession of demonstrators before they passed the Brandenburg Gate toward the Hotel Adlon, where the American Commission had its headquarters. Half a hundred could have kept them moving, and thereby avoided the booing that ensued when a portion of the rabble returned to linger in front of the hotel.

The crowd was good-natured, in the main, and not bent on mischief. I saw many a man grinning who shouted up at the American windows. The best proof of their pacific intentions is that none forced an entrance or offered any violence to the Americans, which they could easily have done. Not a dozen soldiers stood between them and the objects of their wrath. An American mob would have wrecked that hotel. The demonstrations against our commission and officers were probably fostered by the German Government.

As long ago as last February I ventured the statement in an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that Bolshevism was a scarecrow with which the enemy sought to stampede the Allies into a favorable peace, but it did not get through. In those days our newspapers were full of the white terror and the red terror, and blue and pink and yellow terrors; and nobody who had not been in Germany would believe us. Every day saw street fighting of some description somewhere, and it lost nothing in the telling. If there was no riot on which to hang a story an enterprising correspondent in Berlin or Basel or Bern would dash off a few hundred words marked "Urgent" about an army of a million men marching on the German capital from heaven knows where, with no stronger foundation for the yarn than a hotel-lobby rumor, if he had even that. El Paso, in its palmiest days of rumor manufacture, never turned out flimsier stuff.

The general effect of this news was to give a wholly inaccurate picture of the country and the German people. Not that there weren't able and conscientious correspondents who reported with fidelity the outstanding daily events, but plenty of another stripe were on hand to transmit distorted stories of the disorders; and even when the bare facts were rigidly adhered to they conveyed a false idea of Germany and the situation there because these particular incidents were played up without relation to the rest of the picture.



Machine Guns Mounted on Top of Brandenburg Gate

The Old Order Still in Control

LET us suppose that the only news Europe received from the United States for months—and it has happened—consisted of labor riots and the employment of soldiers with machine guns against strikers, as occurred at Waterbury and other places; or the sending of bombs through the mails to high government officials; or the lynching and burning of negroes; or an I. W. W. disturbance in a mining town. Would Europe glean a correct impression of conditions throughout America? From such excrescences of our heterogeneous life they would be disastrously misled. How could they know of the sound strong heart of the nation pulsing without a tremor? How could they sense the deep, even, resistless current of our daily activities? As well judge of our social conditions from the latest divorce scandal.

In view of all that has happened in Germany and what I have learned of the causes, and taking into consideration the character of the people, I am persuaded that no upheavals took place from the date of the armistice to the signing of peace which the authorities could not have stopped in short order any time they chose to do so. True, several of the "revolutions" assumed proportions which those who permitted them to get under way never intended; they became much more sanguinary than the authorities could witness without misgivings; but explosions are to be expected when you play with dynamite.

They could, however, have stamped them out any time; high Allied officers who were in Germany throughout the most serious disturbances agree as to that; the government could have nipped the troubles in the bud with slight effort, had they been so minded. But those troubles were of use to them; they played a part in the great game. Note the useful sequence in which they occurred—one day it would be Berlin, then Leipsic, then Munich. And all the time the press reporting disorders in cities and towns which were no more agitated than a Middle West community on Washington's Birthday.

Note, too, how all these upheavals flattened out immediately the worst was known and peace had been agreed to between Germany and the Allies. A few local disturbances in Berlin—such as plundering a food depot of fats by an orderly mob which carefully ignored every variety of loot in order to select fats; an incipient riot in several other places—and the ruling powers had the excuse they wanted to tighten their grip. That they themselves engineered the excuses is beyond doubt. Troops were quickly moved in, and the mailed fist of the military came down.

For—make no mistake about it—the old order is still in control of German affairs. To what extent they ever really lost direction, even during the crisis which dethroned the Kaiser and during the so-called Spartacist uprisings of last winter, which were nothing more than food riots, is debatable; but that they have guided Germany's destinies throughout all the negotiations at the Peace Conference cannot be questioned. One has only to analyze the composition of their committees and commissions to appreciate that fact. When men like Brockdorf-Rantzau and Count Bernstorff are retained as the real heads of affairs it is idle to argue, as do the Germans, that they are there merely because their long training in diplomacy and government renders them indispensable to the new republican régime.

They adopted a constitution for the German republic in Weimar the other day, and Theodore Wolff broke forth in the Berlin Tageblatt with the following statement: "The Germans are no longer a nation of subjects, but free democrats"—Wolff, head of the news agency which has always been the megaphone for the old crowd, and through whom much of their propaganda was served!

Herr Dueringer, of the Nationalist party, which voted "No," was honest about it.

"The time will come," he declared, "when the German people will want the restoration of the monarchy."

No matter who heads the German Government—no matter what dummies are put up as cabinet ministers—the old crowd are in the saddle. We have learned something at home of dummy directors; the same trick is being played in the Fatherland. On April thirtieth, Doctor Haase, the Socialist leader and one of the ablest men his country has produced in a generation, declared during a visit to Amsterdam that Bolshevism on the Russian model was impossible in Germany, because "the military power is actually stronger than ever."

However, it will not be all plain sailing for the reactionaries. They are bound to encounter serious unrest and labor troubles, just as other governments are doing. A new order is on the way; the world is suffering from growing pains.

Important concessions of a political character will have to be made to the Socialists, who, as far as I can judge, correspond in Germany to the progressive wing of the Republican Party in the United States. They are bewilderingly subdivided into sections, but the average German Socialist is not a Socialist at all, as that species is understood in America. Most of the American product would class the Socialists who form the bulk of the party in Germany as dyed-in-the-wool conservatives, and the latter would assuredly dub the American Socialist an anarchist.

Will Germany Return to a Monarchy?

THE rulers of Germany will be forced to give the proletariat a real share in the government. They cannot escape it; even the trick of a sham republic will not long hold up natural development. What those look to see who have studied the German situation closely is a return to a monarchy; but a limited monarchy, patterned after the English system. And as the head of the nation, a member of the house of Hohenzollern. Prince Eitel has been frequently mentioned in this connection.

"The country is not yet ripe for a republic," was the consensus of opinion I obtained. "They are used to a monarchy, and the order it promises appeals to the landowners and business classes—even to the workers in the rural districts. The Germans are a patient, conservative people, and they look upon a drastic change with misgivings. They fear that a republican government might be worse than the old, for history has proved that republics often breed rottenness and extravagance. And whatever else may be said of the old régime, it was efficient and honest, as governments go—and Germany prospered under it until the final mad plunge."

So I look for a return to some sort of monarchy in Germany before long. As to its head

(Continued on Page 166)

A Protest Meeting in Berlin Against the Peace of Might

WANDERING STARS

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

HE WANTS very much to see you." The Rev. William Horn Stolland stood in the study door of the little church at Hot Springs and rubbed his eyes as if that might improve his hearing. The voice was high, sweet and insistent as a song-bird's note; he should have found her at once. Possibly the words of the sermon he had just preached were still racing through his head, clouding his normal powers of observation. She had spoken again before he saw the pretty lady standing straight and pale under a canopy of locust leaves.

"He wants very much to see you."

"Who is it wishes to see me?" he asked in the tone of genuine kindliness that came easily to this full-blooded, human-minded man.

She made no answer at first, and in the pause the minister studied her somewhat quaint person. She was a small woman, of about thirty, he guessed, and her gentle brown eyes were piteously eager. Her costume interested him; it made him think of bound copies of old magazines. Her skirt, of white piqué, was cut long and bell-shaped, her waist was ridiculously small if measured by the tape line of present-day dressmaking; she wore a starchy shirt waist, its stiffness accentuated by a severe mannish collar. Under the brim of a high-crowned sailor the base of a puffy, honey-colored pompadour shaded her white, earnest little face. Immaculately white-gloved fingers rested on the long handle of a furled red parasol.

"'I'm Your Owner to This Extent, I've Fed You, Sheltered You and Bought Your Materials. That's What They Call Grubstaking in the Mining Camps, and it Means That You and I Go Halves When the Time Comes to Cash In'"

"Mr. Murtrie wants you," at last he heard her explanation tinkling out of the summer stillness.

"Mr. Nicholas Murtrie?" asked the clergyman.

He was ashamed now of his absent-mindedness, for he often came down from the pulpit with the feeling that he had left his spirit still loitering on the heights. But the woman had named a great name.

She nodded, so the minister went on: "Is it urgent?"

"Very. He must talk to you now."

"I'm only the visiting pastor," he explained, convinced that there was a mistake somewhere. "Perhaps it's Mr. Stevens he wants to see. He'll be back in two weeks."

"No." She shook her head with a faint, obstinate, winning little smile.

The Rev. William Horn Stolland looked swiftly toward the churchyard, past whose pleasant rows of flowering shrubs his newly met congregation were gradually dispersing—some taking automobiles, others lingering with the sly intention of inviting him to a Sunday dinner. Now Mr. Stolland had worn the cloth so many years that he had grown to dread the cut-and-dried Sunday dinner just as the weary traveler dreads the sight of a wardrobe trunk. He had come to Hot Springs not so much to relieve Mr. Stevens for two weeks as to snatch a little rest from the routine of a large and fashionable parish. He had promised to take a care-free luncheon with Archie Crane—Archie the fat, Archie the pagan, Archie the Sunday golfer, Archie the only living man who dared address the Rev. William Horn Stolland by the name of Bill. Whatever duty the minister owed to his temporary flock he was determined not to miss one happy hour with Archie.

Therefore his motive was a selfish one—being based on a desire to escape his congregation—when he decided to accommodate the lady with the appealing dark eyes. She stood there silently awaiting his decision. It was apparent that she had come down by an obscure path from Mr. Murtrie's hilly estate; and by this path he could avoid the waiting worshipers who lingered in front of the church.

"I'll be glad to go, madam," he said.

But she had already taken his consent for granted. With a delicate feminine gesture toward him she started up the winding footpath, which plunged between massive trees and tangled thorn.

Mr. Stolland discovered himself following on the wings of a keen curiosity. He had never met Mr. Murtrie, but the resident clergyman had mentioned this hardened limb of perdition. Mr. Stevens, upon whose puritanism the liberal-minded Stolland often smiled, had specified the Murtrie soul as one for burning and torment. Stubborn and sacrilegious, he had once played the part of a melodrama villain by causing a country church to be torn down in order that there might be more room for Murtrie's Guernsey herd. Kind in his way to a tribe of tattered negroes, Murtrie had no humanity for the outside world. He had made a large fortune through some invention connected with curing leather. Just what it was Mr. Stolland couldn't remember, for his mind was straying and he was panting with the exertion of the upland climb.

Through the rich gloom of the forest he scrambled, twenty paces behind his guide, his heart racing like a badly driven engine in the unaccustomed altitude. Cadenced to his strides the words of to-day's text kept booming through his mind, words he had chosen capriciously from the epistle of Jude, obscure brother of a great apostle:

"Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

How deep the woods had grown here; all shadows and faint shafts of greenish light! What a climber that woman was! The steep and tangled path seemed scarcely to disturb the preciseness of her old-fashioned costume. When he stopped for breath she stopped, too, but it was only to look half round with her faint smile and beseeching eyes. The prim obsolescence of her gown amused him, provoked his curiosity. Obviously she was a lady, no underling sent down on this hurry call for a minister.

Once he got his breath sufficiently to say: "Whew! I could have taken this at a dogtrot fifteen years ago."

"Time passes," he thought he heard her say. But her attitude seemed to imply: "Don't stand there talking. Mr. Murtrie wants to see you."

Deeper and deeper into the hobgoblin wood. Mr. Stolland thought of lunch and cheerful Archie Crane. Sheep bells tinkling from neighboring rocks intrigued him out of his annoyance. Under the mysterious shade of mountain oaks remarkable toadstools, rose-colored, terra cotta, unnatural green, leprous-spotted, pearl-studded or smoothly pink as a baby's skin huddled in decadent beauty against shaggy roots. The clergyman paused to switch the poison colony with the ferrule of his cane; their brittle tops bled a mottled fluid like white jade. A little salamander, the color of red rubber, wandered uncertainly like a creeping child across the damp trail. A gigantic moth, colored like a yellow leaf, fluttered from the underbrush and disappeared into the sifted light above. How like the human heart the forest is! Secretive, melancholy, inviting; how it can hide from the world the beauty of its poisonous sins!

But the woman was now turning toward a vine-grown wire fence beyond which the comfortable low of cattle could be heard. Distantly the scream of playing children came to his ears.

She paused at a neat, white-painted stile beyond which an emerald lawn rolled velvet smooth up to a country house, a low-browed building with cobblestone walls which stood crouching in the open.

"I'm so grateful to you for coming," said the woman, taking her distance shyly under a tree.

"You're not going with me?" faltered the clergyman, not quite fancying this mode of introduction, which savored of guidance into a Sicilian bandit's nest.

"No. This is as near as I can come ——"

Whatever more she said was swallowed up by moss and foliage, for she had turned quickly and disappeared round a crook in the mountain path.

Mr. Stolland got as far as the top of the stile, then he stood there, florid and solid in his black clothes, looking, in his long coat and broad-brimmed hat, not unlike one of those iron statues so liberally planted in public parks shortly after the Civil War. But the living statue was boiling with an inward resentment quite unworthy of a holy man. He had a sense of being tricked—only a few furlongs farther back in the mountains the natives distilled corn whisky in rough caves under mossy stones.

Could this be some prank of sardonic highlanders, using the strange parson as the butt for a grim, practical joke?

Mr. Stolland's congregation was one of the most conservative in New York, and he was vain enough to dread a story that might come out featuring him as the buffoon in a picturesque feud war. Some of the people back there in the hills, he had been told, were unbelievably primitive; living almost within sight of a fashionable resort they never came down from their craggy homes. Some of them would not believe that America had been at war with Germany. He remembered Archie Crane's story about the mountaineer who, having been convinced that it was Germany whom America was fighting, had drawled with a regretful look at his squirrel rifle: "Lawd, stranger! I wish I'd knew that befo'. Two o' them pesky devils went right by heah yesterday."

Mr. Stolland looked from the smooth-cut velvet of Mr. Murtrie's lawn back to Peter Pan's domain, into which the woman with the dark eyes had evaporated as smoothly as a character in a dream might smile and vanish. But that woman had not been of the breed to which Virginians so matter-of-factly refer as poor whites. She had worn her quaint costume with distinction. Her voice had been sweet and cultivated. "The blackness of darkness forever"—why did that scrap of text keep booming through his mind?

As he crossed the stile and walked toward the stony porte-cochère he was aware of most unsabbatical behavior on the lawn. An adolescent mulatto boy surrounded by a screaming group was on all fours, inviting admirers of inferior age to "come awn ride de buck hawse." It was a peculiar game fraught with peril and excitement. A colored boy would be assisted to the hypothetical saddle, would wind his skinny bare calves round the waiting mustang; then there would ensue leaps, snorts, seasick pitchings until the venturesome rider would land—usually wool first—on the lawn. The amateur broncho was always ready for the next. The mirth was general.

Mr. Stolland, pausing to consider, beheld in the noisy group every shade of complexion, from blue black to old ivory. One girl of nine had red hair and oyster-colored eyes.

A little white boy, loudly acclaimed by the name of Sammy, took his turn at the horse. He was of the Celtic mountaineer type with pansy-blue eyes, and his head, which was somewhat too large for his body, was crowned with stringy flax. The minister wondered that such riot should prevail in these well-ordered, gentlemanly surroundings. Either Mr. Murtrie was very good to his servants or was not at home.

"Yassa, he home, sah," declared the buck hawse, rearing up on his knees

Wherefore Mr. Stolland went under the porte-cochère and found another colored group at ease on the stone steps. An old negro, solemnly dressed for Sunday, sat carving willow whistles for several tiny blacks who might easily have been his great-grandchildren. There was a mat of gray-white wool under his jimberjaw and the same material surrounded the tonsure of his black skull. A mulatto of twelve, sportively arrayed in knickerbockers, the unbuckled knee straps of which dangled just above his heels, was practicing with an obviously secondhand mashie. Uncle Tom's Cabin with modern improvements!

The patriarch's filmy eyes caught sight of the caller and he came creakingly to his feet, doing the homage which an old-fashioned negro always shows the cloth.

"Yessa, yessa!" he concurred, apropos of nothing while attendant pickaninnies stood struck dumb with awe. Uncle Tom was bowing lower and lower as Mr. Stolland mounted the steps and touched the button.

But it was the urbane figure of modernity that faced him when the door swung promptly open. A square-built, middle-aged mulatto man with a face like a hickory nut, hair that waved rather than kinked, stood perfectly poised inside his neatly cut duck uniform. The bow he gave was coolly professional.

"I have come to see Mr. Murtrie," announced the visiting rector.

"Yes, sir," agreed the man in white. His accent was what they classify as Yankee below the Mason and Dixon's Line. He stood politely aside and ere admitting his guest gave one sharp look at the *canaille* on the steps. Silently as black clouds they faded away.

It was into a vast square room that Mr. Murtrie's man had shown the caller and offered a large chair of embossed leather, intimating that he be seated.

"Who shall I say, sir?" he asked after a pause.

"Mr. Stolland. I'm the visiting rector at Mr. Stevens' church."

"Yes, sir." The butler smiled agreeably, but without impertinence. "Might I ask if you have an appointment?"

"I was told that he wished to see me," explained Mr. Stolland somewhat tartly.

"Just a moment, Mr. Stolland."

The irritatingly efficient person was just turning to go when the minister, again suspicious of an indignity, called him back.

"I don't want to intrude if he's engaged. Isn't he seeing visitors?"

"He's been in very poor health, sir," said the butler. "If you'll just wait, sir ——"

Before the embarrassed caller could stop him he had vanished behind tan portières which concealed the mystery of living rooms beyond.

Left alone with the uncertainty whether to go or to stay Mr. Stolland settled back into the arms of the embossed leather chair and amused himself with an inspection of the reception hall. It was a vast square space trimmed in stained oak and with rough plaster walls; it gave the effect of having been furnished by a prosperous lonely man of no great personal taste. It was the leatheriest room that Mr. Stolland had ever seen. The chairs, sofas and table covers were of the same ornamental leather as that upon which he now so restlessly reclined. Over the broad cobblestone fireplace a reddish tanned hide was starkly stretched, and upon its surface the ugly numerals "1899" had been seared with a hot iron. There were no other wall ornaments save on the rough plastered surfaces east and west, where fierce-eyed antlered heads of Texas

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"Are You Deaf? Did You Want to See Me?" "If You're Mr. Murtrie I Do," Replied the Clergyman With All the Dignity at His Command

IN WHICH WE BUILD A HOUSE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

AS MY readers will recall, it was some two years ago that we bought an abandoned farm and became abandoned farmers. As my readers also will recall, we shortly thereafter made plans for building a house and broke ground for the foundations. Furthermore, as my readers will ——

I like that way of beginning an article, by speaking one or more times in the opening paragraph of my readers. It starts one off so well; from the outset it gives an intimate feeling to the thing. Right away it subtly conveys the impression that my readers are so entirely and enthusiastically my readers that they will sit up until daylight on Thursday mornings in order to get the first whack at THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and see what I have to say. It is as though a great leader spoke of his people or a great general of his army or a domestic-minded and industrious hen of her eggs. In the matter of a following it implies the possessive and the exclusive; and in a clientele the dependable and certain. Besides, so many of our popular essayists and successful war historians are doing it these days I feel the ides must have merit beyond the points I have enumerated. In future I rather think I shall refer frequently to my readers.

Anyhow, as I was saying and as my readers will have no trouble in recalling, we broke ground for our house. That, however, was after we had altered the design so often that the first lot of plans and specifications got vertigo and had to be retired in favor of a new set. For one thing, we snatched one entire floor out of the original design—just naturally jerked it out from under and cast it away and never missed it either. And likewise this was after we had shifted the site of the house from one spot to another spot and thence to a third likely spot, and finally back again to the first spot. This, however, had one thing in its favor at least. It enabled us to do our moving without taking our household goods from storage, and yet during the same period to enjoy all the pleasurable thrill of shifting about from place to place. I find moving in your mind is a much less expensive way than the other way is and gives almost as much pleasure to a woman, who—being a woman—is naturally a mover at heart.

In Rainy Weather We Brought Umbrellas Along

We Propose, But Our Friends Dispose

FINALLY, though, all this preliminary skirmishing came to an end and we actually started work on our house. I should say, we started work on what formerly we had thought was going to be our house. It turned out we were wrong. As it stands to-day in a state approaching completion, it is a very satisfactory sort of house we think, artistically as well as from the standpoint of being practical and comfortable; but it is no longer entirely our house. The architect is responsible for the general scheme of things, for the layout and the assembling of the wood and the brick and the cement and the stonework and all that sort of thing, and to him largely will attach the credit if the effect within and without should prove pleasing to the eye. Likewise, here and there are to be found the traces of ideas which we ourselves had, but I must confess the structure is also a symposium of the modified ideas of our friends and well-wishers mated to our ideas.

To me human nature presents a subject for constant study. For a thing so widely distributed as it is, I regard it as one of the most interesting things there are anywhere. It seems to me one of the chief peculiarities of human nature is that it divides all civilized mankind into two special groups—those who think they could run any newspaper better than the man who is trying to run it, and those who think they could run any hotel better than the man who is hanging on as manager or proprietor of it. There are subdivisional classifications of course—for example, women who think they can tell any other woman how to bring up her children without spoiling them to death, and women who are absolutely sure no woman on earth can tell them anything about the right way to bring up their own children; which two groupings include practically all women. And I have yet to meet the man who did not believe that he was a good judge of either horses, diamonds, wines, women, salad dressings, antique furniture, Oriental rugs or the value of real estate. And finally all of these, regardless of sex and regardless, too, of previous experience in the line, know better how a house intended for living purposes should be designed and arranged than the individuals who are paying the bills and who expect to tenant the house as a home when it is done. By the same token—or by the inverse ratio of the same token—the persons who are building the house invariably begin to have doubts and misgivings regarding the worth of their own pet notions in regard to the said house the moment some outsider offers a counter argument. I do not know why this last should be so, but it is. It merely is one of the inexplicable phases of the common phenomenon called human nature.

In our own case the force of the facts applied with a pronounced emphasis. When the tentative draft of the house of our dreams was offered for our inspection it seemed to us a gem—perfect, precious and rare. Filled with pride as we were, we showed the drawings to everyone who came to see us. Getting out the drawings when somebody called became a regular habit with us. Being ourselves so deeply interested in them, we couldn't understand why our friends shouldn't be interested too. And they were—I'll say that much for them; they were all interested. And why not? For one thing, it gave them a chance to show how right they were regarding the designing of a house; not our house particularly, but anything under a roof, ranging from St. Peter's at Rome to the façade of the government fish hatchery in Tupelo, Mississippi. For another thing, it gave them a chance to show us how completely wrong we were on this subject. Not a single soul among them but pounced at the opportunity. Until then I never realized how many born pouncers—not amateur pouncers but professional expert master pouncers—I numbered in my acquaintance. Right from the beginning the procedure followed a certain ritual. A caller or pouncer would drop in and have off his things and get comfortably settled. We would get out the sketches, fondling them lovingly, and spread them out and invite the attention of our guest to probably the only perfect design of a house fashioned by the mind of man since the days of the mound builders on this hemisphere. In our language we may not have gone quite so far as to say all this, but our manner indicated that such was the case.

He—for convenience in the illustration I shall make him a man, though in the case of a woman the outcome remained the same—he would consider the matchless work of inventive art presented for his consideration and then he would say:

"An awfully nice notion—splendid, perfectly splendid! And still, you know, if it were I ——" And so on.

Brother Pounce Insists on a Vista

OR PERHAPS it would be: "Oh, I like the general idea immensely! But—you'll pardon my making a little suggestion, won't you?—but if I were tackling this proposition ——" And so on.

It has been my observation that all complimentary remarks uttered by a member of the human race in connection with a house which somebody else contemplates building end in "but."

You just simply can't get away from it.

From the treasure-troves of my memory I continue to quote:

"But if I were tackling this proposition I would certainly not put the dining room here where you've got it. I'd switch it over there right next to the living room and give a vista through. See, like this!"

And out would come his lead pencil.

"But that would mean eliminating the main hall," one of us would venture.

"Of course it would," Brother Pounce would say. "Next to giving a vista through, cutting out the hall is the principal idea I had in mind. What do you two want with

a hall here? For that matter, what do you want with a hall any place that you can get along without it? Why, my dear people, don't you know that hallways are no earthly good except to catch dust and be drafty and make extra work for servants? And besides, in modern houses people are cutting the hallways down to a minimum—to an absolute minimum."

We gathered that in a modern house—and, of course, a modern house was what we devoutly craved to own—persons going from one part of it to another didn't pass through a hall any more; they passed through a minimum. The idea seemed rather revolutionary to persons reared—as we had been—in houses with halls in them. Still, this person spoke as one having authority and we would listen with due respect to his words as he went on:

"All right then, we'll consider the hallway as chopped out. By chopping it out that gives us a chance to put the dining room here in this place and give a vista through into the living room. Here, I'll show you exactly what I mean—what did I do with my lead pencil? Because no matter what else you do or do not have, you must have a vista through."

Encounters With Sleeping Porches

BEFORE he had finished with this alteration and taken up with the next one we were made to understand that a house without a vista through was substantially the same as no house at all. Ashamed that we had been guilty of so gross an oversight, I would make a note, "Vista through," on a scratch pad which I kept for that very purpose. Under the spell of his eloquence and compelling personality, I had already decided that first we would build a vista through, and then after that if any money was left we would sort of flank the vista through with bedrooms and a kitchen and other things of a comparatively incidental nature.

Having scored this important point, the king of the pouncers—now warming to his work and with his eyes feverishly lit by the enthusiasm of the zealot—would proceed to claw the quivering giblets out of another section of our plan. Hark to him:

"And say, see here now, how about your sun parlor? I can see two—no, three places suitable for tacking on a sun parlor merely by moving some walls round and putting the main entrance at the east front instead of the south front—funny the architect didn't think of that! He should have thought of that the very first thing if he calls himself a regular architect—and I suppose he does. What's the idea, leaving off the sun parlor?"

Then weakly, with an inner sinking of the heart, we would confess that we had not calculated on including any sun parlors in the general scope and he for his part would proceed to show us how deadly an omission, how grievous an offense this would be.

It is a curious psychological paradox that we dreaded these suggestions and yet welcomed them too. That is to say, we would begin by dreading them—resenting them would perhaps be a better term—and invariably would wind up by welcoming them. Nevertheless, there were times when I gave my celebrated imitation of the turning worm. Jarred off my mental balance by a proposed change which seemed entirely contrary to the trend of the style of house we had in mind for our house, I would offer at the outset a faint counter argument in defense, especially if a notion which was about to be offered as a sacrifice on the altar of friendly counsel had been a favorite little idea of my own—one that I had found in my own head, as the saying goes in the Army. Though knowing in advance that I was fighting a losing fight, I would raise a meek small voice in protest. Never once did my protesting avail. There was one stock answer which my fellow controversialist always had handy—ready to belt me with.

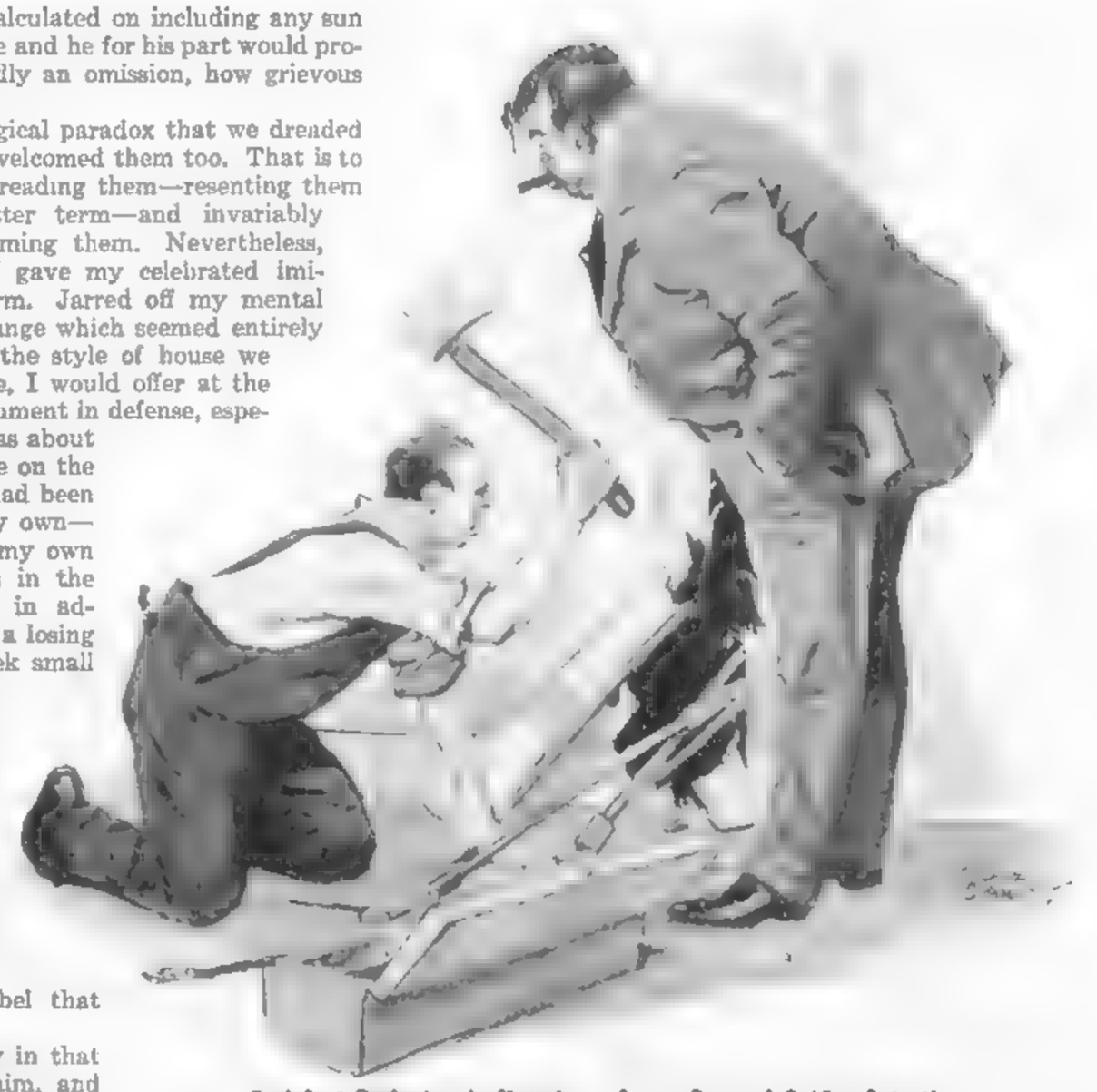
"One moment!" he would say, smiling the superior half-pitying smile which was really responsible for Cain's killing Abel that time.

Abel smiled just exactly in that way and so Cain killed him, and if you're asking me, he got exactly what was coming to him. "One moment!" he would say. "You've never built a house before, have you?"

"No," I would confess, "but—but ——"

"Then, pardon me, but I have! What I am trying to do is to keep you from making the mistakes I made. Almost anybody will make mistakes building his first house. I only wish I'd had somebody round to advise me as I'm advising you before I O. K'd the plans and signed the contract. As it was, it cost me four thousand dollars to pull out two walls so that we could have a sun parlor. If you go ahead and build your house without having a sun parlor you'll never regret it but once—and that'll be all the time you live in it. Look here now, while I show you how easily you can do it." And so on and so forth until we would capitulate and I'd write "Memo—sun parlor, sure" on my little pad.

Take for example the matter of sleeping porches. Personally I have never been drawn greatly to the idea of sleeping outdoors. I used to think an outdoor bedroom must be almost as inconvenient as an outdoor bathroom, and with me bathing has always been a solitary pleasure. I have felt that I would not be at my best while bathing before an audience. That may denote selfishness on my part, but such is my nature and I cannot change it. I suppose this prejudice against bathing before a crowd is constitutional with me—hereditary, as it were. All my folks were awfully peculiar that way.



And Just Bodaciously Haggles a Large Ragged Orifice Into the Carpenter's Masterpiece

Harking Back to Susanna

WHEN they felt that they needed bathing they also felt that they needed privacy. I sometimes think that my family must have been descended from Susanna. She was a Biblical lady and so she did not have any last name, but you probably recall her from the circumstance of her having been surprised while bathing by two snoopy old elders. Whenever one of the Old Masters ran out of other subjects to paint, he would paint a picture of Susanna and the elders. In no two of their pictures did she look alike, but in all of them that I've ever seen she looked embarrassed. Yes, I dare say Susanna was our direct ancestress. Like practically all Southern families, ours is a very old family and I've always been led to believe that we go back a long way. True, I've never heard the Old Testament mentioned in this connection, but in view of the fact of our family being such an old or Southern family I reckon it is but fair to presume that we go back fully that far if not farther.

Indeed I have been told that in my infancy a friend of the family, a man who had delved rather into archæology, on calling one day remarked that I had a head shaped exactly like a cuneiform Chaldean. It was years later, however, before my parents learned what a cuneiform Chaldean brick looked like and by that time the person who had paid me the compliment was dead and it was too late to take offense at him. And anyhow, in the meantime the contour of my skull had so altered that it was now possible for me to wear a regular child's hat bought out of a store. I point out the circumstance merely as possible collateral evidence showing semiprehistoric hereditary influences to corroborate the more or less direct evidence that as a family we antedate nearly all—if not all—of these Northern families by going back into the very dawn of civilization. I have a great aunt who rather specializes in genealogies and especially our own genealogy and the next time I see her I mean to ask her to consult the authorities and find out whether there is a strain of the Susanna blood in our stock. If she confirms my present belief that there is I shall be very glad to let everybody know about it through THE POST.

(Continued on Page 133)

"What Do You Want With a Hall Any Place That You Can Get Along Without It?"

COMRADE NIX

Nicholson Had Wished to Create Anarchists. Inside of Eight Minutes He Had Created More Anarchists Than He Knew What to Do With

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

A NEWSPAPER man in India once wrote a story about a red-headed Afghan, who knew no more Irish than St. George and no more Russian than St. Louis, but who earned his bread by taking it and for recreation sang The Wearing of the Green. Namgay Doola had been born with a kick in his toe. He was a hereditary trouble maker. His heart valves were clotted with revolution. He obeyed the laws neither of God nor of man. When he could find nothing better to revolt against, he revolted against the probabilities and cut off the tail of the sacred cow.

Nicholson had decided that he was another Namgay Doola. He was an instructor at Freshwater University.

Every university has its peculiar character or tang and its peculiar fame, which is not at all the same thing. Fame is cumulative and is won by accomplishment. For universities are individuals—like people. Strength always results in added strength; especially so when it is free to act selectively upon outside elements of strength, as when a strong department attracts strong instructors and strong students. The fame of Freshwater University was very closely associated with the department of political economy—Nicholson's department.

I find it hard to explain Nicholson as a Namgay Doola. He was not an ignorant Afghan, but an educated American. His father was an orthodox, calm-eyed citizen. He had not cut his teeth on iron, but on silver. He had never missed a meal in his life. The only kick he had in his toe he had acquired in dancing school under the fashionable Falieri.

Yet this son of a conservative American, this doctor of philosophy, had decided that he was in circuit with the negative—that he was part of the eternal No. He would hold aloft the torch of negation, if you know what I mean, until its shadows dispelled all light, preaching revolt against all which was salvation through all which was not yet. He had been an apostle of the should-be; suddenly he became an apostle of the can't-be. Apparently he had been—or had tried to be—a constructive critic of society. Suddenly he began lecturing on negation in its every aspect—on anarchism, which is the negation of authority; on syndicalism, which negates possession; on Bolshevism, which negates knowledge; on nihilism, which negates existence.

Why? What had occasioned the startling face-about?

The face-about was not as startling as it seemed; it was only startling to his classes, who had failed to associate their Professor Nicholson with Nicholson the Great of athletic history.

My first knowledge of Nicholson dates back ten or twelve years to an afternoon in Chicago with McNair, of economic geology. Galloway University, with which our Freshwater University nine had a game the following Saturday, was playing a Chicago nine, and we were there to size up their players. McNair, in his day a notable pitcher, had been coaching at Freshwater. Though I myself was no coach, like other Americans I knew more or less baseball. Nicholson was the Galloway pitcher.

"So that's the great Nicholson!" said McNair as we watched the first inning. "Striking 'em out right and left!"

"That's a graceful wind-up he has."

"Fine!"

"He seems to have good control."

"We'll change all that," he laughed.

"Change all what?"

"That husky's too sweet on himself. He's a spot-lighter. He's posing."

"Plenty of them do."

"Not pitchers—not and get away with it. He isn't thinking of the game at all; he's thinking of how he looks in the box at the center of things. His idea of good pitching is to strike out all the batters. He's going pretty well just now, but get him in a hole and he'll strike out one man too many."

"As for instance?"

"With two gone and men on bases he'll strike out that little lead-off man again."

Which was precisely what happened in the eighth. With the Chicago pitcher on second and the catcher on third, two gone, two and two, he grooved a fast one for little Bailey, and when the dust settled two tallies had counted and Bailey was squatting on third.

"I see what you mean by one man too many," I said.

"He wants to be the whole show."

My next distinct remembrance of Nicholson is of his play at half back the following fall. I saw only his game against Freshwater; but Galloway had won all its games largely through his speed and he came to Addison with a watch-my-dust reputation—center of the road and going fast.

We at Freshwater were not unprepared for what happened to Nicholson as a football star during this game. We remembered what had happened to him in baseball. The Freshwater nine had slashed him for thirteen hits.

"Star?" grinned Captain Dyver. "Star? That skyrocket? Say! You wait! You keep your eye on that rocket! That rocket is going to come down a burned stick. We've got that rocket's number."

And they had. Nicholson's principal performance in the earlier games had been in circling left end on a trick play. Once in the open his natural speed and dodging ability made him a dangerous man. In one game he had run the entire length of the field for a touchdown after the game seemed lost. He was a dangerous man because he knew that what he did was seen. He loved his praise.

It was this hunger for center stage that Coach Durkin proposed to play upon to his downfall. Nicholson was so sure of his speed, once he broke free, that Durkin thought he would take chances to get free. Why not tempt him with chances? Why not tempt him, say, to run back to escape the end and tackle?

"Pretend you're afraid of missing him. You're faster than he is, but he won't believe you are." The coach was speaking to Dyver. "He won't believe you're faster. He'll think he can get round you. He'll run back every time. Any spot-lighter will."

He did run back every time. He lost so much ground for his team that toward the end of the game his captain refused to play him on the offensive, except through the line or in interference—and Freshwater won by two touchdowns. The newspapers said that Nicholson wept at the result. He did not weep at the result; he wept at the loss of his crown.

Such was the Nicholson of yesterday—a man of ability, but unhappy out of the spot-light; a man willing to run back on a chance of breaking free into glory; a man of importance, a star, half the team. Not much of Namgay Doola in any of that.

II

THE head of the department, who was keeping office hours by reading quiz books, glanced up as Adams opened the door. Adams was in English. The head knew him rather better than he knew the other English men, perhaps because they had once gone camping together.

"Are you free for a moment?" asked Adams.

"Entirely free. Come in."

Adams stepped into the room, but though his manner had been casual the head noticed that he closed the door carefully behind him and that he then glanced up to see if there was an open transom overhead.

"I called to see you about one of my students," began Adams diffidently. "A junior named Tucker. Rather keen boy—I know him pretty well. In one of my classes.

In fact, I'm his adviser. He's an English major and all that, but I know him a little outside of the department."

"Tucker in trouble?"

"Sociology. That course of Nicholson's "

"In bad with Nicholson?"

"In a way, yes. That isn't why I'm bothering you. If that had been all I should have gone to Nicholson."

"No question of scholarship involved?"

"Oh, none whatever! I understand not."

"I'm glad you dropped in," said the head.

Adams thought he spoke as if he already knew about Nicholson; yet he hardly saw how he could know. Tucker had come straight to him from class not much more than an hour before.

"I understand Nicholson has been preaching the beauties of Bolshevism," he continued. "Not explaining Bolshevism—advocating it. You are the fourth to tell me. Nicholson will be in pretty soon to explain to me why. I know why, but I want to hear his explanation. Is that what you had on your mind?"

"I wondered how you knew."

"This isn't the first time I've had an instructor run wild like this. What did your student tell you? Was it Bolshevism?"

"So Tucker said."

"You can see for yourself what a newspaper story it will make," said the head ruefully. "'Professor Nicholson of Freshwater University recommends Bolshevism to his students!' All instructors are professors to the newspapers. 'Bolshevism advocated in Freshwater University!' Why, the people of this state will want to tear us up by the roots and pitch us into the lake!"

"Why did he do it?"

"Advertising! Publicity! Fame! Every daily newspaper in America will run it in headlines: 'Professor Nicholson of Freshwater University turns anarchist!' What can I do? Tell me, what can I do?"

"If you're sure, you might hit first."

"The regents can dismiss him—yes. Suppose they do? More newspaper sensation. More advertising. Professor Nicholson this and Professor Nicholson that! Publicity!

"Do you see now? At present he's an unknown instructor—ability only average—one among a number—absolutely gray. At a stroke he becomes the most famous man in the department. He becomes by the same stroke a red leader. Professor Nicholson a martyr to his ideals! Professor Nicholson dismissed by a capitalistic university because he recognizes the proletariat!

"To-day nothing; to-morrow Professor Nicholson the great sociologist!"

"The university gets it going and coming."

"To-morrow, did I say? It has already arrived! The Bolshevists in Riverton are already advertising six lectures on anarchism by Professor Nicholson, Saturday nights at eight."

"Isn't anarchism plain lawlessness?"

"The abolition of law—yes."

"If he preaches the abolition of law couldn't the police take him at his word and withdraw protection? He'd not preach anarchy long if police protection were withdrawn—not in America."

"Suppose the police did allow him to be mobbed? More martyrdom! More advertising! That wouldn't help the university any. As you say, the university gets it going and coming."

"Isn't there any possible way of reaching such a spotlighter?"

The head thoughtfully fingered a quiz book, then smiled sorrowfully at his toes.

"Yes, there is a way. I've often wished I could adopt it in such cases, but unfortunately ethics forbids."

"Ethics forbids him to trade on the university name," said Adams.

"Ethics forbids stealing, but thieves will steal."

"All right. Ethics forbids you to reach him. Would it forbid me?"

"Absolutely! Both of us."

"Would ethics forbid an outsider to do it?"

"It would!"

"Suppose the outsider went ahead and did it anyhow?"

"I'd be rather glad," said the head. "In fact, I'd be tremendously glad. I'd like to see it tried—by an outsider."

"Could almost any outsider do this thing you have in mind?"

"Any intelligent outsider could."

"Why not tell me?" said Adams.

"What if I did?"

"Why, I believe I know of an outsider. I believe my student Tucker would do it. He was talking about a rope when I saw him. In fact, he's waiting for me downstairs. He's pretty angry. It might be a good outlet for his feelings."

"I don't believe it would prove practicable," mused the head. "Still it might. I was thinking that if, say, some anarchist were to attack Nicholson for his capitalistic utterances ——"

"Why, it would spike all his guns!" Adams rose interestedly. "I see what you are driving at. I'll find an outsider at once!"

"I wonder," again mused the head as the door closed. "I wonder."

But as he turned to the reading of the quiz books a humorous glow softened his eyes, and for the next eight books the grades he bestowed were the most liberal he had given since the week of his marriage.

Nicholson arrived as he was taking up the ninth book. The instructor seemed flushed and defiant.

"Sit down," said the head mildly.

"Fine day out."

"Wonderful," agreed the head.

"A little too warm, if anything "

"Seems warm because of the hill."

"I suppose I know why you sent for me," said Nicholson.

"That so?"

"It's that ten o'clock in sociology."

"I thought you might like to know about the stories that are circulating."

"What do people say?"

"Some of your students have been talking. The students say you were preaching anarchy and free love. I know you weren't, of course. You were merely explaining what anarchy is and they failed to distinguish "

"I may have said too much."

"Too little, more likely. It's always better to clarify your subject beyond the possibility of misunderstanding."

"I talked to them pretty straight, chief. I admit it. I had to. I feel this movement so keenly myself, I had to say what I did."

"As straight as you like—as long as you are clear."

(Continued on Page 111)

"Oh, We'll Hear! You and I Will be Dodging Reporters This Time To-Morrow. Reporters and the Police"

Ye English Butler and His Merrie Footmen—By Leonora Speyer

YES, those were comfortable days. But even then, beneath the comfort there was a rumbling of other days to come. *Mene tekel* was faintly discernible on the fair walls of well-ordered country house and Mayfair residence, of more modest but equally attractive cottage and smaller town house; and along the interminable rows of suburban villas, running in all directions out of the great London as if afraid of its very vastness, and even through the drowsy villages beyond and certainly in the teeming towns—of the north and west particularly—could the writing on the wall be deciphered, could the rumbling be heard if one chose to read, to listen.

Perhaps the little household with the one overworked general servant realized it the most. The general was more and more difficult to find and her wages were increasing alarmingly. She dreamed of an establishment which kept a staff and there was no longer any difficulty in procuring a situation of such magnitude. Visions of still greater splendor, working for the gentry, became more and more gleaming possibilities, and finally—oh, mirage hovering over dingy stairways and greasy pots and pans—the little general, from the insignificant staff of two or three, saw radiant before her dazzled eyes a new and glittering universe, with a full-chested butler, a valet, lady's maid and housekeeper as its four corners, and a glorious being sweeping toward her carriage, who deigned to answer to the awe-inspiring title of Your Grace.

Needless to say, Her Grace fared better than the harassed householder in constant quest of a general. Much was overlooked in Her Grace's establishment. It was well-invested capital to be in a good house, one had a choice of good houses afterward—and higher wages; there was a deference shown at the dining table of the staff. Therefore were ofttimes lumpy beds in squalid rooms shared with others; scanty food, late hours and inadequate pay borne for a time. For a time! Mrs. Jones, the soft-voiced and rustling housekeeper, had her hours of tribulation, to be sure; she could unfold to Her Grace a tale whose slightest word, and so on—but she did not.

Nothing was less like the fretful porcupine than Her Grace's smooth hair. When the footman or scullery maid left another appeared, equally good; when the cook was found in bucolic slumbers on the kitchen floor Her Grace noticed that the salad had a new and rather delicious dressing the next day—she believed there had been a little trouble in the kitchen.

Mrs. Jones was a treasure. It was all very simple.

Still, the rumbling was audible. I heard it occasionally and sometimes I spoke of it.

"Don't spoil them, my dear," was the invariable answer. "It's been like this for a long time. They are perfectly satisfied. They have a wonderful time. And America—is different."

I heard it in the butler's voice as he tucked Lady M—— and the rest of her foursome into the car. There had been a little misunderstanding about the golf clubs.

"I thought M'Lady ——" he was saying.

"Don't think, Brown!" she answered. "Never think! You only muddle when you think. Just do what you're told."

"Very good, M'Lady."

And the car moved away with a well-bred snort that made me start—it sounded so like Lady M——'s own voice for a moment—but there was something behind the submissive reply of Brown's. The rumble—for those who chose to hear.

A friend told me of the rumble. She heard it from an open pantry window as she was searching for a stray puppy. There was Charles with his back to the window, deep in the weekly joys of John Bull—a loose-tongued but widely read publication—and the bell ringing at stated intervals and with increasing asperity, and Charles remarking: "The more you rings, the more you waits!" apparently addressing the pages of John Bull.

"T-ng-a-ling-a-ling-ling-ling!"

"The more you rings, the more you waits!" repeated Charles, and turned the page.

Thus the rumble, and, of course, not very noticeable.

My butler said to me once when I complained of a new footman: "Of course 'e's not very bright, M'Lady. 'E wouldn't be a footman if 'e was. I'd rather see a child of mine in 'is coffin than in service." Adding with a sudden resumption of the lofty humility of his office: "I'll see what I can make of 'im, M'Lady."

"Get rid of your butler, my dear," advised a dear and experienced friend when told of this little rumble. "For heaven's sake, don't have socialists about! They're no good as servants."

A lady's maid gave notice to a gay and popular woman after twelve years' faithful service.

"And what do you suppose her reason is?" asked Mrs. Ronnie of her intimates. "That she is tired of living with her head in a box! Meaning trunk, in best lady's-maid language. In other words, I don't stick at home enough. What are we coming to!"

How is it now, I wonder?

I am told it is very difficult to get servants; and to keep them—a fine art. And I read a curious little story in the morning paper.

"England is facing an after-the-war problem more exacting than any that disturbs the United States. Domestic service is actually organized into eight-hour-day jobs, unions are being formed, strikes threatening."

Oh, how indignant Lady M—— and Mrs. Ronnie and old Lord Port must be! What are we coming to indeed!

"The girls with their three or four years' training in munition plants are reluctant to return to their old employment in private houses," the article continues. "They have learned the meaning of specialized tasks and exact hours—light in number mostly."

Eight-hour laws for the staff! Can these things be? In England? The situation is not without humor—for those safely removed from the immediate vicinity of the danger zone.

If Mrs. Cullum cooks Lady Muriel's eggs and bacon will she be free at four or five o'clock to turn to more personal and private affairs? And who then will cook Her Ladyship's dinner?

If Mary makes His Lordship's bed in the morning and Richards slips his shirt over His Lordship's sleek head, suggesting the proper tie and buttoning the immaculate gray spats, who will tidy the room at night and lay out the evening clothes and change of linen? Who, oh who, will draw the curtains, tuck the hot-water bottle between the sheets, place the barley water beside the bed—and all the other little touches so comforting and conducive to pleasant dreaming? Must there be a second staff to insure the old-time smooth-running household—and the scale of wages and food prices soaring beyond the frightened stars? *(Continued on Page 138)*

No English Household is Truly English Without Him or Truly Completely Comfortable—and Well He Knows It

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Wages, Prices and a Few Other Steps

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THIS article needs no flowery or high-falutin' introduction to catch your attention, Friend Reader, because it has to do with about the most important subject in the world. I refer, of course, to the relation between one's income and outgo; between wages and the like on one side and prices, or the high cost of living, on the other.

For there is a sort of normal relationship between one's earnings and one's expenses which if badly enough upset may result in confusion worse confounded and even complete disaster. The truth is that if you took an essential gland or nerve center out of a man's body you would hardly disturb him more than the world's equilibrium has been discomposed of late by the abnormal movements of prices and wages.

If you suddenly took the steamer that travels between Detroit and Buffalo and lifted it over into the Whirlpool Rapids below Niagara Falls it would not act a bit more strangely than the world now behaves from the riot into which wages and prices have fallen.

The world acts like an individual suffering from disease. Everything he does seems to make him worse. If he exercises it tires him too much. If he eats he is distressed. It is a vicious circle from which he must somehow break away. Just so the workers all over the world are demanding and striking for higher wages because the cost of living has gone up, and the employers are asking higher prices for their products because wages have gone up.

As President Wilson has said, there is no logical or natural end. The world is a puppy chasing its tail. It is following an endless chain, a merry-go-round. Everyone is traveling rapidly, but not getting anywhere to speak of.

At any rate, the wage earners are blaming the employers and capitalists, and the employers and capitalists are blaming the wage earners. Each accuses the other of profiteering. It is a ring-around-a-rosy game with the devil take the hindmost, the only fellow who really profits being the one who jumped first and is still ahead of the game.

The Road to Plumbville

It is obvious that the vicious circle must be broken somewhere, that the spiral process must be stopped somewhere, for the mere continuous process of employers and employees mutually raising prices and wages upon each other gets most of us nowhere. Each boost may be justified in itself by the immediate circumstances, but the net result appears to be steadily growing discontent.

No one any longer seems to know what a fair wage or a fair price is. People cannot estimate what an article is worth. Standards of values and prices have been shot to pieces. Business men and wage earners alike do not know where they are at unless there is some degree of regularity, stability and continuity in the price and wage situation. You go to a store and ask the price of a garment or a piece of furniture.

Yesterday's Prices a Dead Language

"IT'S fifty dollars," says the salesman, "but when the next batch come in they will be seventy-five dollars." The commonly understood laws of supply and demand seem somehow to be disjointed. Prices and wages alike have broken loose from their moorings. If two trains run on schedule you know when they will meet, but if both run wild who can predict the moment of collision? High prices and high wages are not necessarily in themselves an evil. If everything could go up evenly and together it would not be quite so bad. It is not a new level in itself which the world finds fault with. It is the unevenness of the advances and their failure to stay at any fixed level.

There are always poor devils who cannot get caught up. They do not begin to overtake the fortunate ones who rushed in ahead and pulled off big wages or profits. The merchant who had a large stock on hand which he bought at lower prices and sells at prevailing ones, the powerfully unionized worker who was able to exact higher wages before living costs had gone up, anyone, in fact, who was able to take quick advantage of changing conditions—these have not been imprisoned within the vicious circle.

But there is a vast multitude whose position is fixed, nonfluid, conventionalized. These have been literally pillaged to make a Roman holiday. Such are the schoolteachers, the government and municipal employees, most of the clerks, and to the extent of their holdings the owners of fixed investments such as savings-bank deposits, insurance policies, bonds, mortgages, and the like.

But millions of these silent, white-collared, heretofore uncomplaining, unorganized and unprotected workers are becoming restless. Teachers, professors, policemen, firemen, bank clerks, store clerks and public employees the world over are organizing, throwing their lot in with the unions rather than with the white-collared classes, and are even striking. Who is to blame them, but also, where will it stop? To what point of absurdity will this insistent demand of each and all for more pay and fewer hours go?

There seems no reason why everyone should not strike—college presidents, mayors, inventors, savings-bank depositors, artists, movie actors, opera singers, prospectors for oil, Arctic explorers, bondholders, Chinese coolies, tourist guides, editors, indeed, anyone and everyone.

Then, of course, the last state of the world would be worse than the first, for strikes only make matters worse. As President Wilson says of striking: "It checks production, it affects the railways, it prevents distribution and stops the markets: so that presently there is nothing to buy, and there is another excessive addition to prices resulting from the scarcity."

Is there any place to stop? Suppose every class of worker, from prime ministers to section hands, get what they ask for. As a result, would they not have to begin all over again with the cost of producing every class of goods increased? The prices of to-day would then be a dead language as compared with the new scale, and we should needs speak as reverently of them as we do now of the cost of living in 1913.

What a charming prospect!

The American Dollar

BUT at least one good result has begun to emerge from the public's realization of the ugly nature of this whirlpool—some clear thinking on the whole subject. Old truths may seem new if you have never thought of them before, and one of the oldest is that money is not so important as the things that money will buy. Labor seems to have discovered rather suddenly as a brilliant new idea that purchasing power is what counts rather than the number of units in a pay envelope. It begins to be interested in real wages as opposed to money, or nominal wages.

"Aw, what's the use?" asked a particularly grouchy old Scotch workman a few months ago when told that his wages were to be voluntarily increased. "You'll go tell my landlord."

A prominent labor leader in conversation recently said that unless the cost of living could be brought down he saw no reason for the unions to keep on even if they secured a minimum wage of twenty-five dollars a day and a five-hour day. The heads of the railroad brotherhoods expressed the same idea in more impassioned language when they wrote President Wilson:

"We realize that in the strife for wage increases we cannot win any permanent victory. It is not money but value which counts. The vicious circle is infinite; increased wages are overcapitalized for inflated profits and the cost of goods mounts faster than the wage level. A few grow wealthy and the multitude is impoverished."

Now it is not surprising that labor, or any other class for that matter, should be somewhat slow to learn the old truth about the difference between money and what it will buy. For money is so much an accepted conventionality in modern times, it is so much the air we breathe, that only by an effort do we go behind it to the goods that it will purchase. We talk in terms of money and live in a money atmosphere. We like to see and feel it, and it makes us feel rich. Many a rude shock is needed to realize fully that a dollar will buy only about half what it did a few years ago.

(Continued on Page 61)

Convex, Plane and Concave

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

FIRED again! And he had believed he was making good on this last job. But here he was, fired again. Oh, well, he should worry! He could make good on the job the little blonde girl wanted him to take.

Johnny Porter smiled when he thought of the little blonde girl. He had not seen her for several weeks. He remembered they had quarreled about something or other. But a quarrel was nothing unusual. He decided he would go and see her again.

He shaved and dressed with meticulous care. When he finished tying his cravat he picked up a hand glass and studied his features critically. Heretofore he had regarded his forehead, his eyes, his nose and mouth and chin simply as attributes common to the human species. It had been astonishing to learn that there were people who regarded the features as an external record of one's habits of thought. Until that day he had not realized how short was the distance between his nose and mouth, nor had he thought anything of the fact that his lips were unusually full and slack.

"So the short upper lip indicates a desire for approbation," he reflected, remembering what the character analyst had told him that afternoon. "And this chin indicates a lack of determination and moral resistance. And my big loose lips indicate uncontrolled impulsiveness."

He compressed his lips and thrust his chin aggressively forward.

"You certainly don't amount to much," he told his reflection in the mirror. Then he relaxed and grinned cheerfully. Now that he had got over being peeved about it he was willing to admit the analyst had been more than half right in her delineation of his character. A fellow might as well be honest with himself. It had been more a regard for what his friends might think than a matter of principle that had so far kept him from accepting the job the little blonde girl wanted him to take. He decided he would no longer allow his short upper lip—his desire for approbation, his respect for the opinion of others—to deprive him of a good-paying, easy job. For six months Johnny Porter had been employed as a secretary by Edwin Graves, the president and active manager of the Graves Chemical Company. That morning he had been discharged.

"You are too capable to remain longer in your present position," Graves had told him, "and I would be afraid to trust you in a position of greater responsibility."

Graves was a blunt forthright man who never evaded or modified a truth.

"You have proved undependable in small matters," he continued, "and so I do not care to have you continue longer in my employ."

Johnny made no comment, but it was quite obvious that he believed he had been misjudged. Graves proceeded to give instances to prove his contention.

"Several weeks ago you stayed away from the office for a day," he told Johnny. "That in itself was no offense. But the following day you said you had been ill. As a matter of fact, you had gone out of town with some friends on a fishing trip."

Johnny acknowledged the correctness of the statement.

"I've thought of that matter a number of times since," he confessed. "I met a crowd of fellows one night and we framed the thing up on the impulse of the moment. I didn't have time to let you know I was going. It was bad policy to lie about it when I returned. I should have told the truth, or else offered no explanation whatever."

"It was bad policy to lie," Graves repeated, finding in the words the keynote of Johnny's character. "That is the thing that is wrong with you," he said. "You consider such things a matter of policy rather than a matter of principle. You've demonstrated this several times. Just the other day you accepted the blame for an error that might have proved very costly. I find that another man was responsible."

"Now, see here!" Johnny said resentfully. "That error was serious enough to have cost a man his job. And the man who made the error has a wife and children dependent upon him. He couldn't afford to lose his place here—and I could. That is why I accepted the blame."

"Your action may have been very fine from a sentimental point of view," Graves said. "But it was absolutely wrong as a business proposition. An employee is an asset or a liability, according to his ability. If a competent man assumes the responsibility and is discharged for an incompetent man's mistake the employer loses one of his business assets and retains a business liability."

Johnny nodded, seeing for the first time the fairness of the employer's point of view.

"I've always thought I was fairly honest," he said. "I believe I am inherently," he added. "I'm always willing to take the worst of a deal rather than take advantage of a person. And if I sometimes deviate from the exact truth it is never with malicious intent."

"I'll admit your case has been a problem," Graves said. "If I were sure these shortcomings of yours were due to thoughtlessness and not to a defect of character I'd be willing to keep you."

He looked at Johnny quizzically for a moment. "Would you like the opinion of an expert in such matters?" he asked. "There is a character analyst in the city who claims to be able to determine such questions by the proportions and contour of the head and features and the shape and flexibility of the hands."

There was ill-concealed contempt in Johnny's reply: "The amusement parks are filled with these phrenologists and fortune-telling palmists," he said. "I should like to know if I am inherently dishonest. But I would not care to accept the opinion of one of these bump readers."

"This method of character analysis is not based on phrenology or palmistry," Graves explained. "And I'm beginning to believe the subject as it has been developed by this expert is more or less scientific. I'd like to have you go with me and submit to an analysis according to her system. I've been studying you for several months and I'd like to have my judgment sustained by a disinterested person, or reversed."

"I'm fired anyhow," Johnny decided after a moment's hesitation. "I'll take the chance. I may learn something."

That afternoon he was introduced to Miss Nelson.

"My judgment of my employees is based upon observation rather than upon any scientific knowledge," Graves told the character analyst. "Usually I can make up my mind about a man after I have had him under observation a few weeks. But here is a young fellow I have been studying for several months, and I am not sure now that my judgment is correct. Mr. Porter is willing to submit himself unreservedly for your analysis."

"Mr. Porter will hear a number of statements that are not complimentary," Miss Nelson decided promptly.

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. He was willing to hear what she had to say, but was indifferent.

"Shoot!" he said cheerfully.

The analysis that followed was made for Mr. Graves' benefit as an employer. Johnny was considered simply as an unusually good subject for the illustration of a number of apparently contradictory traits of character.

"The analysis of a person's character is based upon the color of the eyes, hair, skin and beard; the form of the forehead, eyes, nose, mouth and chin; the height and weight; the structure, whether mental, motive or vital; the texture; the consistency and flexibility of the hands; masculine and feminine characteristics; proportion, expression and condition," Miss Nelson said briskly.

"Mr. Porter is blue-eyed, fair-haired, hair-skinned—almost a true blond type. The blond type indicates strength, aggressiveness, courage, energy, versatility and changeableness.

"Next we consider the form of the features. We use the classifications—convex, plane and concave.

"Mr. Porter's forehead is convex; or as it is more frequently termed, a sloping forehead. The convex forehead in combination with other characteristics which will be spoken of later is the forehead of executive ability, of keen perceptions and quick judgments.

"Mr. Porter's eyes are rather prominent, indicating linguistic ability, or perhaps simply a tendency to talk too much. This will be shown later.

"His nose is convex. The convex nose is the arched, or—as it is sometimes called—the Roman nose. The convex nose generally indicates aggressiveness, courage and energy.

"The distance from the nose to the lips gives us our next indication of character. Mr. Porter's upper lip is decidedly short and this shortness indicates a desire for approbation, a desire for the good opinion of other people. This is no defect of character," Miss Nelson hastened to add. "In fact, a short upper lip is a characteristic of most of the successful actors and of many men famous in public life.

"Summarizing the analysis thus far made, we have a man of strength, aggressiveness, energy and courage; a man who is a natural leader, of keen perceptions and quick judgments, possessed of more than an ordinary command of language and a natural desire to make himself agreeable, to please others.

"Mr. Porter's lips give us the first clew to the use he would instinctively make of these qualities, these characteristics. His lips are decidedly convex, full lips not held firmly. Such lips indicate uncontrolled impulsiveness and unrestrained appetites.

"And so our conclusion is that though Mr. Porter has executive force he lacks true executive ability because his judgments would be based on impulse and hence unreliable, and because the combination of such eyes and such lips would make speech, unconsidered and uncontrolled, inevitable.

"Mr. Porter's chin gives us the next index to his character. The concave chin is the chin of endurance, of perseverance, of considered judgments and moral resistance. At first glance, Mr. Porter's chin seems to be concave. But a closer scrutiny shows that the curve of the chin in profile

"Johnny," She Said Triumphantly, "You're Fired Again!" Johnny Grinned Cheerfully. "A Great Little Girl You Are at Guessing!" He Admitted

recedes instead of projects. And so we interpret it as a lack of these qualities."

Then the proportions of his head were considered. Johnny was told that his head was round and wide and low. He was told he was inclined to recklessness; was willing to take daring chances; was possessed of a degree of low cunning and shrewdness, and was without high aspirations.

"You are a likable chap," Miss Nelson said frankly, making a final summary of her analysis. "You are cheerful, optimistic, eager to please. You are courageous, aggressive, and possess considerable constructive ability. But your impulsiveness, your lack of perseverance, your lack of moral force, resistance, make you unreliable, undesirable as an employee. And in a position of trust, because of your cunning and daring recklessness, combined with these other weaknesses, you would be a very decided risk."

"In other words," Johnny said, "I possess the qualities of a high-class crook."

"No," came the positive reply. "A high-class crook does his work deliberately. Because of your impulsiveness and recklessness you could easily be led into temptation. And any wrongdoing of which you might be guilty would be done because you lack the moral force to resist a great temptation."

"You say I am impulsive; that I lack the moral force to resist a temptation," Johnny said, arguing. "Now listen," he continued. "Mr. Graves has been paying me one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. I've been with him for six months. I've had several jobs during the past two years and my salary has not exceeded what Mr. Graves is paying me. And for the past two years I've had a standing offer of fifty dollars a week for work that is in a way more to my liking than anything I have ever done—and I've been able to resist this temptation without much trouble."

Miss Nelson and Mr. Graves looked at Johnny as if doubting his statement.

"What kind of work was this other?" Graves asked.

"At Seigelman's," Johnny replied. "When he converted his place into a cabaret he wanted to take me on as a professional dancer. His offer is still open to me."

"Have you ever been without funds during these two years?" Miss Nelson asked.

"I usually have a few dollars tucked away in case of an emergency," Johnny said.

"And you've not found it difficult to get work at any time during these two years?" Miss Nelson asked.

"Getting a job is the easiest thing I know how to do," Johnny boasted.

"The men you associate with—the men you would call regular fellows—haven't much use for a professional dancing man, have they?" Miss Nelson asked, continuing to cross-examine Johnny.

Johnny admitted that such was the case.

"And you haven't refused this work as a matter of principle," Miss Nelson said. "It has not been a question with you as to whether or not your own standards would be lowered. You have refused to accept this work because you preferred the good opinion of your friends to the additional money you could make as a professional dancer."

Johnny reluctantly admitted the truth of the statement.

"I have already spoken of your short upper lip indicating a desire for approbation, a regard for the opinion of other people. This trait of your character is strongly marked. On the other hand you are almost deficient in acquisitiveness, in your sense of values. So, naturally, in a choice between a few dollars and the good opinion of your friends you chose to keep the good opinion of your friends."

Johnny debated the matter with himself and was forced to admit the truth of this. There was a serious expression on his usually smiling features.

"I guess I don't amount to much," he said to Graves. "Your judgment was apparently correct."

Then before Graves could reply Johnny was smiling cheerfully again.

"There is an advantage in knowing all of this," he said, "because it is such an easy system to beat. After this, whenever I want to demonstrate my ability to control my impulses I'll simply have to compress my lips and stick my chin forward—and behold, the thing is accomplished!"

He Ordered For Them the Kind of Dinner That Had Made His Restaurant Famous

"You might be able to accomplish a great deal that way," was Miss Nelson's unexpected comment. "An eminent psychologist has written that all mental impulses are undoubtedly of physiological origin. And that being the case, it is not unreasonable to assume that should you establish the habit of holding your lips firmly together you would at the same time establish the habit of controlling your mental impulses."

"And when I am running short of perseverance or need to exercise a little moral resistance all I'll have to do is stick out my chin," Johnny said, amused and contemptuous.

"Professor James has written that all mental impulses are undoubtedly of physiological origin," Miss Nelson repeated, unruffled by Johnny's tone. "If his statement is correct it is not unreasonable to assume that the habitual thrusting forward of the lower jaw would in time create the mental attributes indicated by the concave chin."

"Aw, hell!" Johnny said impulsively as he turned toward his former employer. "Let's be on our way."

That evening the little blonde girl was doing her song-and-dance turn when Johnny checked his hat and coat and lounged into the wide entrance of Seigelman's dining room. She saw him and waved her hand. When her turn was finished, ignoring the patter of applause that followed, she ran down the steps from the stage and crossed the dining room to where he waited. She put her plump white arms across his shoulders and locked her fingers back of his round, close-cropped head.

"Johnny," she said triumphantly, "you're fired again!"

Johnny grinned cheerfully.

"A great little girl you are at guessing!" he admitted. He unlocked her fingers and guided her to a vacant table.

"Why were you fired this time?" she asked.

"Because of my lips," he told her. "They are convex lips. They indicate a nature impulsive and uncontrolled. And another reason was my chin. A concave chin is the chin of considered judgments, of perseverance, of moral strength," he repeated glibly. "My chin isn't a concave chin. As an aid to speech and eating it may be good enough, but as an index of character it indicates principally the lack of many things."

The little blonde girl scrutinized Johnny's features affectionately. Johnny stirred, uncomfortable under the scrutiny. Unconsciously he compressed his lips and thrust his chin forward.

"Where do you get this convex-concave stuff?" she asked patiently. Johnny was always kidding her about something or other she couldn't quite understand. "And Johnny," she added, "don't bite your lips like that and stick your chin out at me."

Johnny relaxed suddenly.

"Was I doing that?" he asked. Then he smiled. "I was just cultivating self-control and all that sort of thing," he explained. "You know that Professor James has written that all mental impulses are undoubtedly of physiological origin."

"Huh!" said the little blonde girl.

"Don't watch me like that!" she exclaimed a moment later. "What is the matter with me now?"

"You are all right," Johnny assured her. "You have a convex forehead like mine. But your nose is concave. Now what the deuce does a concave nose indicate?"

The little blonde girl rose indignantly from her seat.

"If you are trying to start a fuss ——" she warned.

"Sit down!" Johnny pleaded. "Yours is a mighty fine little nose. My inquiry was of a purely scientific, impersonal nature," he assured her. "It's a system," he explained. "When I learn it I'll be able to tell why you have been stringing me along instead of copping some guy who amounts to something."

"I wish to heaven you could!" the little blonde girl said fervently. "And now forget that foolish talk and let's dance once before the floor becomes crowded."

Later, while they were dancing, Johnny became aware of Seigelman watching them.

"That's a guy I'd like to have analyzed—that fat Seigelman," he said. "There's a brain at work in that round head, but to look at the man you would never guess it. Just a fat man! But the smart ones—the politicians and the big-money guns all come to him when they get in a pinch. Yes," Johnny repeated, "I'd like to be able to analyze that guy."

Johnny had worked for Seigelman just one week when he decided to learn this system of character analysis. He made his decision impulsively, as he usually made his decisions. He was in an unusually gay mood. He had just drawn fifty dollars for a week of work that had been

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What is Wrong With Our Young Men?—By Stanley M. Rinehart

NATIONS, like individuals, are subject to delusions, because the national mind is a composite of individual minds. The war dispelled several of our national delusions—some of them with difficulty, others more or less easily. The one about fighters being born and not made and an army springing up overnight, like Minerva fully armed from the head of Jove, vanished before we got into the war. As a delusion it was a failure, because it fooled comparatively few of us.

There was another one, however, that caught more of us and for a long time refused to be downed. This was the belief that we were the strongest, most vigorous, healthiest people on the footstool.

"Look at our boys!" we said. "Aren't they bigger and brawnier than any other in the world? Isn't their average height greater, and their chest development? Why, we have more and better food, more and better public schools, more outdoors, more personal freedom. We are on the way to develop a new race—the American—with food and exercise and fresh air as foundations."

When the war came, with its enlistments and its draft, gradually it began to drift in on us that we were going to have trouble in getting an army.

The draft boards saw it first, and later the camp examiners. These boys of ours had all sorts of things wrong with them. They had bad teeth, bad eyes, bad hearts, bad feet. Before long our physical standards had to be lowered somewhat in order to get an army of sufficient size. Other nations had had to resort to this expedient, but we thought we were different. And we formed another army, of substandard men, an army of noncombatants, who were just a little below the physical standards.

Now the army finally assembled was the finest in the world, physically and mentally. But to get the first two and a half million men about three and a quarter million were examined. And of this two and a half million several hundred thousand more were placed in the limited-service ranks because of partial disabilities.

Sixteen per cent of our boys were found totally disqualified and perhaps another sixteen per cent were not quite fit to fight because of defects which lessened their efficiency. Some of these defects were comparatively trivial, but they were serious enough to debar men from active military service.

All this is a matter of record, but what of it? What are we going to do about it? Well, the Army did a lot about it. Many of the substandard men got rid of their partial disabilities in the Army.

Seven Main Physical Shortcomings

OUTDOOR life accomplished a part of this change, but intelligent treatment, physical exercise and in many instances comparatively slight surgical operations did more. For instance, mild degrees of flat foot were cured by the wearing of army shoes instead of the narrow-toed, malshaped, stylish variety worn by most civilians. And many thousands of men were operated upon for hernia, or rupture—a simple operation, not at all dangerous to life in skillful hands, but which added to their life expectancy and their efficiency, either civil or military.

Even in the graver conditions which caused their rejection many were benefited. Most of them had never been examined before. They learned their weaknesses for the first time, and knowing them they were able when they returned home to safeguard themselves against disaster.

The war gave us the first opportunity to find out what is wrong with our boys, and of course by inference what is wrong with the rest of us. It cannot be supposed for an instant that the boys have a monopoly of these disabilities. Be sure that other people have them also, and in about the same proportion; that where our boys were found wanting the rest of the nation will average no better.

Before the war we knew what people died of; we had plenty of mortality statistics. But we had no statistics of the conditions which do not necessarily cause death—the ills and disabilities that lessen efficiency, that cause discomfort, that subtract from the sum of human happiness. Since the war we can arrive at an approximate idea of these and in what proportion they occur among us all.

The seven conditions to be discussed here, ranging all the way from the apparently trivial to the very serious, from bad teeth to bad heart, were selected for two reasons: First, they together were responsible for more than half of all the disabilities in the army examinations and may be considered as quite common to all of us; second, they can be either prevented, corrected or ameliorated, if we have the proper knowledge.

It would be a discouraging occupation, this survey of our physical disabilities, if it were not for the fact that in most instances they result from carelessness or ignorance rather than necessity.

This is obvious, for instance, in the case of defective teeth. There may be some excuse for the vacancies in one's mouth, but certainly there is none for the neglect of one's teeth. Tens of thousands of men were disqualified for this cause. Many of them had more decayed than good teeth. Many mouths were filled with snags and blackened disintegrating stumps and diseased gums.

Bad teeth are not only a source of great discomfort but are an actual menace to health. They cause innumerable troubles, both near and remote. Bad teeth prevent proper mastication of food, which is the first requisite of good digestion. The teeth are placed in the vestibule of the digestive apparatus and were not intended entirely for their cosmetic effect. Many people use them like the girl in the tooth-powder advertisements—only for ornamental purposes. A great number of us bolt our food whole, washing it down with water or coffee or milk, forgetting that if we do not use them our teeth will not always be an ornament. Disuse brings indigestion and dental decay.

One hears of focal infection quite often now, even in general conversation. Figuratively speaking, pyorrhea seems to be in everyone's mouth. Bad teeth are a common cause of focal infection, because the pus which forms about their roots is absorbed and causes much general disturbance, not the least of which is arthritis, or inflammation of the joints. It is not at all unusual nowadays for one to go to his dentist to be treated for rheumatism. Even apparently good teeth may be infected at their roots, causing many forms of severe but obscure illness.

In these days, when dentistry has become a fine art, and in the United States, where it has reached nearer perfection than in any other country, specific directions for the care of the teeth may not be considered necessary. In general it may be said that they should be used, should be kept clean, cavities should be filled, defects removed—and finally that they should be discarded when they have become useless and a menace to health.

The reasons for including flat foot in our category may not at first be apparent, especially to one who is so afflicted. He considers himself a victim of circumstances over which he had no control. If you are not a sufferer from this cause take this bit of advice: Do not speak of it jestingly to a flat-footed acquaintance unless you happen to be bigger than he. Joke as much as you like about anything else, however grave, but spare him, and yourself, on this one subject. His flat feet are apt to make him hypersensitive at both ends—antipodally, as it were. Here is some more advice: If you speak of it as a minor ailment please hasten to explain that by "minor" you mean "not fatal." That is about the only good thing to be said about it. It causes an infinite amount of suffering, but no deaths.

If all the flat-footed persons in this country could be mobilized they would make an army of several millions—but not a standing army. It is about the commonest minor ailment that affects mankind, and it is a respecter neither of age, sex, color nor condition of servitude.

Many Millions of Fallen Arches

PERHAPS the army figures will give some idea as to its prevalence. Of the first million men examined 177,450 were flat-footed. Not all in the same degree, however; and by no means that many were rejected. Some were benefited in the camps by certain prescribed exercises and by wearing army shoes, and were made over into soldiers. But most of those who were not rejected were put into noncombatant organizations and given occupations more or less sedentary.

Now, if more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand young men out of a million had flat foot one has only to multiply the first number by one hundred to arrive at an estimate as to the whole country. This stupendous result—more than seventeen millions—may not be accurate, but as we have no other figures, each of us may adopt for himself any which appeal to his reason or to his imagination, and still have enough fallen arches to go round.

The term "flat foot" includes any degree of mildness or severity, from a slight stretching of the ligaments, which bind the bones of the foot into an arch, to the arch which makes a hole in the ground. Even the mildest is painful, however, and all more or less incapacitate the victims.

Shoes are one cause of flat foot. Primitive man walks upon his naked or sandaled feet; he does not cramp or bind them, and the foot muscles—having perfect freedom of movement—are all of them used in walking. Primitive man walks. He does not stand much, to stretch and strain his foot muscles without giving them proper exercise. And above all, primitive man is not a slave to the modern shoe with narrow toe that is made to fit no foot in its natural shape. Also, the savage walks with his feet parallel, which

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Seeing America Afterward

By DAVID LAWRENCE

FAR be it from any American to say that this is a better land than France or Britain or Italy or any other part of the globe. Countries need not be invidiously compared any more than colors of the rainbow. Englishmen love England and Frenchmen love France—not less intensely than we do America. But two million Americans who have been sojourning in France cannot be gainsaid a pastime of preference on returning to this land of Pullman berths, bathtubs, hot and cold running water, understandable plumbing, big hotel lobbies, bright-eyed bell boys, alert telephone operators, and all those numerous Americanisms we have been taking for granted these many years which we can learn truly to prize only after seeing Europe first.

To the grumbling and the grouchy, to the fretful and the petulant, to those who will not wait ten seconds for telephone service without banging the receiver hook up and down, to the folks who think day coaches beneath their dignity and the more numerous who say unprintable things when trains are from ten minutes to an hour late, to the many who every night pay their respects to the imps of traveldom for failing to provide each car with twice the quota of lower berths, to those who take in vain the names of our gentle taxicab drivers, to all those Americans, in fact, who think there is something wrong with this country and that it must needs be amended à la Europe and the eastern world—especially as to doctrine, ethics and class standards—a trip is respectfully recommended to what geographers call the Old World. See Europe first—particularly via Brest, Paris and points west. Include Berlin and Vienna, especially if you want an overdose, and then if you don't come back to America feeling enthusiastic about this land, enthusiastic enough perhaps to pay your income tax with a smile, then you must be of that dwindling number in America who don't know a good thing when they see it.

Nightmares of a French Sleeping Car

MY OWN experience was not untypical. The chalky cliffs of Dover, the beautiful English countryside famed in prose and poetry, the very spirit of Guildhall and Westminster Abbey—aye, the antiquity of Paris, its cathedrals and spires, its romantic boulevards, its artistic setting, and the heroic villages of France, beautiful Venice and colorful Rome—all these made upon my mind an unforgetable impression. I saw Europe in reconstruction days, hardly different from wartime.

And then I came back to the United States. For thirty-five days I traveled north, east, south and west—ten thousand miles. I visited thirty-five of the largest cities of the country, rode on nearly every railroad of importance and some of no importance, and spent many hours in day coaches, plus twenty-nine nights on Pullman cars.

Distance, that marvelous American luxury, was consumed beneath the restless wheels. Overnight I went as far as the whole battle line. And what a luxury any kind of a sleeping car was in France—even since the armistice! Most of the men in the American Expeditionary Forces will tell you they never saw a sleeping car during the whole period of their stay in France. Box cars were their sole means of travel. As for the cars on the trains between Paris and Brest or between Paris and Calais used nowadays for civilians, most everybody sits up all night in those choking compartments wherein men smoke or snore or fidget restlessly on seats of outworn upholstery. The usual argument ensues as to whether there are more germs outside or inside the car and whether it would injure international relations to ask to have a breath of fresh air admitted to the stuffy interior. And after twelve hours of such riding you have a feeling in the back of your neck, your spine, your head and your feet—indeed your whole system—describable only in morning-after sighs and phrases strangely akin to the hang-over vocabulary of anteprohibition days.

England's train service is much better, but far from normal. But even England is small and quickly traversed. One can get from end to end of the island in a day's ride, while in America you couldn't get from the eastern to the western boundary of Texas in that time. Nobody realizes the splendid extent of the United States till he travels in cramped-up Europe. You can't take a two days' journey without finding yourself at the seacoast or the frontier of another nation. To anyone who loves the broad expanse of our western country, to anyone who has done any continental traveling at all, nothing is more fascinating than the reflection that after four days and nights of constant travel in through cars another seacoast may be reached—but it is still America.

We are a happy nation. From New York to California I seem yet to hear the jazz of Broadway blending in the jazz of Market Street across the continent. They danced to the same tunes and the same trots in Omaha as they did in El Paso. The frolics of youth were uniform everywhere. America laughed and cried, played and worked, everywhere with a kinship which thousands of miles of territory or climatic change could not break. Everywhere the same problems, state and municipal, the same law, the same language, the same spirit.

There is one striking exception: It's the difference between the spirit of the American people as one encounters it in the cities and towns of the country by actual contact and the spirit of America one hears talked about in the governing atmosphere at Washington—the national capital.

Congressmen are Narrow-Visioned

PERHAPS many people do not often go out inspecting the United States. It is the most encouraging and refreshing mission on which one can embark. Particularly is it interesting after hearing senatorial and congressional declamation upon the thoughts of the "American pee-pul" and the "pee-pul of the U-nited Sta-a-tes of Amer-r-rica," as the would-be statesmen love to roll helpless words in their diurnal orations on the needs of our commonwealth. They talk about the United States in Washington too often with an idea that one township of five thousand population cannot be dissimilar from a city of five hundred thousand; or to put it another way, a man who has lived all his life in the little village and has occasionally visited the big cities pronounces weighty judgment on everything from industrial quarrels to maritime law. Sectionalism is too frequently the limit of congressional vision, and only a few of the men who go to Congress ever realize that their highest duty and obligation lies in the broad national interest rather than the particular local interest of their communities. I have seen men in Congress rise to explain their votes. Everybody knew why the explaining was done—everybody except the people back home who were and are taken in by the ruse. Everybody in Washington knows when a senator or congressman is talking for home consumption. He may himself favor a bill that is sponsored by his party. But his constituents are Irish or Italians or French or brewers or munition makers or laborers or some other particular element affected, and the party leaders give him a chance to put up his fight; they even arrange the stage for him so he may stay in the good graces of his constituents. And the hypocrisy is evenly divided between both the Democrats and the Republicans. They both practice the same tricks.

Occasionally—yes, very occasionally—somebody gets up in his seat and says that while he may represent a certain state or a certain community his obligation and oath is to the Government of the United States and the welfare

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The Investor's New Arabian Nights

The Veiled Lady and the Prophet

"I've Been Looking for It for an Hour," Said the Other in the Voice of One in the Last Stages of a Deadly Anger, "Till I Begin to Doubt My Sanity"

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

HAROLD JOSSELYN was a bachelor, a man still comparatively young, and one of the favored few to find a permanent financial advantage in the late world war. For he was in the men's furnishing business in a small way for himself, and the great wave of masculine adornment which swept the world, accompanying that universal disaster, had carried him with others in the haberdashery line into a considerable and unexpected prosperity.

In his good fortune, however, Mr. Josselyn was not unmindful of his obligations. He was saving in the midst of a too-general prodigality. He contributed with a relative liberality to the Red Cross and other meritorious causes and he had dedicated his savings quite largely through the Liberty Loans to the support of his country in a war in which—like many others often less conscious of the fact—he could otherwise have rendered a service at best purely decorative.

He was closing his shop one Tuesday night—that being one of the two evenings that the local stores remained open—when he turned to see entering what was apparently the last customer of his day, the figure of a woman, a lady neatly dressed and evidently young, but with a face quite heavily veiled. She was clearly embarrassed and ill at ease and had the manner, it seemed to him, of one agitated and in trouble.

"Is this Mr. Josselyn?" she asked in a low but very attractive voice.

"It is," he replied, and drawing his heels together he bowed with the precision of courtesy with which he invariably addressed the ladies whom at holidays and on the approach of masculine birthdays he numbered among his patrons.

"May I sit down?" she inquired then. And by her voice and the paleness of her face, apparent even through her veil, he now felt certain she was either very weary or in great trouble. And, with many apologies for not doing so before, he promptly offered her a chair.

"I have come to see you, Mr. Josselyn," she said after a slight pause, during which he noticed with skilled approbation the careful nicety of the clothing of her hands and feet, "upon a matter of great importance to me, which I know I shall present very badly; and I ask you to be patient with me, for, as you will see, it is a matter with which as a woman I can be only vaguely familiar."

"Certainly!" said Mr. Josselyn warmly. "Indeed I will—if I have any such occasion!"

And she went on then, partially raising her veil, uncovering a very rosy and attractive mouth, and told him of her mission, giving her name first—Miss Seymour.

"There are two of us," she said, "my brother and myself, who were left full orphans at the death of my father some years ago. Since then we have lived together in New York City, I keeping house for my brother.

"For a number of years," she continued, "starting, in fact, as a mere boy, my brother was in the employ of one of the great stockbrokers of Wall Street, a firm of so great repute that without doubt, if I mentioned it—which I cannot do—you could not help but know it."

"I am afraid ——" Mr. Josselyn answered—and he smiled deprecatingly. But she was going on.

"Their customers," she said, "numbered many of the greatest and most notable—if not to say notorious—speculators of this country; men whose names you could not help but know, for the greatest stock-market manipulations, the greatest buying and selling pools in the country, often originate right there. And there my brother, as a trusted employee—and a very competent and faithful one," she added with a show of feeling, "had gained a knowledge and an insight into the great movements of the stock market which only perhaps a half dozen men in the country possess. In fact, for years he had often said to me: 'Oh, Celia, if I had only capital enough, my dear, we would soon be rich—yes, immensely wealthy in the end. For there is scarcely a great movement in the stock market now that I do not know or could not predict in advance. Some day, when I have some little savings, we will certainly make our fortunes.'"

Having said this she stopped again for a moment, her lips quivering, evidently under some stress of emotion. And Mr. Josselyn waited courteously, observing still in silence how excellently groomed she was; her evident beauty and the refinement expressed everywhere in her gloves and shoes and stockings.

"Pardon me," she said, excusing her delay, and passed along. "I am foolish. But soon after that," she continued, "my brother was suddenly overcome with a very severe illness. He had never, as a matter of fact, had more than a mere pittance of a salary, for they never appreciated him there," she exclaimed with some warmth. "And now he has been confined to his bed for several months, and instead of having more savings we have to-day none at all and have gone seriously into debt for doctors and for nursing. And now for the first time—and this only for a few hours a day—my brother is able to return to his old place and do part of his work at a very small wage indeed. You have no idea," she broke off with a woman's warmth of indignation, "how mean they have been to him!"

"They are sometimes," said Mr. Josselyn.

"Now you can imagine our position, Mr. Josselyn," she continued then, and stretched a small, long and well-gloved hand toward him. "We have not a dollar, we are desperately in debt, and yet we have in our possession knowledge which, if we could only use it, would make us immensely wealthy. For," she said once more, and a rosier warmth now came through the meshes of her veil, "practically all of the great movements of the stock market are either executed through this house or are known and discussed by the men gathered there. My brother hears and sees this all, and many of the orders to buy or sell are transmitted through him. And yet, from lack of capital, all this has been practically useless to him. Isn't it," she said, appealing to Mr. Josselyn, "really terrible?"

"It certainly is!" he answered her.

"So then," she said, "it occurred to me—womanlike, I suppose—couldn't I in some way help him, especially when these people are treating him so badly? Couldn't I in some way help him?" she repeated, and stopped again, apparently in thought, biting her attractive underlip.

"I've been visiting," she went on then a little disconnectedly, "for a few days a relative in this city whom you would probably not remember and at any rate I would prefer not to mention. From there I wrote to my brother, asking him if I could try my scheme. He has sent me his permission, though I know without hope of success. And so I am here to see you to-night."

"Just how—for what reason have you come to me, if I may ask?" inquired Mr. Josselyn, puzzled as well as flattered.

"For several reasons," she said. "One because I have heard from my relative you were so enthusiastic in your support of our country's loans and the Red Cross and other things. And I felt, naturally, that you would be the kind of man I could appeal to."

"I see," said Mr. Josselyn, slightly reddening.

"A man," she said, "whom we could trust"

"I see," said Mr. Josselyn, slightly readjusting his necktie.

"For this is the first thing with us," she said. "The fact is, you see," she said, "we must have in this men of discretion—men of honor to whom we can trust ourselves, for this must be a very confidential relation. And I need not say, to be of any use to us, the whole transaction must be between us in absolute secrecy."

"I see that," said Mr. Josselyn.

"Otherwise we might lose everything—my brother's position and all!"

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Josselyn.

"For our plan, as we framed it, is this," explained the veiled young lady then. "We would send you by mail once a week, or as often as required, my brother's prophecies of the movement of the stock market, of the big pools, and so forth."

"Yes," said Mr. Josselyn, with small idea of carrying out any plan, yet desirous now of hearing this to its end.

"You will take them," she said, "and read them carefully. That will be the only obligation we ask of you. Not much, is it?" she said, and smiled the charming smile of a pretty woman through a neat veil.

"No," said Mr. Josselyn, "certainly not. But ——" He had started again when she went on without having heard him.

"We ask you to read them," she continued, "and if at the end of one week or two weeks they are not found to be true, to throw them away and forget them—the whole thing, this visit and all." And again she smiled that charming smile, white through the black meshes of her veil. "For naturally," she said, "prophecies that are not prophecies are not worth while for anybody's reading."

"No," said Mr. Josselyn, again endeavoring to speak. "Yet ——"

"On the other hand," she continued, "if they do prove true; if you are satisfied that my brother is really the prophet that I know he is," she said with a flash of enthusiasm she could not restrain, "you must do one thing first—you must promise to keep your information personal and secret."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Josselyn promptly.

"But," she went on, "with this one exception; we will give you this privilege: If you have one or two or even as high as five or six personal friends, or even ten perhaps—say ten men whom you could absolutely trust as competent and capable of keeping their own counsel, you can at your discretion show this typewritten letter you will receive and ask them to verify with you its predictions and their fulfillment or their failure.

"For we want," she said, "and must have you satisfied before you venture. Though, of course, naturally," she interjected with another ingratiating smile, "we want you

also to decide as early as possible and to have you take the great opportunities of making money which we think we offer and which, so my brother says, are greater now after this war than ever in the history of this country."

"But I ——" Mr. Josselyn again attempted to exclaim.

"And the sooner you use them," she was going on, "the more money we shall both make by our arrangement."

"What," said Mr. Josselyn then—his attention again arrested, and changing temporarily the remark he had upon his tongue—"what arrangement do you mean? What arrangement could we make?"

"Merely this," she answered him. "We should ask you to promise us—to give us your word of honor to pay us a certain share of what your profits were, say a quarter of what you win—or twenty per cent. Would that be too much?" she asked prettily.

"No," said Mr. Josselyn, "I should say not. But how—what insurance, what guaranty could you have that you would ever get this money from me? It would be a secret agreement without possible proof."

"That is precisely the reason," she responded, "why we must have picked men, men of honor and discretion, whose word we can trust."

And at that Mr. Josselyn smiled at last, for the innocence of the girl and her inexperience were too apparent.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I do not wish to discourage you, but I am afraid—if you will pardon me—that we two would make a strange pair to form a conspiracy for beating the great New York stock market. Though you," he said, qualifying his remarks politely, "no doubt have through your brother a knowledge that I do not possess. For I will confess to you that, though since the war began and the prices of everything—stocks and food and merchandise—have danced up and up so madly, I have watched the stock markets more or less day after day; yet I have had almost no practical experience in stocks. I have lived here always at a distance from the great city and have had small opportunities for acquaintance with such matters; and, in fact, I am only just now procuring my first real idea of the terms used in buying stock-market securities from a pamphlet which I received from a firm in Broad Street, New York, which for some reason they saw fit to offer me in a letter sent me through the mail."

At this a quiver of a little smile appeared on the mouth of the veiled lady.

"I'm afraid," she said, "you underestimate yourself. It is all very simple, so my brother says." And she repeated more of his sayings. "But however that may be," she said, "your course is not complicated, nor is mine. I believe absolutely, as I would of course," she said prettily, "that my brother is able to prophesy, very closely at least, the way the stock market will move—either up or down; that he has advance knowledge. But I ask you to believe nothing. All I ask you to do is to let us send to you the advance information—the prophecy of market movements—on consignment, as my brother calls it; and then, provided you find it is true and reliable time after time, that you will use it to your advantage and ours. If the prophecies are incorrect—untrue—why then you are to throw them away. That is simple, is it not?"

"It is," said Mr. Josselyn, still reluctant. "Yes. But I can promise nothing, I am afraid." And at this the veiled lady moved almost insensibly nearer him and laid her gloved hand lightly on his arm.

"You can do this," she said, "Mr. Josselyn, can you not? You can give me your word of honor to read my brother's letters as they reach you; and if you find they are wonderful—as I know they will be—and predict exactly the movements of the stock market, you will, I know, act like a sensible man and take advantage of them. You will be willing, I have no doubt, to pick up a great fortune when it falls at your feet. You will act, I know, when the time comes; and for the rest I know well that, when the money is made, we can trust your word of honor to send to us our twenty per cent of your winnings. I know that," she said, and removed her hand.

"But do not wait too long," she said in warning, "for your own sake. For never in the history of the world, so my brother says, will you have such an opportunity for a fortune—such a mad, crazy, advancing market as we are to see in the next few months, following this war. And of course," she said, and she gave a little sigh, "from our standpoint the sooner we have our share of this money the better it will be for us." Her veiled beauty, her obvious innocence and her evident anxiety over her situation stirred Mr. Josselyn, who was naturally a sympathetic and sensitive man. And yet he had even then no expectation that he would ever take up with her proposal.

"I am afraid," he said a little awkwardly, "that you cannot count too much on my assistance in that way. But can't—could I not," he said, stammering a little as he looked toward the trim and attractive veiled lady, "be of help to you by some other means?"

"Of help!" she said, staring, and her eyes seemed to grow larger through her veil. "In what way?"

"In the way of temporary financial aid; of monetary assistance—of a loan," said Mr. Josselyn, floundering on with increasing difficulty under the scrutiny of those hardening, flashing eyes. For at this speech both the voice and manner of the veiled lady changed entirely.

"What is this?" she said, rising. "An insult?"

And Mr. Josselyn rose with her, stricken dumb by the sudden change in her.

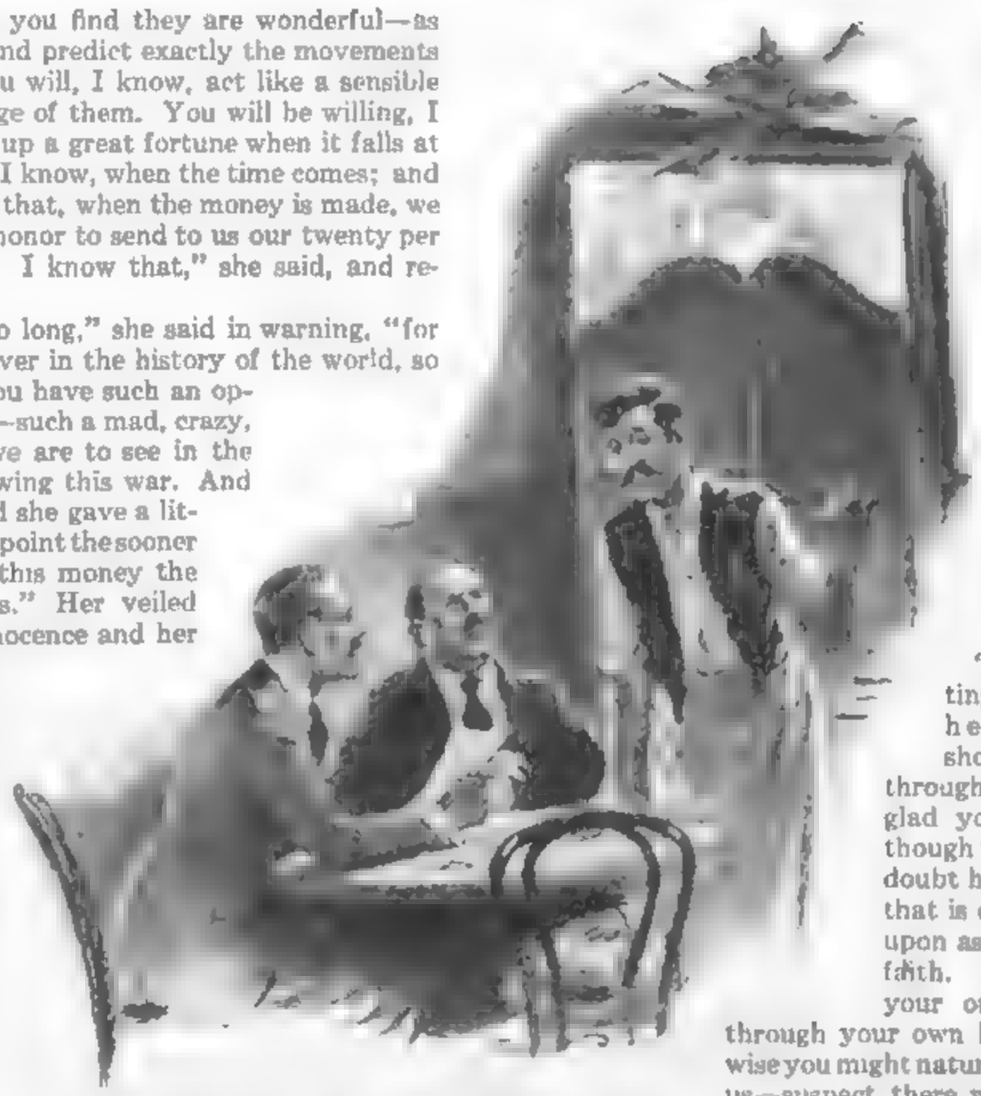
"I come," she said, "offering you a perfectly legitimate business proposal. You offer me money! And I picked you especially as a man of honor! I am afraid I have made a mistake in coming here," she said, and she started to leave.

But Mr. Josselyn pressed her with apologies. His intentions, he explained to her, were the best; he had made his offer on the impulse of the moment, and he felt that she should give him the benefit of that interpretation. And by degrees he could feel that her indignation was subsiding.

"Very well," she said at length, "I pardon you. I was probably too hasty. And I am the one who should apologize for misinterpreting an honest and entirely commendable impulse. But anyway, the last thing that I want is to play upon your sympathies in this. A woman has such a hard time in saying this to a man. But it is true, nevertheless. This is a perfectly common-sense business proposal. My brother will send you his circulars—letters I should say. And you will act on them or not act on them as you find their prophecies are true. But I want no money and he wants none until you first have had value received.

"But when," she continued, "or if you do act and you make all this money, we shall rely on you as a man of honor to remember us. That is the only unbusinesslike part of the arrangement. But we are entirely willing to risk that with you. For we feel confident that you are a man of honor.

"And now good night," she said, rising a second time. "You will hear from my brother soon and you can judge for yourself whether or not he is able to prophesy the course of prices in the stock market."



"You Gotta Right," He Stated. "You Said It Yes! The Jail"

"I Picked You Especially as a Man of Honor! I Am Afraid I Have Made a Mistake in Coming Here"

"Just a minute," Mr. Josselyn said, detaining her. "Just a minute. If," he said, for he was not overanxious to have her go—"suppose," he said—"suppose I wish at any time to make this arrangement, what would be the plan? Would it be the idea that I make my purchases of stock through your brother?"

"Oh!" she said, sitting down again, and her bright eyes showed her gratitude through her veil. "I am so glad you spoke of that, though the letter would no doubt have told you. But that is one thing we insist upon as proof of our good faith. You must make your orders anywhere—through your own brokers, for otherwise you might naturally—not knowing us—suspect there was some catch in this for you somewhere. Thank you," she said gratefully and again got up.

"But," said Mr. Josselyn, still detaining her, "there is another thing, isn't there? Suppose—suppose he and I enter this agreement."

"Yes," she said, gazing at him, waiting.

"And I wish to write to send you money—if I make it," he suggested.

"Yes," she said again.

"I must have some address, must I not?"

And at that request the veiled lady gave a gesture of impatience.

"Of course!" she said in tones of self-reproach. "How foolish of me! You must have that, mustn't you?"

"I should think so," said Mr. Josselyn, and smiled inwardly at her youth and inexperience.

"Why," she said, "you could not even have forwarded our money! And yet," she said, and bit her red lips, thinking, "it would certainly not be his offices where he works. He could not have this mail sent there under the circumstances."

"No," responded Mr. Josselyn.

"No," she repeated thoughtfully. "In fact," she said, "he would not even want you to know of that address. For that was his first condition. 'Whatever happens,' he said to me—'whatever you do with this thing, sis, nobody must know more than my name; or have any least idea of my real business connection. They will have to have my name, I suppose, for the sending in of checks; but I am taking no chances, naturally, that I do not have to with my daily bread. And more than that, I will write this thing for you, but I will see nobody about it. And I will take on no other correspondence. I will not have them calling on or writing me. They must take this or leave it, as I give it—purely on its merits.'"

"I see," said Mr. Josselyn.

"You see, don't you?" the veiled young lady said after him. "There are a lot of drawbacks and that makes it hard for—for me as well as for you," she said with a note of appeal in her voice.

"I know," said Mr. Josselyn sympathetically.

"But after all," she said, going on, "his letters are really what you want and all that you want—really, for he will try always to put all his information in them."

"I see, yes," said Mr. Josselyn. "That is quite reasonable. And yet ——"

"And yet!" she said. "I know what you mean. Even then there will have to be some address.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Josselyn, still smiling inwardly at her, "if you are to have any return of money from your enterprise."

"Well then—well then," said the veiled young lady with an attractive access of decision, "why not do this? Why not address him at our residence?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Josselyn, smiling outright, and with a certain feeling of curiosity. "That would be just the thing. Where is it?"

And then she gave it to him—the name and address which Mr. Josselyn so long remembered.

"Daniel Seymour," she said, "61 Henry Street." And Mr. Josselyn took it down.

(Continued on Page 141)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XIII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

AT THE time to which these reminiscences relate there were in Serbia three political parties engaged in the perennial struggle for power: The Radical Party, embracing most of the peasantry, and therefore numerically the strongest party; next came the so-called Progressive Party, to which belonged perhaps the largest part of the Intelligentzia; and lastly the so-called Liberal Party, the least numerous of the three. The question of liberalism or radicalism had not much to do with establishing the dividing lines between these parties. Their programs, as far as they concerned domestic policies, did not vary very greatly, which was but natural in the absence of conflicting class interests, considering that the bulk of the population of Serbia is composed of peasant farmers, the great majority of whom are cultivating their own lands, and that Serbia is a land without any aristocracy and without any middle class, the latter forming the army of officials and placemen out of office, and what there is of it mainly recruited from the peasantry—in a word, a land of prevailing social equality.

Street Scenes in Belgrad, the Serbian Capital

Therefore, in the struggle for power the parties were seeking to obtain outside support, which could come only from either Austria-Hungary or Russia, both these Powers being interested in Serbia, the former as the nearest neighbor and the latter on the ground of racial and religious affinity, and both struggling for influence and domination in the Balkan Peninsula. Playing upon the mutual distrust and jealousy between them had accordingly become the favorite game of party leaders in Serbia, just as had been the case in Bulgaria before Alexander III caused Russian diplomacy to withdraw from the contest there.

In playing their hands in this game Serbian party leaders were aided by the gullibility and petty ambition of Russian and Austro-Hungarian representatives—the former chanting victory whenever a Radical ministry succeeded in grasping power, and the latter when the Progressives had got the better of their Radical rivals, the Radicals being supposed to owe allegiance to Russia as the great mother of all Slavdom, and the Progressives being considered willing instruments in the hands of the Austro-Hungarian policy in the Balkans. All these intrigues centered naturally round the young king and the two leading legations, keeping the little political world of Belgrad in a state of constant unrest and profitless turmoil, and at the same time feeding the latent antagonism between the two great Powers whose rivalry threatened to turn the Balkan Peninsula into the powder magazine of Europe.

This was the state of affairs to which Lobanoff had determined to put an end, and he had intrusted me with the task of carrying through his policy.

It so happened that a couple of days before my arrival at Belgrad the king had dismissed the Radical ministry and had called upon the leader of the Progressive Party, Mr. Novakovitch, to form a new cabinet. From the traditional point of view prevalent, not only in Pan-Slavist circles but also very generally in our newspaper press, this event was sure to be considered as a slap in the face to our diplomacy, and would probably be attributed to the appointment of a mere outsider, quite unfamiliar with Balkan politics, to such an important post.

The king himself was apparently not quite free in his mind from misgivings in this respect. At any rate he sent for me the very next day after I had presented to him in solemn audience my letters of credence, and in the course of a quite private and very cordial interview he incidentally mentioned in a more or less apologetic tone that he had been compelled to part with the ministry I probably expected to find in power, and to intrust Mr. Novakovitch with the formation of a cabinet of his followers of the Progressive Party. Under my instructions I was able to set at rest any apprehensions the king might have conceived himself or his mind might have been poisoned with by interested parties, and I told him that Russia's warmest friendship and sympathy were assured to him and to his people, whichever party he chose to place in power; and that we were sure that all Serbians, to whichsoever party they belonged, would reciprocate these feelings.

I am bound to say that I have never had any cause whatever to regret that from the very beginning of my short-lived career as Minister to Serbia I had to deal with a ministry of the Progressive Party, which was supposed to be hostile to Russia and devoted to Austro-Hungarian interests. Nothing could have exceeded the frank cordiality and unreserved confidence that were shown to me by the Prime Minister, Mr. Novakovitch, who was also Minister of Foreign Affairs during all the time of our official connection. As to his supposed Austrophilism, I can only say that as I claim for myself the right to be given credit for exclusive devotion to my own country and people so am I loath to suspect anyone of being willing to make the interests of his own country subservient to those of any other. He was only just as averse to playing off Russia against Austria-Hungary in Serbia, as he condemned the playing off of Austria-Hungary against Russia in Bulgaria. In a word he was just as apprehensive of the dangerous character of this traditional diplomatic game as was Prince Lobanoff, and as I was myself. For the rest he, as well as many prominent and undoubtedly patriotic Serbians, was convinced that the true interests of his country—political, economic and cultural—demanded the maintenance of the closest friendly relations with the neighboring Dual Monarchy, without, of course, the faintest trace of hostility toward Russia. In short, though determined to cultivate these relations as far as compatible with the interests of Serbia, he was as much averse to having his country serve as a cat's-paw against Russia as he was opposed to his country's being used as a cat's-paw against Austria-Hungary. There was certainly nothing in this attitude, entirely justifiable and patriotic from a Serbian point of view, to which we could take exception, barring those of our Pan-Slavists who then already were dreaming of the war which was to seal so completely the ruin and destruction of our unfortunate country.

As for the young king, he gave me, a few months after my arrival, a proof of his good will and confidence than which nothing could have been more complete and convincing. But to this I shall revert later on.

I shall now try to present to my readers a word picture as lifelike as I can make it of the unhappy young monarch whose short life was fated to come to such a tragic end.

When I arrived at Belgrad Alexander was a youth of nineteen, looking much older, not at all of prepossessing appearance, afflicted with extreme shortsightedness, rather awkwardly built and awkward in all his movements. Such was his exterior. As to his intellect, character and disposition, opinions were divided. Still, two years before, when he was but a boy of seventeen, he had executed a veritable coup d'état with considerable skill and resolution, had dismissed the regency which had been established after his father's, King Milan's, abdication in 1889, had proclaimed himself of age and had formed his first ministry. Whatever the defects of his character and disposition may have been, much was due to the unfortunate conditions in which his childhood and early youth had been spent. What with family dissensions, divorce proceedings of his parents, his accession to the throne as a boy of thirteen, abandoned to the care of strangers, he had grown up in circumstances and amid surroundings that could not but have embittered his soul.

I must own that though my first impression of his appearance was not a favorable one I somehow at the same time felt myself drawn toward him by a feeling of profound pity and sympathy for one so young and friendless, surrounded by self-seeking intriguing politicians, called upon to rule a turbulent people at an age when other boys had no cares but sport and fun and happy comradeship. I could not help having a kind of fatherly feeling for him. I felt that what he needed above all was kindness, frank and disinterested kindness, of which his young life had been so bare. Fortunately, in my official position, and being so much the older man, it was possible for me to adopt with propriety in my relations with him a tone at once of respect, due to his sovereign rank, and of simply human fatherly kindness.

One afternoon when out walking on the main street of the capital I met the king, walking like myself, followed by two orderly officers in uniform. He stopped me to exchange a few words with me and my little daughter, and I was, I confess, rather shocked at his appearance, as it was the first time I had met him outside the palace. He wore a deplorable business suit of some checkered material, a very

loud green necktie and a bowler hat. The first time he received me in private audience after this meeting in the street I jokingly referred to this accidental encounter and told him that though I did not expect to see the king wearing his crown on his head and carrying his scepter instead of a bamboo cane I should almost have failed to recognize him if I had not noticed the two officers in uniform following him at a respectful distance.

He took it very good-naturedly, and following up the subject in a serious vein I undertook to call his attention to some vague rumors that had reached my ears about the corps of officers feeling themselves somewhat neglected by their sovereign and commander-in-chief, in marked contrast to the attitude toward them of his father, the ex-King Milan, who in consequence had always enjoyed the greatest popularity in army circles. Without venturing to preach him a sermon I tried my best to make him see the advisability of nursing his popularity among his troops; if for no other reason, at least out of regard for his own safety. Perhaps if he had taken to heart this advice he would not have fallen a victim to a military conspiracy.

Young as he was, the king was extremely fond, like all Serbians, of talking politics, and the more he had become convinced that I had, so to speak, no political ax to grind and that I never tried to influence him in his plans or decisions the more freely did he indulge his taste in that direction in our not infrequent interviews, and the more openly did he express himself about all questions of Serbian party politics. In one of these free-and-easy talks it occurred to me to say that, as far as I knew, in our government circles it was pretty generally believed that there was in existence a secret treaty concluded by his father with Austria-Hungary, containing some stipulations injurious to Russian interests, and that it might be useful to allay these apprehensions by acquainting us with the real nature of the contents of that treaty.

"Nothing can be easier," said the king, who got up, went into his adjoining bedroom and reappeared a few minutes later carrying under his arm a large red velvet cover, evidently containing some documents.

"There it is," said he; "the authentic instrument of ratification of the treaty, signed by the Emperor Francis Joseph. Now let us examine it together."

Then he sat down by my side on the sofa and we read the text together carefully, article by article. Its substance was simply an agreement between the two sovereigns, King Milan of Serbia and the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, to the effect that the former renounced for himself and his successors all claims to the possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina—which by the Treaty of Berlin had been assigned to occupation by Austria-Hungary for an indefinite period, the sultan retaining his rights of sovereignty over these provinces—the latter, in return, guaranteeing the integrity of the territory of the Kingdom of Serbia and the possessions of the Serbian throne to the Obrenovitch Dynasty.

There was nothing in the treaty to which any exception could reasonably be taken on the part of Russia unless we wished by encouraging Serbian aims at territorial expansion to forge a weapon of attack to be used in an emergency against our neighbor, Austria-Hungary; which indeed was quite in harmony with the political tendencies of our Pan-Slavists, whose views, however, were not by any means shared by our Minister of Foreign Affairs.

As soon as I returned from my audience with the king I wrote out from memory the full text of the treaty and sent it, together with my covering dispatch, addressed to Prince Lobanoff, inclosed in a personal letter to the king with a request to let me know whether I had correctly rendered the contents of the treaty. My messenger returned from the palace with a note from the king's secretary in which he informed me that His Majesty had compared my version of the text with the original and found it substantially correct, but that he had already sent for the Prime Minister and requested him to make himself an authentic copy of the original treaty and to hand it to me for confidential transmission to my government. Accordingly the following day Mr. Novakovitch called upon me and brought me the copy he said he had spent half of the night in preparing himself, and he expressed his sincere gratification with and approval of the king's unreserved frankness, which he hoped would definitely remove any misgivings that may have been entertained in St. Petersburg in regard to Serbia's attitude.

This little incident showed, I think, conclusively the wisdom of the policy inaugurated by Prince Lobanoff, whose lead in this respect was soon followed by the Austro-Hungarian Government in recalling its representative at Belgrad, who belonged to the camp of militant diplomacy, and replacing him by Mr. Schiessl, a novice in diplomacy but a very able, level-headed statesman of very moderate views and conciliatory disposition, with whom my relations from the very beginning were of a markedly friendly character. So it came about that Belgrad ceased to be, at least temporarily, the battlefield of the traditional struggle for influence between the Russian and Austro-Hungarian diplomacies, to the great astonishment and presumably also disappointment of those Serbian politicians who were wont to thrive on the conditions created by the time-honored Austro-Russian rivalry.

The new line of policy struck out by Prince Lobanoff was naturally not at all to the taste of the leaders of the Radical Party, who theretofore had been in the exclusive enjoyment of the powerful support of Russian diplomacy, and who probably foresaw unexpected difficulties in the way of drawing Russia into the sphere of Serbia's territorial ambitions, the new Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, as regards the relationship between Russia and her clients in the Balkan Peninsula, being apparently determined to hold to the rule that it was for the dog to wag the tail and not for the tail to wag the dog. This policy, I am afraid, was not looked upon with favor by my French colleague, Mr. Patrimonio, who had been, I believe, on intimate terms with my predecessor and who seemed to be on similar terms with our military agent, Baron Taube, who took up an attitude of almost open hostility to me. Moreover, Prince Lobanoff's policy was disapproved of and as much as possible antagonized by some of the most influential officials; not, however, by the chief of the so-called Asiatic Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, to which the legation was directly subordinate. Under these conditions my position would soon have become untenable if I had not had his entire confidence and his firm support.

I mention all this merely because this somewhat chaotic state of things illustrates the difficulties a minister of foreign affairs with us sometimes had to contend with, even in his own department, when it became a question of carrying out his own policies which did not meet with the approval of some of his subordinates, whose ambition would find outside support from the press or such bodies as the Slav Benevolent Society ministering to the vagaries of Pan-Slavism; or sometimes even from the sovereign himself. These difficulties were occasionally such as even a minister of Prince Lobanoff's authority and great social and official prestige was not able to combat successfully, as the sequel of this narrative will show.

I had arrived at my post alone, having sent my family for the summer to Switzerland so as to enable them to avoid the worst part of the heated term at Belgrad, where the thermometer usually climbs up beyond the hundred-degree limit. With the beginning of the cooler season they joined me at Belgrad, where I had rented the main floor of the Hotel Serbian Crown, the house which had sheltered our legation for years before my arrival having become almost uninhabitable. After having imported and built into our rooms several Russian stoves in preparation for the expected Arctic cold of the coming winter we found ourselves quite comfortably established in our temporary quarters. The hotel, which later became known as no longer the Serbian but the Russian Crown, was situated on high ground, fronting a little square and next to the public garden called Kalimegdan, in front of what used to be the old Turkish fortress. This garden so near our hotel was a great convenience, and we used to visit it frequently in the morning and in the afternoon.

What struck me as peculiar was that at whatever hour in the middle of the day I happened to be in the garden I always would find all the benches occupied by middle-aged men of professional appearance whom one would rather have expected to find at work in some offices or shops or anywhere except idling away their time in a public garden. I must confess it rather puzzled me to know to what class of people these very numerous idle rich—if rich they were, which seemed to me doubtful in a small and far from wealthy town of some sixty thousand inhabitants—could possibly belong, until a Serbian friend explained to me that they were all pensioners. This somewhat vague explanation, which did not seem to explain very much, evidently demanded some further elucidation of the question why there should be such a number of pensioners with nothing to do but to sit in a garden and stare at passers-by.

"Now that is where you are mistaken," said my Serbian friend; "they also sit in *Kafanas*—that is to say, coffee houses—and talk politics."

And then my rather cynical friend proceeded to explain that as there were in Serbia three political parties, each party counting among its followers a complete

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The Water Front at Belgrad

The Autobiography of a Race Horse

III

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

AFTER our last adventure we rested up quietly in our stalls for a few days. Then we were all turned out into nice large paddocks—that is to say, all except the Grasshopper. The wound in his neck did not heal so readily as was expected and the hot weather and flies did not help any; so my master had trouble in doctoring him.

The Missouri Ghost was turned out by himself in the lower lot, where there were numbers of cockleburs, and after a few days he presented a rather ludicrous spectacle, as his mane and tail were just tangled masses. And, as he had rolled a good deal in the dust and had waded in the creek until the mud was caked halfway to his knees, he looked like anything but a horse one would pick to win a race.

One morning I heard Barney telling my master that the old horse "looked the part now"; and the latter agreed with him. Perhaps I should explain that they had heard of a quarter horse which was owned in a town some fifteen miles from there, and they had decided it would be a good idea to go over and try to make a match. My master and Barney also figured that it might be a good chance to get rid of the Ghost, as he was what they called excess baggage, which, as everybody knows, is the worst handicap a man or woman can carry round in this vale of tears. They had tried him out with the mare and she could beat him easily.

Breaking a Thoroughbred Colt is a Man's Job

Barney now commenced making preparations for what he called a raid. He was going to make the trip all alone, because my master thought it best to stay back with me. This was my first lesson in the art of camouflage.

My master appeared to get a good deal of fun out of Barney's activities, which were, to say the least, exhaustive. In the first place, he bought an old broken-down buckboard for ten dollars from the farmer with whom we were staying. It was a terribly ramshackle affair, with wheels all dished out and wabbly. To this outfit he added a set of harness that had evidently been lying round unused for ages. Where it was broken he mended it with bits of wire and rope; and when the Missouri Ghost was hitched to this nondescript carriage he looked less like a race horse than anything on four legs I ever saw.

When Barney had his arrangements all perfected he was some sight to behold. He was attired in an old suit of blue overalls, the ends of his trousers being stuck into a pair of broken rawhide boots; and this, added to the fact that he had not shaved for a couple of days, made him look a typical son of the soil. He was not at all like the farmer boy of the present, because in those times the Government never guaranteed the wheat crop; but I speak of the days when the bone and sinew of the country still purchased gilded bricks and put lightning rods on the pigpen.

Barney did not overlook anything. He even took an old pair of farm shoes that were lying round and tacked them to the Ghost's hoofs. They were an inch thick and were equipped with the regulation toe and heel calks. As a finishing touch he loaded some vegetables into the back of the old buckboard. His racing saddle and other equipments were stowed away in the bottom of a sack of cabbages.

Barney took with him five hundred dollars in money. It was to be used in making a match if he could. He promised faithfully that he would not gamble on anything but a horse race. As an evidence of good faith he handed the lucky dice he always carried with him to my master before he left. They were Barney's most precious possessions—something I could not understand, because, though at times he won large amounts with them, in the final accounting he always lost. Still, he swore that they were lucky. All of which goes to show that the contradictions of human nature have not yet been fathomed by the wisest thinkers.

It is fair to state, however, that whenever Barney passed his word to my master he would have died rather than broken it. According to his lights Barney was wise in many things; but wisdom and prudence hardly ever travel hand in hand.

Thus equipped, Barney sallied forth to spoil the Egyptians. Disciples of Ibsen would have said there was a strong note of hope in the marauder's exit. You could not have called Barney a plumed knight. But no crusader ever set out with more optimism in his make-up, because Barney subscribed to the idea that action is the only real proof of ability. So he started off with all our best wishes and we did not hear of him again for eight or nine days. Meantime my education commenced.

Breaking a thoroughbred colt and directing him in the way he should go is a man's job. When I say that I mean a man with brains. Many good colts are absolutely ruined for life by the manner in which they are first handled. A young horse is a good deal like a child. If you start him off on the wrong foot nine times out of ten he finishes badly.

Primarily I would say that in teaching a colt the rudiments you have got to think about his feelings just as if you were the colt yourself. Can you imagine how you would feel if a bit were forced between your lips for the first time and so arranged with straps and buckles that it bore right up against the roof of your mouth and interfered with the action of your tongue? Then suppose that bit was left there for an hour or two! If you did not have anyone to explain to you in words what it all meant what do you suppose your state of mind would be?

You can also imagine what happens when an old rusty microbe-covered bit is forced between a young horse's teeth, and when a bridle that is too tight is pulled by main strength over his ears. The poor unfortunate colt immediately becomes possessed of a sore mouth, which is not only extremely painful but renders it difficult for him to masticate his food. It makes him uncomfortable and irritable; he loses confidence and nine times out of ten becomes a confirmed puller. The reason of this is that he fights back until his mouth becomes thoroughly calloused and impervious to the logical demands of his rider.

My education—thank goodness!—was commenced in a different way altogether. I would like to explain all this in detail, because people who read it will know just how to proceed if they have colts of their own to break, and it may remind them to be kind to animals and considerate of their needs, especially where the early stages of their education are concerned.

First of all, my master put a bridle on me. He was very careful to see that it was loose enough and did not pull or bind in any way; also, that the cheek pieces were long enough, so they would not pull the bit upward in my mouth and cause me to gag. The bit itself was round and soft. It was made of rubber. Some people like a leather bit best; but I am in favor of a rubber bit, because it never cuts or sores a horse's mouth and is always soft. A leather bit hardens after being used two or three times, and gets rough, sometimes cutting a young colt's mouth as badly as a rusty bit would. Another thing is, it is not so easy to keep free from microbes or transmissible infections as a rubber bit.

The ceremony of putting the bridle and bit on me was performed very carefully. Most colts object very much to having their ears handled, and my master rubbed and pulled mine gently several times before he endeavored to put a bridle over my head. Of course before this I had worn a halter, but it did not have a forehead band or throatlatch; consequently my ears had always been free.

Of course, at first, I did not know what to make of the bit. It really felt very uncomfortable; but the main thing is, it did not hurt, and my master took both sides of it and drew it gently to and fro in my mouth. Then he turned me out in the paddock and let me play with it for an hour or so. That finished my lesson the first day. When he took the bridle off he examined my mouth very carefully to see that the sides had not been chafed. The bit for a colt should always be wide enough; it is better to have a straight bit than a jointed one, because the jointed bit—or plain snaffle, as it is called—pinches a horse's mouth; and unless he is seasoned it will, of course, make the mouth sore.

Next day my master passed a surcingle round my torso; there were two side straps attached to it with heavy rubber bands at each end. These straps were buckled to the rings of the bit and were just like ordinary reins, only they were attached by buckles to the sides of the surcingle.

This pulled in my head a little; but as the rubber bands were attached to the side reins I did not feel cramped, because whenever I wanted to poke my nose out I could do so by reason of the fact that the rubber bands gave. My master led me round for a while and then turned me loose in the paddock again. I confess I did not relish this experience very much, but I felt that I had to learn my lesson; and, though I was somewhat inconvenienced and could not move in the usual free way I handled myself when turned out, still I was not hurt or sored up in any way. After wearing the breaking harness for an hour or so I was relieved of it.

On the following day the surcingle and crupper were again put on, along with the side lines. This time my master took a coil of light rope, something like a clothesline, and attached one end of it in the rings of the bit; then he led me out to the paddock and stood in the center of a small ring while he urged me to trot in circles.

At first, of course, I did not know what to do, and either stood perfectly still or backed up; but he tapped me lightly with a long whip and I soon found out that he wanted me to go forward. When I had trotted in a circle five or six times one way, my master turned me round and headed me back the way I came. This was for two reasons—first, so that I should not get dizzy; and, second, so that I should learn to answer to the reins when pulled from either side.

After I had been exercised in this way for about half an hour my master took the long rope and attached one end of it to each side of the bit, making it like long reins. Then he drove me round the paddock in the same manner as if I had been attached to a wagon. I very soon learned how to respond to the pressure of the bit on either side of my mouth. But all this was done very gently; and whenever I stopped or hesitated he came forward and petted me, thereby showing me there was nothing to fear.

I cannot lay too much stress on this. The human voice and hand will do more to get all there is in or out of a horse than all the harsh treatment the brain of man could devise.

I was driven with the long reins for two or three days. Then one morning early my master came and put the saddle on me. I really felt very proud. He was very careful to see that the girths should not bind or cut me in any way; and to this end he put a large sheet of cotton batting underneath the girth and pulled the edges of it out, so as not to chafe me in any way. He also was very particular to see that the saddle fitted me properly and was well padded. He did not tighten the girth very much at first, but did so gradually. Then he led me round the stall four or five times, so that I should get used to the action of the saddle.

Speaking about girths, I should like to say one thing, and that is regarding the narrow girths which are used with ninety-nine per cent of the racing saddles. If he stopped to think a minute the casual observer would imagine that the trainer was about to cut the horse in two, because a racing saddle necessarily must be adjusted in a way so there will be no danger of its slipping or turning; and when you do this with narrow girths you may be very sure it is most irritating to the horse.

A good wide girth would not make more than a quarter of a pound's difference; and if you realize how much easier and more comfortable it is for the horse, and how much better he would run if rigged in a nonirritant manner, you would subscribe to my idea. In all my racing career I never was afflicted with narrow girths; my bridle and bit also fitted me, the forehead band was never drawn tightly up against my ears, and my throatlatch always hung at least an inch below my windpipe.

I have seen many races lost by reason of defective rigging or senseless practices. It is a good thing to plait a race horse's mane, because it keeps the long hair from getting tangled in his rider's fingers or interfering with his action as he rides. Every horse's tail should be left long and as full as Nature made it. It is the only weapon he has to protect himself from flies; and, moreover, in very warm weather it takes the place of a fan. Besides, the tail to a great extent acts as the horse's rudder. Many people will consider this a very foolish idea, but I can assure you it is not.

After that my master took me out and we went down the road. He talked to me a good deal on the way and petted me. I was not a bit afraid. Whenever we came to a nice bank where the grass grew long and sweet he stopped and let me graze. Finally we got to a place where the bank sloped off the road and down into a green field which was not fenced

My master led me down where I stood below him, he standing on the bank, which was about half as high as I was. He talked to me a good deal then and leaned over the saddle several times, letting his weight rest upon me. He also passed his hands all over me and gave me a lump of sugar. Then very gently he slipped his leg across the saddle and almost before I knew it I was mounted. At first he did not try to get me to move or urge me in any way. He did not put his feet in the stirrups, but just sat there for perhaps half a minute. Then he climbed off again. He was talking to me all the time.

After I had nibbled some grass he again mounted me. By this time I was not a bit nervous, and after he had sat on my back for a minute or two he clucked to me to go forward. I walked off as if I had been ridden for a year. This appeared to tickle my master very much; and I carried him all the way round the field, turning and twisting as I felt the pressure of the bit. He did not urge me faster than a walk, and when I had completed the circle a couple of times he dismounted, loosened the girths and led me back home.

He was very much elated and told the farmer's wife how well I had behaved. He said I was a perfect gentleman. This was praise indeed, because I often have heard my master say that if anyone was three-quarters gentleman it is about as much as you could expect; in fact, whenever I hear him say that some man is three-quarters gentleman I know he has paid the greatest compliment possible, according to his lights.

Of course, mind you, I am not arguing that my master is right about this and I don't want you to form the idea that he is a saintlike person or studying for the ministry. He is just an ordinary mortal with all the foibles and failings so common to humanity. He simply speaks from his own book of experience, which, to say the least, has not been limited to any particular locality.

My master rode me every day now. I soon learned to trot and canter. I liked to canter best. It was my natural gait. Frequently when I did so I would bound in the air and endeavor to break away and run. But my master always restrained me, and did so very gently. He never pulled on my mouth suddenly, but just dropped his hands on my withers and talked to me until I settled down once more.

One morning I felt so good I tried to buck. He seemed to think this was a great joke and let me have my head until I reached the end of the paddock. I did not do this viciously, but out of sheer playfulness. My master knew that. Incidentally, I discovered that I could not unseat him, which in itself taught me a lesson. A boy who never does anything wrong rarely ever discovers how to do anything right, which may or may not be good philosophy. I know it worked in my case, because it got at least one foolish notion out of my head.

I forgot to tell you that in my new surroundings I commenced to grow in stature and thicken out. This was especially noticeable after I commenced to be exercised regularly, which is nearly always the case with yearlings. It is just the same with a boy who goes to school and commences to take a part in athletic sports. He often goes away a slim bean pole and comes back a husky young giant. Exercise is the greatest medicine in the world. Let me tell you there are two good things: moderation in eating—and when I say this I don't mean a program of starvation by any means, just common-sense moderation—with suitable exercise. Then you have put a copper on the drug store and, likewise, on the college of physicians.

Some people, of course, carry exercise to extremes; in which case it is just as bad as none at all; because no man ever worked a race horse until he was exhausted and then expected him to win a race. It is the same way with human beings. What is play for one man in the way of exercise is hard work for another. So I should say, as a general rule, always stop on the sunny side of your limitations. And, whether you have a man or a horse or a dog to train, don't rush them right into hard work. Commence gradually and build up. You cannot subtract from any living thing without putting something back to replace what you have taken away any more than you can draw incessantly upon your bank account without ever making a deposit.

On the tenth morning after Barney's departure my master and I were out for an airing down the road, and I had stopped to nibble a little grass in a shady corner, when we heard the sound of hoofs approaching. As it came closer a familiar voice was singing a merry roundelay. It was Barney's favorite Got to Get a Livin', We knew before we saw him that a conquering hero was about to arrive.

Finally he turned a corner and down he came in all his glory. He was seated in a jaunty runabout and was driving a very pretty little black pacing mare. When he saw us he put on speed and passed us at a two-thirty clip. He went two or three hundred yards down the road before he slowed up; then he turned round and jogged slowly back.

Talk about a transformation, or even describe it! Why, there never was anything like it since language was invented! The mare he drove had on a new set of harness, the buggy was almost fresh from its maker, and Barney himself actually wore a stand-up collar. Moreover, he was

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The Race Took Place as Scheduled and Naturally the Mare Won Easily

HUNKINS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"My Fingers Closed on the Handle, and as They Did an Old Rough-and-Tumble Fight Trick Flashed Back to Me"

XXX

DOWD quieted the hall with his insistent gavel.

"Comrades," he said, "it has been apparent since we began this meeting that there is a small and noisy minority here evidently for the purpose of making as much disturbance as possible and probably with the idea of preventing any affirmative action by this gathering. To that small minority I desire to say that the next order of business of this meeting is the moving of a set of resolutions covering the objects and conclusions of it. If, however, they continue the tactics they have thus far pursued the resolutions will be adopted, just the same, provided a majority vote is cast for them, and their objections will be met in the same manner they are presented. We shall not start anything, but I am here to say we can and will stop anything that is started. I recognize Capt. Stephen Fox."

As Dowd was speaking I noticed that a considerable number of our men were moving to the right and left of the hall, spreading out along the walls. There were a few hoots as Steve stepped forward, but in the main the hall was quiet.

"I offer the following resolutions and move their adoption," said Steve.

He then read a series of resolutions, outlining and affirming the objects of the soldiers' organization as thus far accomplished and as to be accomplished, reciting the conditions precedent to my candidacy, and closing with this paragraph:

"Resolved: It is the sense of this meeting of soldiers and sailors of the great war, now bound together in a common body for mutual protection and benefit and for the purpose of securing for ourselves the benefits of a government that shall uphold the ideals for which we fought, and support the integrity and progressiveness of our institutions, both civic and national, that the best interests of the city will be served and clean and honest municipal government secured by the choice of Capt. George Talbot for mayor, and we pledge ourselves to vote for him and support him in the coming primary, and if successful to do all in our power to secure his election in November."

"I second the resolutions!" shouted Sergeant Ralston, from the floor.

"Mister Chairman—Mister Chairman!" screamed a man at the extreme left of the hall, a man I did not know and had not seen before.

"For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" asked Dowd.

"I rise to offer a substitute resolution for those just read."

"Is the gentleman a veteran of the late war? Did he serve in either the Army or the Navy?"

"In the Army. My name is Phelps, and I was in the Second Division and was in France."

"The gentleman is entitled to be heard. Will he read his resolution?"

"Platform! Platform!" came from all parts of the hall.

Phelps struggled through the crowd and got to the stage. He was an able, alert-looking chap, entirely self-possessed, and of good voice.

"Comrades," he said, "I do not believe the best interests of the soldiers and sailors of this city will be served by the adoption of the resolutions just read. I therefore offer the following brief substitute resolution: Resolved: It is the sense of this meeting that no candidate for mayor shall be indorsed, but that in accordance with the true spirit of democracy all sailors and soldiers shall be left to their own determinations in selecting the candidate for whom they shall vote at the primary, and not obligated or pledged by a meeting packed ——"

"A-ah!" came from our fellows, who were restless during Phelps' reading. "Cut it short!" "Vote!" they shouted.

"—— meeting packed by bosses whose methods are as arbitrary as those of the men they condemn!" shouted Phelps and, turning, faced Dowd as if to ask: "Now, what are you going to do with that?"

"Do I hear a second?" asked Dowd imperturbably.

"Second it," came from both the right and the left of the hall.

"Gentlemen," said Dowd, "you have heard the substitute resolution which has been moved and seconded. The question is ——"

"Aw, hell!" broke in a loud voice. "We can't do nothin' here. Let's go!"

There was a swaying of men, a scuffle and the sound of a seat cracking. Our men rose and turned toward the noise. The police began to move. "Sit steady, boys!" ordered Dowd. "It's nothing!"

"Mister Chairman," shouted Davidson, from the quarter of the hall where the disturbance was, "go ahead! This guy won't interrupt again."

Meantime Phelps on the stage evidently awaited some action. He looked expectantly out toward his forces. Then he ran to the front of the stage and yelled: "Adjourn! Adjourn! Move we adjourn!"

"No," roared our men. "No! No! No!"

"Motion to adjourn is lost," announced Dowd. "Question is on the adoption of the substitute resolution. All in favor ——"

"Meeting's adjourned!" came shrilly from the right and left of the hall. "It's adjourned Let's go!"

"Sit down!" commanded loud voices. "Sit down or we'll make you!"

What happened then did not last thirty seconds. There were some scuffles, a few more chairs cracked, a few men cursed, and we saw one or two go down suddenly.

"Go ahead!" bellowed a big voice. "They're hollering 'Kamerad' already."

"All in favor of the substitute resolution signify it by saying 'Aye.'" There was a scattering shout of "Aye!"

"Contrary, 'No.'" said Dowd. Our men thundered a "No!" that sounded like a battery of heavies.

"Substitute is lost. Question now recurs on the original resolutions. All in favor say 'Aye!'"

"Aye!" they roared.

"Contrary, 'No.'"

There were a few noes.

Bang! Bang! Bang! went Dowd's gavel.

"Resolutions adopted. Motion to adjourn is in order. Motion made and seconded. Carried. Meeting's adjourned!"

Bang! went the gavel again, and Dowd shouted: "Let 'em go, boys. It's all over."

There was a burst of cheering at this; the hall stirred, seats rattled, men crowded into the aisles, and there was all the clamor and confusion of conversation that comes when a large body of people begins to leave a gathering place. The band crashed into When He Comes Back, and Dowd came to me and held out his hand.

"It's over, George," he said; "the way I hoped it would go. And without as much trouble as I expected. The minority didn't have the nerve to go against us when they saw our numbers and spirit, and this is a fine testimonial to the steadiness and sense of responsibility in our boys that they didn't get after that outfit and tear them up root and branch. That is their natural tendency, you know. But they didn't, and behaved like men, not harum-scarum, rough-housing boys, and I'm glad of it. However," he added, "if anything had started it would have been a gorgeous affair."

"Thank you, Tommy," I told him, and then Steve joined us, and both of us asked: "But what happened to you?"

"Let's get out of here," said Dowd, who was pale and looked very tired. I noticed that his hand trembled as I took it in mine. "I'm about all in," he continued. "I went through that meeting on my nerve, but I am badly battered up, just the same, and I want to go somewhere and sit down and get some food and drink."

I cut the congratulations on the stage as short as I could, and Dowd pulling himself together for a final effort assured our solicitous friends, including dad and his party, that he was all right, but that the story would keep until next day, as he had some work to do. He and Steve and I slipped out the back door as soon as we could, and went to a near-by restaurant. Dowd ordered a meal, drank some coffee, and after a time said: "I'm beginning to come to, now, and I'll tell you the story."

He lighted his cigar, finished his coffee, and shifted himself to an easy position in his chair.

"I got an awful wallop on the shoulder," he said. "It hurts like sin."

I have some knowledge of first aid and felt to see if there was a fracture. So far as I could determine there was none, but Dowd winced when I touched him.

"Oh, it's all right," he said. "I'll be pretty sore to-morrow but I'll wrangle through with it."

"What happened?" asked Steve.

"In the first place," Dowd said, "my experience with Pendergrast had nothing to do with this meeting, though I made it seem so when I got there, having an eye to dramatic entrances and such things."

"It didn't?" I exclaimed. "Why, they tried to stop me," and I recounted my experiences.

"Well," said Dowd, "I can see why they would stop you if they could, for a big meeting like that, held to indorse a candidate, with the candidate in the police station when he should be at the meeting, would make a joke of it. Also it would make it much more difficult to get an indorsement that would stick or be worth anything. It's different with me. I am not running for anything. Mine was a personal matter."

"Personal?" said Steve, voicing my surprise with the question. "What sort of a personal matter?"

"I got into a jam with Pendergrast. I don't think he gave a whoop whether I went to the meeting or not. Probably he knew nothing about it, as he reached town only at noon. This was the way of it: When I left George, at half past five, I went down to the house to see my mother, who is sick. You know, I am not living there now. Soon after I left, and before I got there, while I was in transit, they telephoned that mother is much sicker than they thought and that they were taking her to St. Mary's Hospital. I found that out when I reached the house. Therefore, to see her, and I wanted to see her, I must go to the hospital, which is way over on the other side of the city; and I got in a surface car and rode out there. At half past six, the time I was to meet George at headquarters, I was with mother. I telephoned a few minutes after that to say I wouldn't be at the office, but would go direct to the hall, and got your message that you wouldn't be there either.

"Mother is very sick, and I stayed with her just as long as I could. It was about a quarter after seven when I left the hospital, and I figured I could get to the hall in thirty minutes, which would be time enough if the rest of you were there. I was hungry as a wolf, and I hurried into Paddy Rattigan's place, on West Monmouth Street, near the hospital, to get a sandwich and some ginger ale. In the old days this saloon was owned by Pendergrast. Rattigan, who is one of Pendergrast's closest friends, ran it for him. After prohibition came Rattigan kept the place open as a sort of a lunch bar and soft-drink dispensary, with a line of hard stuff on the side for trusties and permitted by a complaisant police. While I was standing at the bar Tom Pendergrast came out of the back room. I know Pendergrast well, and have known him ever since I was a boy, as he used to be at my father's place a good deal.

"'Hello, Tommy,' he said.

"'How are you, Mr. Pendergrast?' I answered. 'I didn't know you had returned.'

"'Just got back,' he said. 'I'm glad I ran across you. You can put me straight on some things.'

"'I can't stop now,' I told him. 'I've got a meeting to attend and am due there in half an hour.'

"'Oh, come in here a few minutes. You'll have plenty of time, and I've got some important things to say to you.'

"I confess that what followed was my own fault. I was curious to know what was in his mind, and I went into the back room, with my half-eaten sandwich in one hand and my glass mug in the other. Remember that glass mug. It's important—one of those old-fashioned ones, made of heavy glass, with a handle—you know the kind. Used to use them before they got these thin fancy small-capacity glasses. Rattigan always used them for his customers, who demanded a full measure of beer for their money, and didn't bother to put in a new stock of glasses for the soft drinks.

"There were four tables in the room, and ten or twelve of those bent-wood chairs, a bare little room where the men play pinochle.

"'What is it?' I asked him. 'Remember I'm in a hurry.'

"'You've got plenty of time,' he said, closing the door. 'Sit down.' I sat down in one of the chairs, on one side of a table, and he sat opposite. I was facing the door. He had his back to it. The table was the one nearest the door.

"'Now, then,' he said, 'I want to know what the hell you mean by mixing up with that'—George, I'd hate to tell you what he called you—'Talbot in that Miller business, and what you are doing now, and where you get off anyhow, to be a part of that job Hunkins framed on me? You're the first one of that bunch I have seen, and I just want to talk with you.'

"'You can't talk with me about that,' I said. 'You know very well what part I took in that, and if it is any satisfaction to you I'll say that I am backing that same Talbot for mayor against your man and Hunkins' man, and we're going to win too. That's all there is to it.'

"I started to rise, with my mug in my hand, when Pendergrast pulled an old rough-and-tumble fighter's trick on me. He shoved the table over quickly against my legs, lifted his side of it, gave it a hard push, caught me on the thighs as I was rising, and upset me. I fell to the floor, with the table on top of me, but I hung to my glass. Pendergrast reached to the door, turned the key in it, threw the key on the floor and said: 'Now, damn you, I might as well begin with you as anyone else! I came back here to trim a lot of you nosey guys for my own revenge, and I'll trim you first.'

"What You Intend to Ask Me is to be the Wife of the Future Mayor, Isn't It?"

(Continued on Page 122)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 20, 1919

Railroad Capital and Labor

WATERING railroad stocks, or overissuing railroad securities, was once a Wallingford road to fortune. Its history, from Commodore Vanderbilt's operation in New York Central down to Rock Island, has been written up a thousand times. If the operation is to be successful two conditions are necessary: The manipulators must have a free hand in the matter of issuing securities; and they must be able to hold up freight and passenger rates sufficiently to pay interest and dividends on the overissued stuff. The three conspicuous examples of railroad inflation in late years—Rock Island, New Haven and Frisco—failed because the manipulators had lost control of freight and passenger rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission and state commissions had taken control. Securities could be overissued, but interest and dividends on them could not be paid.

There are only two ways of extracting an undue profit from railroads: One is by overcharging for railroad service—holding freight and passenger rates too high; the other is by overissuing securities. Against the first of these methods the public now has complete protection. The Interstate Commerce Commission and forty-eight state commissions have full authority over rates. In the history of public regulation of rates there is nothing whatever to raise a suspicion that it may be used to the undue advantage of railroad capital. Notoriously the suspicions lie on the other hand.

With rates regulated by public authority the opportunity to gain an undue profit by overissuing securities is much limited, for unless rates can be put up interest and dividends cannot be paid on the overissues. But many states have already taken control of the issue of railroad securities within their jurisdiction. A like Federal control over security issues will be a feature of the railroad settlement. With that the public has full protection against any undue railroad profit. Securities cannot be overissued, the public cannot be overcharged for railroad services, railroad capital cannot get more than a fair living wage.

Capitalistic, or Wall Street, manipulation of railroads furnishes a dramatic theme, and the most has been made of it—properly enough. In spite of all such manipulation we got the cheapest, most efficient railroad service in the world, and the price of that service to the public steadily fell. From 1896 to 1915 prices in general rose fifty per cent, but the price of railroad service, measured by the average freight rate, fell nine per cent. Mr. Plumb, representing the railroad brotherhoods—who has presumably gone over the records carefully—alleges that from 1900 to 1910 there were certain overissues of railroad securities which now involve a dividend charge, or a charge upon railroad users, amounting to about fifteen million dollars a year. His allegation may be challenged; but admitting that it is true, fifteen millions a year is something like one-third of one per cent of what the nation pays for rail transportation. Surely reducing that bill by a third of one per cent would have no momentous effect on cost of living. And whatever overissue of railroad securities there may have been, sure means of preventing it in the future are at hand. Against capitalistic loot of the railroads the public has means of absolute protection.

There are finally two factors in the cost of transportation: The capital cost, or the return on the investment; and the labor cost, or wages. The public now has control over the first item. It has no effectual control over the second item; and it is highly disquieting to find that labor's plan for the settlement of the railroad problem not only does not include any public control of the labor cost but expressly repudiates it.

Asked at one of the hearings in Washington whether railroad labor would surrender its right to strike at will and submit to binding arbitration of wages in case the brotherhoods were given that large share in the management of the roads which the Plumb plan proposes, Mr. Garretson answered with an emphatic no.

When Mr. Garretson was speaking, railroad shopmen had gone on strike—and tied up or seriously crippled railroad transportation in various sections of the country—in defiance of their own organizations and their own duly chosen representatives. Say that we put the management of the roads pretty largely in the brotherhoods' hands, as their plan proposes. We then have the positive assurance that the big organizations will strike and paralyze the service if they choose; and we have the strongest probability that smaller labor groups will strike and cripple or paralyze the service whether the big organizations want them to or not. No effectual public control over labor cost is expressed or implied in the plan, nor is there any assurance of that most vital thing, a continuous operation of the railroads.

Railroad labor received wage increases last year that added something like a billion dollars annually to the cost of transportation. The Railroad Administration now has wage demands which it calculates would further increase the cost of transportation by about eight hundred million dollars a year. Say that capital, in a given decade, was able arbitrarily to increase the cost of transportation by fifteen millions a year—or by any other figure. We want that condition corrected. Say there is another power that is able arbitrarily to increase the cost of transportation by eight hundred millions a year. We want that condition corrected too.

Practically it is an arbitrary power, because organized railroad labor can inflict such terrific damage upon the country that except as a desperate, last-ditch measure the country cannot resist. Practically there is a loaded gun in its hand. When organized labor comes to Washington with a plan for a new management and control of the railroads in the supposed interests of the whole public it must be prepared to submit its own wage demands to public authority and bind itself to abide by the decision. It insists—properly, as far as that goes—that capital's gun be spiked. But a man with two six-shooters in his belt is not in a good position to demand disarmament. Labor says that its plan will produce a railroad management and control that everybody else can trust. But it does not propose to trust that management itself. It proposes to remain in a position to coerce the management by threat of a destructive strike.

True, you cannot make men work against their will. If a body of workmen choose to quit they will quit. Neither can any agreement absolutely prevent war among nations. If a nation is determined to fight it will fight. But everybody feels that if nations will solemnly agree to renounce the right to fight at their own pleasure, to submit their differences to arbitration and to abide by the result, a great point for international peace has been gained. So if a set of labor unions will solemnly agree to renounce their right to strike at their own pleasure and bind themselves to abide by arbitration a great point for industrial peace will have been gained; and at any rate the unions will have proved their own good faith in claiming to seek the public good.

There is hardly a business of any sort in the United States that is not dependent on railroad transportation, hardly an economic activity that is not affected by it. Taking us collectively, it is literally true that our living depends upon it. The public's interest, first of all, is in continuous efficient operation of the roads. It has a right to insist on that interest and to ask that reasonable means of protecting it be submitted to. It has a great interest also in the rates at which the service is furnished. It has a right to insist that nobody shall exercise arbitrary power over those rates, and that a claim involving an important addition to the cost of transportation shall come into a fair court and submit to impartial judgment.

Organized labor objects to binding arbitration. In a word, it argues that if it surrendered its right to strike at will it would go into court with its hands tied and have its pockets picked. Time was—when labor organization was weak and politics' ear was stuffed with cotton on the labor side—when there was force in that argument. With its present power and influence there is no reason to question that labor would get a fair hearing and a fair judgment. The extreme insecurity to which striking labor in transportation can subject everybody else's livelihood is not a fair condition.

Holding the Bag

WHEN we were young and children from the city visited us in the country they were always instructed in a particular method of hunting rabbits. This consisted in the city boy's holding the bag through long hours of the night, while the country boys drove the rabbits into the bag. The game afforded amusement to the country boys and experience to the city boys.

An international game of holding the bag is now being staged in the Near East. By this we mean the mandate in Armenia. The Near East was in a jumble before the war. It is in a double jumble now. Every type of disorganization—racial, political, agricultural, economic, transportational—reigns uncontrolled. North and east of Armenia are the Kuban, the Caucasus and the Georgian republics, three new states that are claiming independent existence between the arm of Russia east of the Black Sea and the Mohammedan areas in the south. South and west of Turkey and Armenia are Mesopotamia and Syria, that presumably are to be allocated respectively to Great Britain and France. Somewhere a niche remains to be carved out for Italy. In the center, the cesspool of the Near East, are three ill-defined areas—Turkey, Turkish Armenia and Armenia. It is desired, at the least, that the United States shall assume the mandate for Armenia.

By no stretch of imagination can the acceptance of a mandate over this region be construed to represent a constructive problem. It is not even a decent salvage problem. It is a slum problem, upon the grandest scale imaginable.

No one can deny that a large and wealthy nation should extend its aid to the unfortunate to the extent of its ability. But one should also admit that there may be a choice of charities; and one is led very gravely to wonder whether elsewhere in the world are not existent conditions requiring alleviation that promise a more constructive result than can apparently be achieved in Armenia. Of course the nation that has the honor of holding the mandate will also have the privilege of footing the bill.

There is much discussion of a national budget. An economist of speculative mind may well ponder how the auditor and bookkeeper of the United States Treasury would classify the expenses of a mandate in Armenia.

Pay Rolls

THIRTEEN hundred officers have resigned from the Regular Army since the armistice was signed, or one in every eight. The General Staff is exercised about it and recently ordered an investigation. The report shows that high cost of living is the chief cause, and remarks that the War Department is now paying a hodcarrier substantially as much as a second lieutenant, and a plasterer more than a first lieutenant—who may have had seven years of university and hospital training. Both pay and allowances of the army officer are included, and he gives all his time against the wage earner's eight hours.

Perhaps in an ideal adjustment of human values a plasterer is worth more than a first lieutenant or than a brigadier general; but the plasterer's seven and a quarter dollars a day, he says, barely covers his cost of living, and a first lieutenant has been brought up and educated to a more expensive plane of living.

The chief victims of this high cost of living are the salary earners, the savers, and unorganized inarticulate wage laborers. And they get the least consideration, because they are usually not in a position to raise a row. The Government is no better employer, from the point of view of the people on its pay roll or from the point of view of society as a whole, than any private concern is. It pays its lieutenants now just what it paid them in 1908, and it can hardly pay them more, precisely because it has to pay its plasterers seven and a quarter dollars a day—or more if the plasterers energetically demand it. Its pay roll exhibits the same inequality as any other; in fact, a greater inequality than most pay rolls. Extending the field of government employment of labor promises nothing.

Stock Prices

SHARES of half a dozen or so of the strongest railroads sell as high as par. Here and there an industrial commands a round market premium. Heavy premiums characterize stocks in the small Standard Oil group. But among comparatively extensive groups the one comprising city bank stocks is the only one in which a current market valuation of three, four, five or more dollars for every dollar originally invested is at all common.

The banks are all publicly supervised. They operate under strict statutory limitations. They are regularly examined in the interest of the public and all their transactions are open to public agents. By and large they are profitable and their shares command a premium in proportion to the volume of business they handle—in other words, in proportion to the volume of public services they render. We wish some of our radical friends who confine their attention to the sinister aspects of profit would study it in its more common aspect of a sign of public service.

OUR SPHERE OF INFLUENCE

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

TRYING to get a comprehensive view of the Turkish situation is like working at a jigsaw puzzle from which certain necessary pieces seem to be missing. It is possible, however, to get a fairly accurate view of it as it may or may not affect the future of the United States, and with this view in mind one cannot escape the conviction that in point of interest to us its importance is not to be overestimated.

Most Americans who are close to it or who are connected with it in any way think that as a problem it should be given to the United States to solve. And perhaps it should. Or if not to the United States, then to England; if not to England, to some other Power, though it is thought by Americans and Englishmen that only the United States or England could hope to make even a partial success of it. Frenchmen and Italians and Greeks are not in agreement with this judgment and regard it as reflecting somewhat upon their own abilities, not to say as threatening their rights. But it is the opinion of nearly everyone that whoever undertakes the task should undertake it alone and as a whole. It is recognized that there is grave danger in dividing it up between a number of different Powers whose aims and methods must inevitably prove to be dissimilar and divergent to the point of antagonism.

Yet that is what events are leading up to. Already the wretched old empire has been parceled out. The French have occupied one section; the Greeks another; the Italians another; the British have Palestine and Mesopotamia and are the dominating element in Constantinople. Yet no decision has been announced that establishes a permanent position for anyone. They have merely succeeded in complicating matters so thoroughly that the final discussion is likely to develop into a free-for-all unpleasantness, and it is in anticipation of such an event that the people of the United States should open their minds to receive as clear a vision as possible of what may be demanded of them. I cannot pretend to be able to project such a vision, but I can at least let in a little light and suggest a few lines of inquiry.

A Burden No One Wants to Carry

JUST now our sole duty seems to be to feed everybody concerned, and this duty we are discharging with a methodical disinterestedness that makes our position unique. But we are told that we must accept our share of responsibility. We must give up our isolation, take up what is regarded as peculiarly our own job lot of the white man's burden and make the most of it. They have left it for us, and there it is. The bewildered community centered in Constantinople circles round nearly every other subject, but it walks straight up to the question, Will the United States accept the position of mandatory Power in Armenia?

That is what they want us to do; just that, and nothing else. They have taken advantage of our confession of altruistic faith to try to unload on us the only burden that nobody else will consent to carry; and this for the reason that it is a burden minus even a prospect of the kind of material benefit that is required by most peoples as a basis for altruistic endeavor. As they are mapping it out for us this is what it amounts to: They would create the worst international situation that the mind of man can conceive, drag us into it on the theory that we have become jointly responsible with the rest of the world for the maintenance of this, that and the other—including peace—then crowd us into a tight corner where we could do nothing but lift an impotent voice in occasional protest against having our toes trampled on in the general mêlée. What are we going to do about it?

The Gulf of Smyrna, Occupied by the Greeks

Armenia, they say, is America's sphere of influence in the Near East. And so it is, in a way. We have made it our sphere of influence by doing everything humanly possible under the circumstances to save a remnant of its people from massacre and starvation, so we are bound to the little country by bonds that would be difficult to break. It is my belief that we should see the Armenians through in one way or another, but there is no reason why we should do it in the guise of the international goat. If we accept anything in the nature of a burden to carry we should at least dictate the terms of our acceptance and make sure that the burden is so disposed that it will not too soon begin to weigh upon us as an overburden.

We might get out of the political situation in the East altogether and go back to the comfortable position of spectator that was ours so long. But we are in very deep. And besides we hate a quitter. The way to quit is to quit, nevertheless; and if we intend to quit we should do so without reservation or delay. We should either get out and leave no trace of ourselves as an authority, or we should make our authority all-embracing and exclusively dominant, not only in Armenia but throughout the entire area the divisions of which—including Armenia—are economically and otherwise interdependent.

I shall endeavor to make clear exactly what I mean, and in doing so I shall not wander all over the map, but confine myself to the undeniably interdependent areas. These comprise as a minimum the Straits and Constantinople, all Transcaucasia—which presents a somewhat separate but closely related problem—and whatever territory may finally be allotted to the Armenian race.

Those who are honestly and unselfishly interested in the establishment of such conditions as would result in the regeneration of the various peoples concerned, and a perhaps somewhat durable peace, would divide Turkey among its own tribes only, would amalgamate the various divisions into one great confederation of autonomous states and intrust the supervision of the whole to a single mandatory Power.

Deals and Ideals

BUT the voice of the convinced idealist has little chance of being heard above the clamor that is making this night of humanity's travail hideous, so from the monumental mix-up of deals and ideals at Paris one is glad enough to pick out a seeming possibility and concentrate upon that to the exclusion of all the varieties there are of mere sentiment. And is not our content with our new responsibilities of sufficient importance to the other Powers to bring them to eventual agreement with any reasonable demands we may happen to make? Our occasional threat to go home and mind our own business fills them with consternation.

As Americans looking over a proposition that we are likely to permit ourselves to be let in on, it is in Armenia then that we must establish our angle of vision; an Armenia with no outlet being the tight corner it is our plain duty to ourselves to keep out of.

There is no Turkish Armenia now, because the Peace Conference has not at this writing got round to the task of delimitating the boundaries of the proposed state, and the one-time Turkish province of Armenia is occupied in armed and belligerent force by the Turks themselves, while not more than fifty thousand Armenians are left alive among them to whisper the fearful tale of the great dispersal which succeeded so unbelievably. How many of the pursued and persecuted got across the Turkish border into Russian Armenia while the dispersal was in progress nobody knows, because the mortality among them from starvation and disease has been very great. But there are to-day some three hundred and thirty thousand refugees within the Russian section available for repatriation across the Turkish frontier when something in the nature of a definite status has been established for them.

I say these people are available now, but there will be few of them left by the end of another winter unless some Power gets the situation firmly in hand in very short order and gives a demonstration of ability to deliver the goods in record time. In spite of everything we have been able to do and are doing now there are in Russian Armenia and other parts of the Caucasus to-day some six hundred and ninety thousand Armenians requiring famine relief, and not less than three hundred thousand are in actual danger of death from starvation.

The summer was well advanced when I was in Armenia, yet I saw grinning, gibbering starvation en masse; I came in contact with ghouls who within the fortnight had delved in graveyards for human flesh to eat; I encountered those who had been convicted of picking the meatless

bones of their own children, dead of starvation; and I saw men, women and little people by the hundreds down on their knees in the greening fields searching for grasses and weeds that a human being could devour. Also I saw men die, writhing in the mud in the last agony of the most awful death that human imagination can picture. This being a mere glance at the worst little center of unmitigated horror on the face of the green earth.

The population of Russian Armenia is about two millions, while scattered here and there in Western Turkey and various parts of Europe there are groups of refugees aggregating perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand; approximately two and a half millions all told. Not much of a remnant of a once numerous race upon which to build a strong and stable state, you will say, but something more of a remnant than will be left when building really begins. A good fifty per cent of those who are left have been reduced to the lowest ebb of vitality by long-drawn-out starvation and hardship, and it is said that very soon they will almost inevitably be subjected to the ravages of a cholera epidemic that will claim thousands of victims. This is a ghastly prospect, but it is too late now to begin to consider preventive measures. The time for such consideration was six months ago. But the Powers were then—as they are now—engaged in an engrossing game of politics with the destinies of what they regard as more valuable peoples as stakes.

The only feasible way into Armenia—either Turkish or Russian—is through the Dardanelles and the Bosporus, across the Black Sea to Batum and thence by rail to Tiflis, from where a branch of the one and only railroad runs southwestward through Alexandropol and Kars to Erzerum. A second branch strikes off at Alexandropol and connects with Erivan on the way to Tabriz, Erivan being the capital of the so-called Armenian Republic as it now exists.

A Village Inn Sacked and Burned by the Turks During the Adana Massacre in 1909

Dreamers

IN ORDER to give the Armenians an outlet to the seas that would make them independent of the Georgian port of Batum and of Constantinople it is proposed to extend the new state all the way across Asiatic Turkey and include within it the two ports of Alexandretta and Mersina. But the dreamers — Armenians of course—who are dreaming of this are dreaming a long way ahead and have gone quite mad with ambition and faith in themselves. No matter what territory they may finally have allotted to them in Turkey they will be in a hopeless minority in the population, and for such an area they could hardly muster half a man to the square mile. Besides, they forget the implacable hatred of the Turk, which would be increased a thousandfold if such a proposition should be carried into effect.

It is a proposition, however, that is said to be intended to inveigle Americans into a more receptive attitude toward the Armenian burden. Americans say: "If we really must go in and set that country on its feet we must have a way to get in."

But the practical man sees no advantage in the possession of a port hundreds of miles away across a trackless country that he would have to connect by railroad with his base of operations before he could even begin to operate. And he would think also of the long and vulnerable borders that would be established and that would have to be defended

But there is no limit to the vision of the Armenian politicians, and one of them says: "With the great Powers to back her Armenia can aspire to any territory they choose to assign to her—to Constantinople if they like! But," he adds, "the more modest area is much easier to manage and would be the wiser choice."

A Free Way to the Sea

THE more modest area includes the possible port of Trebizond, on the Black Sea, and extends westward to just beyond the city of Kharput, with all of old Turkish Armenia to the south, of course, and Russian Armenia added. It will be a goodly state if it is so delimited, but in point of development it is more or less as it was when Noah, gazing out across it from Ararat, sent forth the dove that brought back from somewhere in its midst the original olive branch.

Erzerum would be the capital of this Armenia, but Erzerum has no connection with the sea save by the railroad, which belongs for the most part to Georgia and which has its terminal at the Georgian port of Batum. The proposed Armenian port of Trebizond is no port at all and cannot be made a port without a vast expenditure and a program of development that would take years to carry out. Moreover, it lies over beyond a barrier of mountains that rises to more than eight thousand feet, rimming the fertile hinterland with difficulties for the builder of railroads that would cause him to hesitate if he were confronted by a proposition to lay rails across it in less than several years. I cannot say how many years because I am not a builder of railroads, but I do know that tunnelings and bridgings of chasms, gradings and blastings round rocky mountain sides are not accomplished in days or weeks, and I do know that for the purpose of establishing an Armenian Republic under American protection a free way to the sea is an immediate and imperative necessity.

The Narrowest Part of the Bosporus With Rumelia Hissar Tower and the Buildings of Robert College, an American Institution, at the Left on the Far Bank

Also, I would call attention to the fact that Trebizond would have to be conquered for the Armenians. It is not an Armenian town and never has been. Before the war it had about thirty thousand Turks, approximately the same number of Greeks and not more than fourteen thousand Armenians, who were hated by Greeks and Turks with equal fervor. During the massacres and deportations from which the Greeks suffered almost equally with the Armenians—the Armenians were all murdered or

(Continued on Page 84)

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NOTHING STIRRING

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THERE are many material things in this world upon which it is impossible to set an intrinsic valuation. *Par example*, take neckties. Out of the same three-dollar lot one chooses two, say, an orange and a dark green. Worn rightly the orange may impress a client, especially if female, into accepting a piece of modern petit point, which had been ruined at a fire sale, as a genuine example of Napoleonic Goblein. Whereas had one selected the dark-green tie it might easily have reminded her of her husband or some other somber and practical obstruction to the expenditure of good American dollars on *objects de vertu*, and even a real tenagra would have been viewed with suspicion.

Eh bien! Ca' va sans dire, as the French say! And after all, what is the intrinsic value of petit point or tenagras? They, like many of the other exquisitely chosen objects in my famous galleries, or shop as it may seem to the uninitiated, cannot well be eaten, or worn, or indeed sat upon—for who would dream of actually sitting on our famous set of Early Spanish chairs? And yet enormous sums are daily paid for such things, and with all due modesty I will say that it is the sacred duty of men like myself with a touch of genius to place the true valuation on such things, and incidentally, the price. Perception is what most people lack, and when found for them in themselves is what they most enjoy. And teaching an erstwhile dull business man to wring pleasurable excitement out of antiques is surely a sacred task and an inestimable contribution to society in general and to America, the crude, in particular.

And So When Madame Carlea, Check in Hand, Approached Me as the Crowd Was Departing I Had No Forebodings. How Dramatic and Terrible Was the Scene That Ensued!

Of course I am an American myself, but people seldom guess it. For a dealer should be first of all a *cosmopolite!* Not alone in manner but in clothing and speech. *C'est la verite!* And the spread of beauty and culture is vastly in the hands of art dealers. We have perception—else we could not exist; and the dull average man must and does take his taste in art from us once he has passed the department store art-department stage.

Voilà! This much being granted—and granted I am sure it must be, if only because of our having revived and put, if not into use at least into circulation, a lot of things which the past generations had relegated to the attic—*le chose mort n'on pas de quoi*—you know, or would be without us.

Well, that much being granted, I demand to know why if I, with my superior professional taste and judgment, say a five-dollar lantern is worth twenty-five hundred dollars, why it is not so. If there be one who can state the commercial value of beauty let him come forward now and do it!

Lionel LaFarge, my head curator, attempted this difficult feat the day we decided upon the auction. In point of fact dear Lionel had been distinctly restless ever since his return from the war and the exchanging of his uniform for the *chic* garments characteristic of my young men in general, but of Lionel in particular. The increased muscularity due to his military experience rather spoiled the lilylike grace which had in the first place so endeared him to me, but once the tailor got through with him he was again, *sans doubt*, quite the smartest looking man I ever saw.

But the rehabilitation was, literally, just that. The shell only was as before, even though I had after the greatest difficulty persuaded him to retain the *nom de guerre* under which he had become famous. His own extraordinarily crude name of Tom McGuire was out of the question; how his parents could have permitted such a beauty to bear such a title is and always will be a mystery to me. If I have done nothing else for the dear boy I have at least amputated that atrocity as far as the public is concerned. Curiously enough, Lionel did not agree with me as to the necessity of this.

"It was Tom McGuire won the Croix de Guerre!" he protested. "And the public knows that!"

"They may have known it," I corrected him. "But do they remember it? After all, my dear boy, the war is past and done, and people, particularly rich clients, are rather fed up on it. Your heroism will do you no good in the handling of antique laces and boule cabinets; in fact, it will seem rather raw and distinctly out of character. I suggest you forget the whole unpleasant incident!"

"I can't forget it, but I suppose I can shut up about it," he growled. "You people who stayed at home seem to think the war was a sort of bally bore, like a pink tea that is well over with. Well, have it your own way. As nobody except my dad and you seem willing to hire me and my medal I suppose I will have to take what I can get and how I can get it!"

Which latter part of his speech I hastily conciliated him on, because for one terrible half hour Tom had, so to speak, swung in the balance between his father and myself, and if the Old Boy, as we called him, had won out I tremble to think what would have become of me—I would have been utterly lost—*désolé*, in point of fact.

But the ultra-ultra section of Fifth Avenue and my exclusive galleries had in the end triumphed over Oleo, Illinois, where Tom's father—an amazingly vulgar and beefy personage—was about to resume the manufacture of a substance or rather a liquid much advertised as Oleoil. During the war the Government had made use of the material by some change in the formula, altering it in such a way as to produce, I believe, an excellent poison gas. Or perhaps it was only the equipment which they altered—or the machinery which they commandeered—I fail to recollect just which. But as the war was more or less over, the Government had returned the factory and the Old Boy was about to go on producing Oleoil—For Home and Barn; a Trial Will Convince You. [Terrible stuff!] Dose one wineglassful before meals. Though heaven only knows if this was intended to apply to cows, swine, and so on, which likewise came in for honorable mention on the label!

Well, at any rate, Mr. McGuire, Senior, had determined to go back to that unspeakable little town and make this beastly concoction under a slightly newer formula, about which he was much excited and very secretive. He had been superintending its try-out in the New York laboratory, and when he came to the flat which Lionel, as I shall ever term him, shared with me he was fairly bursting with enthusiasm. Indeed, it made me tremble for the endurance of his expensive clothing.

"It's magnificent!" he exclaimed, pulling a gold filigreed flask from his hip pocket. "It will go bigger than ever on this receipt! Have a sup, will ye? Ah! It's the grand medicine, me boys!"

Both Lionel and I declined, with respect but decision. Considering the number of things the Old Boy had bought in my place I was as tactful as possible in my refusal—but not tactful to the point of imbibing Oleoil! *Il y a quelquechose impossible!* This terrible concoction, which was openly and avowedly for use both ex and internally, was not for me. And I do verily believe that it was the Old Boy's attempt to make Lionel taste the stuff which finally decided the dear fellow against selling it.

"Now, young feller, me lad!" said that rotund person, his parent—"now young feller, me lad, you've been the rounds of this city looking for a job and nary a one would hire the soldier boy except his old dad and this shrimp here! So now will ye come back to the Oleoil business or are ye going to stay in this high-class-robbery game?"

Well, the poor ignorant old chap put it rather crudely but clearly. The truth was that Lionel had no other choice.

"Well, dad, as between patent medicine and antiques I choose the greater evil—being a brave man!" said his handsome offspring. "If I have to earn my living by lying about something I had rather it was about things people

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Farming Utah takes a lesson from agricultural Iowa

SAID seasoned Iowa, as Utah listened eagerly: "I'm a farmer through and through and mighty glad to meet another. You see I feel I've got a right to real Iowan pride. For Uncle Sam has declared to me, 'Iowa, among my 48 States you take the blue ribbon for farms and farming wealth.' Light up this friendly Owl."

Utah puffed away and made reply: "Iowa, we young farmers are always glad to learn from veterans like you. Already we have irrigated nearly 2,000,000 of our fruitful acres. We raise fine crops you must admit. Surely you have used beet sugar from our great refineries."

* * *

Far-flung States always find friendly get-together in Owls and White Owls. For these dependable Cigars are high favorites all over this good old U. S. A. Dependable fragrance is the reason. Guaranteed dependable by the General Cigar Co., Inc., and their nearly $3,000,000 Owl leaf reserve.

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TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

OWL 7c | white OWL 8c

OWL 7c

white OWL 8c

(Continued from Page 32)

stick round their houses than what they put into their stomachs!"

"Me boy," said the bear, "if you was to go round telling the commission men that Oleoil is a blessing in disguise—that it puts new heart into all who use it—it's God's solemn truth ye'd be telling them, and no less. I'm an honest man, and the goods is far better than represented. The day ye are convinced of this come back home and the job is open!"

"All right, father," said Lionel the Lily, languidly dusting an invisible fleck from the sleeve of his dark-gray cutaway with a lavender silk handkerchief. His parent observed the operation in eloquent silence.

"Achone!" he said with a sigh. "Well, I'll be leaving you each a few bottles in case yer ever need it. Come what, come may!"

And with which cryptic remark *il partier chez el*—much to my relief. The next day a case of forty-eight bottles of Oleoil—For Home and Barn—arrived at our rooms, and Lionel opened it, much to my disgust. After which, arrayed informally in a perfectly stunning mauve kimono, he gave me a demonstration of the way he used to sell it in the old days before he found New York, his true vocation and me. *Droll? Comme il etait droll, cet homme-la!* I thought I should expire, positively! And then he became serious.

"I tell you what, dear boy!" he said. "It's simply ripping on furniture—makes it shine like a mirror—positively!"

"Really?" said I. "Then I'll just go over that pair of Sheraton chairs with it, the ones that came from the factory yesterday. They need toning up a bit!"

"I loathe those chairs!" said Lionel. "And all the other fakes in the place! This is a filthy business!"

"It is not!" I disclaimed indignantly. "*Quel maledictions!*"

"Almost everything in it is phony, including your French!" he snapped.

Which was a perfectly absurd remark, because nobody in their hearts believes most antiques to be real, and just show me a real American who speaks French; or no, don't show me—show any head waiter! So I passed over the slight.

"Still, you have deliberately chosen to remain in it," I remarked. "There must be a reason!"

"There is," said he.

And then we both fell silent because there was no need to make that reason articulate. We both knew her, and Lionel had remained in the profession, as I may call it, on the Widow Cartiea's account, and on it alone, disguise the fact as he might.

"Damn it!" he burst out after a moment. "You ought to clean the place up, Kentt! Why not get rid of all your junk and start selling only stuff you are sure about? It could be a great business, this, if only it was run straight. It is a great business—a profession, as you like to call it, when it is done as Cartiea does it—fine, clean selling—long periods between sales, but genuine objects of art—authentic stuff!"

"Authentic my eye!" I sniffed, for somehow every mention of that woman disturbed me most unreasonably. "Authentic! Who knows what is authentic? The good dealer is the one who knows what his public wants and feeds it to them! *Mon cher enfant*, Madame Cartiea would buy a fake and pretend to believe in it if she thought she could sell it, believe me! Why, what is more, the cleverest of us are often deceived, no less than we may, through the exigencies of business, be forced to—er—not exactly deceive, but—allow the public to make its own inference regarding an antique!"

"Cartiea dishonest? Never!" shouted Lionel. "Cartiea be fooled by a fake? Not in a lifetime! The day she falls for anything like that, me for the Oleoil business! My faith in humanity would be gone!"

"Well, don't get excited!" I purred. "Come now, let's have a nice little lemonade and discuss our plans. Alas for temperance!"

"Oh, well, all right!" said Lionel, taking the proffered drink. "But there's got to be a clean-up or I won't stay, that's straight!"

Then I conceived an idea. In point of fact I might almost call it an inspiration.

"In order to rid our stock of those articles to which you object," said I, "we must sell them—no, wait—no sane business person would destroy them, my dear—we must, as it were, retire them into the private lives of people who are not ordinarily customers."

"But how?"

"By means of a very exclusive private auction!" said I.

"But if Kentt's holds an auction of any kind, won't that look badly for the business?" he asked, puckering his handsome brow.

"Of course it would!" I said sharply. "I don't intend having Kentt's sell out!"

"How then?"

"There is only one way," I said solemnly. "Somebody will have to die!"

"What!" exclaimed Lionel, leaping to his feet, the mauve kimono flapping wildly.

"Even if I have to kill them personally," I replied firmly.

"Say, are you bugs or what?" roared Lionel. "Come here and let me feel your pulse!"

I waved him aside.

"I mean we have got to have an estate—estate of the late So-and-So—and sell it. The estate will be comprised of all the junk we have in the place."

"Oh!" said Lionel. "But, good Lord! If you take some fake name it won't have any value; and then, suppose it were to be found out? It really ought to be a prominent name, you know!"

He was beginning to be taken with the idea; I could see that.

"Prominent name?" said I. "My dear boy, what, I ask you, is a prominent name? It is merely one that is well advertised, and advertising is only fifty cents an agate line. Print any name large enough and confidently enough and the dear public will think they recognize it. *Au contraire*, cease to print the most justly famous one and see how quickly it is forgotten!"

"But if you fake it ——" Lionel began again, with that absurd conscientiousness of his.

"But I'm not going to fake a name," I said. "Just wait a moment. I believe we have a most desirable deceased right on the premises." And with a conquering gesture I rang the bell for Greenleaf.

After no more than the usual delay he appeared in the doorway, his ancient black face a mere hiatus round his white teeth and above his immaculate white house coat. I waved a well-manicured hand toward him.

"Here is the corpse!" I said.

"Looks full of health to me!" declared Lionel.

"Yes; but wait a moment!" said I. "He isn't. In point of fact his demise is imminent!"

"No, sah! Ah never touched a penny of dat change, sah!" said Greenleaf, coming into the room with unusual celerity. "Mah demise is innocent, and so'm mah conscience!"

"*Il etait tres droll!*" said I to Lionel; and then turning back to my body servant I asked a question.

"What is your full name?" asked I.

"Mah name am J. Mortimer Greenleaf, sah; full or sober, sah!"

"There!" I exclaimed triumphantly. "J. Mortimer Greenleaf. The world-famous collection of the late J. Mortimer Greenleaf will be disposed of at a private sale; and well disposed of, *je ne'pas de doubt!*"

"'Scuse me, boss," began Greenleaf, turning—or my fancy misled me—a trifle grayish. "'Scuse me, boss, but how 'bout dis here laterness of mine?"

"J. Mortimer Greenleaf, you are a dead man!" I proclaimed solemnly, "and your estate is to be sold at auction. As a recompense for this you will receive twenty-five extra dollars in real money. And until the sale is safely over you will remain in retirement here in this flat, your duties at the shop being temporarily assigned to Mrs. MacGinnis, the charlady."

"Yes, sah!" said the late collector of antiquities. "You-all meanin' Ise dead!"

"You are, *sans doubt!*" said I. "And just in case of accident, you are going to remain here where you won't be noticed unless the law makes me produce evidence of your existence, which we trust will not be necessary. And meanwhile you will have time enough to think up a nice new name to come to life under."

"Yas, sah!" said he, a trifle tremulously.

"And now get out!" I said sharply. And he got. In point of fact I have rarely seen him move with such velocity.

When I had got rid of him Lionel yawned, stretched and rose, discarding the kimono for a very fetching suit of light tweed—quite a rough material, yet saved from too complete roughness by cuffs and braided leather buttons—and bent diligently to the selection of his scarf.

"Well, it's the damnedest idea I ever struck," said he. "And not quite—quite ethical. But ethical as I can hope for, I suppose; and so I'll have to be satisfied with the end justifying the means; or whatever that hokum for morality is. I hope the Shera-tons will be one of the lots."

"They will," said I. "And may I ask where you are going, dressed so pretty?"

(Continued on Page 36)

"No, Sah! Ah Never Touched a Penny of Dat Change, Sah!" Said Greenleaf. "Mah Demise is Innocent, and So'm Mah Conscience!"

Hodge-Podge or Shipshape?

THE letterheads, forms and stationery of efficient organizations are standardized not only in design but in the paper used. They do not offer the diversity of a polyglot army.

It pays to look around and compare before you decide what paper to standardize on. You will find that it pays to secure a watermarked paper with uniformity and quality guaranteed by the manufacturer. It is worth while to get a rag-content paper, which offers so much more in appearance, feel, durability. And the good buyer looks for a loft-dried paper because of its better surface and greater toughness.

All these desirable qualities you get in Systems Bond. And Systems sells at a reasonable price. For back of it there's an organization that carries through itself every step in the making—from log-cutting and rag-sorting to the drying of the finished sheet. Business concerns of standing can hardly afford to use paper of inferior quality—and they don't have to afford one higher in price.

Ask your printer to use Systems for your next order of letterheads. He can also obtain for you our book "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper," interesting and valuable to the paper buyer. It presents worth while information in a non-technical fashion.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

501 Fifth Avenue New York

Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 34)

"I am lunching Madame Cartiea," said the deceitful creature, who hadn't mentioned a word of this before, much less invited me to join them; not that I would have if he had, because there was something about the way that woman ignored me without seeming to, that was sufficient to—sufficient to—well, it was sufficient. And yet, of course, I was furious to think of her lunching alone with that two-faced curator of mine!

"She is interested in those plaster-and-wood Florentine candlesticks," said he with a huge affectation of purely business interest. "I think she will take them."

"I was thinking of putting them in the estate," said I, a hideous plan beginning to formulate in my ever-fertile brain.

"Good idea!" exclaimed Lionel, turning from the mirror and flashing me a smile. "Then she can bid them in—let her get them at a low figure, and then she will probably let us in on the Morgenthawl deal. She is furnishing their young palace at Ossining and wants those candlesticks for up there. If we conciliate her she'll probably let us in for some big stuff. Fact is, that's why I'm lunching her."

"So?" said I, delighted at the ease with which he had baited my trap for me. "So? And why not entertain a rival dealer once in a way? I'd like to ask her and Eloise Dubois, the assistant, out myself. Why not have them to dine on your birthday?"

For, *vous savez*, we intended giving a little party to celebrate that occasion.

"Great idea!" he said. "I'll speak of it to-day at lunch."

Well, *tu compris*, that was not just what I had anticipated—this taking my own invitation clean out of my hands—but I let the matter pass because I was so immensely delighted about the Florentine candlesticks.

There was a reason.

On dit dans cette beau monde of ours, that an antique object, no matter how ugly, is yet of infinitely more value than the most perfect reproduction of the most beautiful antique. That is a trade truism. And of course a dealer of my perfect or at least comparatively perfect integrity holds that canon sacred. But not so the entire body of the trade. Indeed it must be admitted with candor that there are among us serpents who will actually buy these reproductions direct from well-known manufacturers and resell them as *anciennes!* I cannot conceive how they can do it. Just think of the risk they run! I would never, never do such a thing as buy from a manufacturer. And if I occasionally pick up a little secondhand something—such as the synthetic Sheraton, *par example*—I always slip in an old round or a cushion or something, present it dumbly, and keep from even a white lie about it by allowing the clients to do all the talking themselves.

But, of course, it is impossible to expect the traveling men of the big furniture houses to make nice distinctions. And so it was with the common person who brought in some Florentine candlesticks like the aforementioned. He had been paying me periodic visits every few months with the genial persistence of his kind, each time with a new offering and his war cry of "Just as handsome as the old ones, but twice as strong and clean!" Really, the obtuseness of the creature in not perceiving the actual commercial value of dirt was pathetic. But when he brought in that pair of polychromic carved Florentine candlesticks I confess I was at length impressed.

"Now, Kentt, set them next to your own pair, and turn your back a jiff, and then look and tell me can you tell 'em apart!" he plead.

And to humor the big, strong, ignorant chap I complied. And I confess I could not tell which was which! Not, in point of fact, until he separated his samples from my precious realities, when of course my trained eye caught the tiny differences. Mine, I may add, were real—very real, and honestly worth at least five hundred dollars for the pair. His synthetic ones were being offered to me for thirty dollars, with thirty-three and a third off for cash on the gross.

But I refused to buy, though greatly tempted. But you will at once perceive that it would never do for that traveling man's furniture factory to know quite that much about me. And then, after the vulgar traveling person had gone, I made an appalling discovery:

He had taken the genuines and left me his fakes!

However, my alarm was short-lived, because, of course, he was perfectly honest and reliable, and all I had to do was write him a line informing him of his mistake, and back they would come. I was on the verge, on the very edge of doing so, when Lionel spoke of them, he being in ignorance of what had transpired. Dear me! Why, I would not have dared let him know that the fellow had been in the store, he's so keen on looking for trouble! Well, at any rate he didn't know, and here at last was my chance to put one over on Cartiea, Inc., and make her seem cheap. The way that creature looks clear through me at Lionel is enough to justify anything! *Tout va dans l'amour et dans la guerre!* And so I postponed writing to the furniture factory. Ha, ha!

When Lionel had departed I dressed in a leisurely fashion, for I felt rather miserably. In fact, I am ever far from strong, and emotions, whether of joy or its opposite, always upset me terribly. In point of fact I felt so used up that when securing a bottle of Oleoil to try on those Sheraton chairs in accordance with Lionel's recommendation I looked at the label for a long time, vaguely wondering if a dose would do me the least benefit, and was almost persuaded to try, so convincing was the recommendation set forth by Mrs. John Smith, of Kansas City.

Indeed, I went so far as to draw the cork, but one glimpse of the dark contents was sufficient to restore my health by mere suggestion, and I reserved the actual application for my furniture. Then I departed to begin the putting of my affairs into action.

Alas for the deceitfulness of even the dearest of friends! Lionel had lied to me about the amiable qualities of Oleoil as a furniture polish—though it is just possible that he had intended saying "Varnish remover," for, far from polishing, the wretched stuff completely ruined the finish I had just so carefully put on the pair of near-Sheratons. They were, in point of fact, very lovely chairs, so graceful and *distingué*, and only needed a little antiquing to be utterly intriguing. And now, just as I was about to put the finishing touches upon them in the privacy of my own office, thereby rendering them two rare and marvelously preserved specimens, what should I do but ruin them with that beastly patent medicine! Goodness, but I was cross!

There was, of course, only one thing left to do—make ill-preserved, even older chairs of them. So I took my jig saw and was in the act of putting in a few worm holes when Lionel came back.

"She's accepted!" he exclaimed, his face all flushed with excitement.

My heart nearly stopped beating at the announcement.

"Accepted you?" I managed to gasp.

"Eh? Oh! No, the invitation for the thirtieth," he replied testily. "What on earth are you doing to those chairs?"

"Baiting them to catch an expert with," I replied grimly.

The Florentine candlesticks were not mentioned further at the moment, but they were not forgotten. During the three weeks which followed, and which were filled with preparations for the auction, we, Lionel and I, met Madame Cartiea at the Ritz during the luncheon hour, and she spoke of them. The languorous blond creature, her fairness still accentuated by her widow's weeds, had her head saleswoman, Eloise Dubois, in tow, and to the untutored eye, unaccustomed to picking out the pretenders among the well-groomed throng, they might have been swell Englishwomen or—or anybody. One would never have supposed them to be dealers, which after all is part of the essence of being a successful one. The swells like it and the *noveaus* are impressed by it, *comprenez vous?*

At any rate, no sooner had Lionel spotted them at a table in the garden than over he must rush, and of course I was obliged to tag along or else stand there like a perfect ass.

"How are you, Mr. McGuire?" Cartiea greeted Lionel, totally ignoring his pseudonym. "Good morning, Mr. Kentt. Sorry I can't ask you to sit down, but we are lunching with Mr. Morgenthawl—he's just over there talking to the Van Lippes. But we are going to use those Florentine candlesticks of yours—I'll run in with him and take a look at them this afternoon."

"Awfully sorry," I drawled in reply, "but they are a part of the J. Mortimer Greenleaf Estate, you know, and we are auctioning it on Wednesday. You have seen the notices *cela va sans drere?*"

"Oh!" said the widow, restrainedly abashed for a second. "Why, I thought they had been in your place a long time and, as summer is upon us, that you would be glad not to carry them over!"

What disconcerting frankness! Positively unfeminine—or would have been could such a thing possibly have been said of her. I smiled with as little sickliness as her clear eye and Lionel's astonished and reproachful stare permitted.

"They have always belonged to the Greenleaf collection," I said. "But I tell you what—we won't put them up until you get to the sale. How's that?"

"Very well," said Madame Cartiea suavely. "Nice of you, I'm sure."

It was our dismissal, and we took it. And then, no sooner were we alone with our iced bouillon than Lionel attacked me with an even greater viciousness than his healthy appetite demanded of his food. Some day the food will revenge itself by giving him a waist instead of a waistline!

"What the devil did you do that for?" he growled. "Here she would have brought Morgenthawl into the shop, and you've gone and spoiled it all!"

"You mean why didn't I give you the opportunity of pleasing her, *mon cher*," I said. "If she wants to buy those candlesticks at the auction let her do it then."

"Damn that fool auction!" snorted Lionel, snapping the head off a mushroom in a really ugly manner. "Damn it, I wish you had never thought of it—it's a ridiculous affair, anyhow!"

In this he was utterly mistaken. Quite to the contrary of his declaration it was fraught with interest and dignity. According to my habit I had done the thing thoroughly. For no half measures succeed in art any better than in the more vulgar pursuits of life such as the bourse, or stock exchange, as the Americans call it; or in legitimate business, such as undertaking, politics, street railways or grocery stores. And art was my profession *sans doubt*—or if not exactly art itself, then everything surrounding it. I was an important part of the substance which makes it insular.

And so in the matter of the collection of antiques belonging to the estate of the late J. Mortimer Greenleaf I had spared myself no labor in the effort to make it convincing, interesting and in every way important. In point of fact I featured that word "important," so dearly beloved of the dealer, whenever the opportunity afforded and a good many times when it didn't. It appeared in the newspaper announcement of course. That announcement, by the by, was a veritable triumph. Its quiet, exclusive atmosphere was apparent even in the type in which it was printed, and I took particular pains that it be inserted in the choicest corner of the newspapers—right above the deaths and next to the society notes so that all our notoriety-loathing millionaires would be certain to see it. It was simple, as all great things are, and ran thus:

THE KENTT GALLERIES

have the honor of announcing the sale of an important collection of Early English and Colonial American furnishings and objects of art belonging to the estate of that famous connoisseur, the late

J. MORTIMER GREENLEAF

at the Fifth Avenue branch on Wednesday, July thirtieth. Morning session, 10–12. Afternoon session, 2–5. Admission by card, which will be issued upon application to the Galleries up to the number of five hundred tickets only.

There you are! *Magnifique, ne 'est pas?* I ask you—nay, I demand—could anything be more perfect? I saw all my dead stock on its way out, and Lionel working by my side with a clear conscience and a sweet temper as the result. It was all on his account, of course, and while I had at first felt the disposal of those objects which were not quite—not quite—well, not quite, you know—to be a sacrifice, I now perceived that virtue was about to be its own reward and that we should get rid of several fearful lemons—notably some specimens of the late Tweed period for which we had vainly endeavored to create a vogue. The public had swallowed the Victorian stuff, but even the munition millionaires, usually so childlike and passive, had balked at Tweed. However, at an auction, especially an exclusive one, there was really no telling what might happen. Prior to my establishing the galleries I had been, for a short period, an auctioneer, and that, coupled with a natural instinct for fiction, led me to believe that we should make a clean sweep.

But more than all I desired to behold the cold and cruel Madame Cartiea publicly purchase a pair of imitation Florentine candlesticks for the great Morgenthawl. The mere purchase of them in my shop would have been too minor a revenge for her persistent ignoring of me. Besides, it would have been distinctly dangerous to sell them to her, whereas if she bid them in at auction no one could say a word—except Morgenthawl.

Then, too, dear Lionel's disillusionment was a matter of great importance to me. The boy thought her omnipotent and adorable and all that rot, and my greatest dread in life was that some day she would suddenly discover that it was mutual—and then *le grand Dieu* forbid!—where would I get off?

Well, such was the advertisement I prepared. But I did not stop there. I wrote a reminiscence about J. Mortimer Greenleaf in which I told of the gathering of his collection; of how hermitlike he had been in his habits; how his home—site unmentioned—had been the shrine of many art pilgrims; of his unfailing taste and dry humor. I even described his long white beard; and the Art Allowance accepted and published it simultaneously with my full-page advertisement.

Perhaps the ordinary auctioneer would have stopped, satisfied, with this. *Mais le genius sont insatiable.*

No sooner had the Art Allowance printed the reminiscence than I followed it up with a challenge. Signing myself "J. Weatherbee" I sent to the next week's issue of the paper a letter throwing aspersions upon the Greenleaf collection and challenging the authenticity of several objects in it. This letter was a triumph in its way. It was just slurring enough to excite interest, and I was completely exhausted by the effort. Once again I deeply regretted not having laid up any—er—storehouse of—er—fermented grain against the famine season, and indeed felt so low that I was almost tempted to try Oleoil, the remains of the bottle with which I had antiquated the Sheraton chairs still remaining on my desk. But once more I refrained. So I lay there panting in the early July heat and mournfully sucked an orange and reminisced.

(Continued on Page 189)

WHEN you look for the reasons why the Hupmobile is so generally regarded as an exceptional value, you quickly discover that design is one of the foremost.

Then you remember that you have always heard *The Comfort Car* spoken of as being unusually good style.

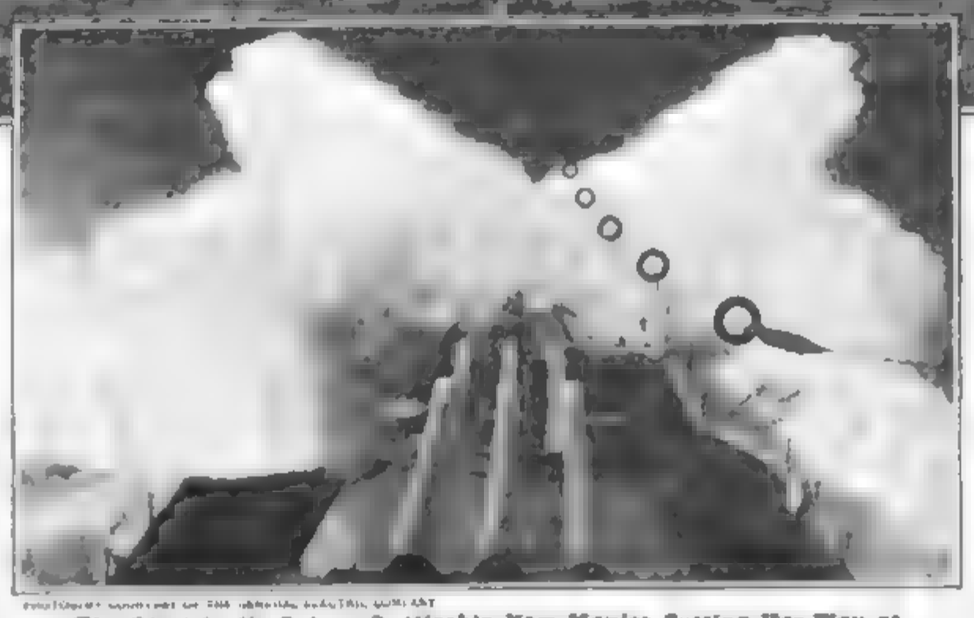
The fact is that the good taste of Hupmobile design is far longer-lived than one season, or one year. It actually does make the Hupmobile a better investment.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Going Ahead

IT REQUIRED hundreds of years for civilization to develop the art of water navigation from the birch-bark canoe of the Indian to such sailing ships as the Santa Maria of Columbus and the Half Moon of Hendrik Hudson. After the latter ship crossed the ocean nearly two centuries elapsed before Robert Fulton launched his Clermont, which was equipped with an early style of reciprocating engine of the type invented by James Watt. Much later came ships like the Leviathan with its monster turbines, and now we enter the latest stage in the development of the art of ship propulsion with an electric ship—the New Mexico of the United States Navy. In the words of Secretary Daniels, "This engineering feat holds a peculiar interest to the people of the nation, especially when they realize that in this achievement the American Navy stands preëminent among the nations of the world."



The Electrically Driven Battleship New Mexico Cutting Her Way at Full Speed Through the Ocean

As a result of the service given by the first experimental electric ship, the collier Jupiter, and because of the satisfactory action of the battleship New Mexico, the United States Navy has decided to adopt the electric drive for all its capital ships in the future. According to Mr. Daniels this will assure to us a certain degree of superiority over the large first-class fighting units now included in the navies of foreign nations. In addition to the New Mexico, the dreadnoughts California, Maryland and West Virginia will soon be equipped with electric drives. It is further satisfying to learn that we have under construction two or more 35-knot electrically driven battle cruisers, each having a power plant six times more powerful than that of the New Mexico.

The adoption of electricity for ship propulsion has come only after a battle royal between the engineering brains of the nation. Quite a few years ago the marine reciprocating engine had reached a state of virtually completed development. Then came the introduction of the direct-connected turbine, which gave new impetus to the shipbuilding business. However, the turbine is a device in which high speed is advantageous, while the propellers of a ship are a comparatively slow-moving mechanism. Steam in a turbine may attain a speed of 4000 feet a second, whereas the fastest ship moves through the water at a rate of only 59 feet a second. The turbines in the New Mexico run 2200 revolutions a minute; the propellers of this same ship operate 175 revolutions a minute. It is plain therefore that something has to be done to reduce the high turbine speed before this power is connected up to the ship's propellers. In solving this problem the engineers perfected certain speed-reducing devices, which generally consist of gears of the spiral or helical type. In electric drives the turbines operate generators which produce electrical current that is fed to big motors each of which turns a propeller.

The whole problem therefore may be reduced to a basic question of what way is best to transmit to the ship's propellers the power developed by the turbine. The advocates of the electric drive have concentrated on the one particular case where there could be little doubt of the advantage to be derived from the use of their method. The battleship requires the application of large power for high-speed running and at the same time it must possess ability to operate economically when cruising at low speeds over long distances. In electric propulsion we may have a plurality of generating units, any one of which may be used singly for low-speed running. In the case of the New Mexico the vessel will operate at about 21.5 knots when both generating units are running 2100 revolutions a minute. At fifteen knots the ship is run with but one generating unit operating at the speed of 2100 revolutions. This advantage amounts to something in the matter of fuel consumption. Trial results have shown that the electric-driven New Mexico saves more than twenty per cent in its fuel consumption at speeds from nineteen knots to full power, as compared with other warships of the same class but having geared drives. At a speed of fifteen knots the saving is thirty per cent.

Though in the most improved application of the geared drive separate cruising turbines are now being provided, and these increase economy and efficiency when the ship

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PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF [illegible]

Boilers With Oil-Burners Beneath Them on the New Mexico

Showing Size of the Propellers on the New Mexico

~and they both show the same pictures!

WHETHER you attend a million-dollar palace of the screen in the big city, or a tiny hall in a backwoods hamlet, you will find that it is always the best and most prosperous theatre in the community that is exhibiting Paramount-Artcraft Pictures.

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NEW YORK

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Elsie Ferguson *in* "The Witness for the Defense"

Vivian Martin *in* "The Third Kiss"

Wallace Reid *in* "The Valley of the Giants"

Robert Warwick *in* "Told in the Hills"

George Loane Tucker's Production "The Miracle Man"

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in* "Stepping Out"

Dorothy Dalton *in* "The Market of Souls"

Charles Ray *in* "The Egg Crate Wallop"

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Paramount-Post Nature Pictures *issued every other week*

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *one each week*

And remember that *any* Paramount or Artcraft picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read

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is cruising at low speed, the advantages of electric propulsion seem to be so numerous that they outweigh all the virtues of the older-style method of driving through a geared arrangement. From a military point of view the electric ship marks a great advance. Individual motors can be installed in small compartments near to the propellers they drive. Also the generating apparatus can be located compactly in narrow quarters in the center of the ship, where it is almost entirely removed from any possible disturbance by gunfire or torpedoes. This simplifies construction by doing away with structures, shafts and much armor protection, thereby reducing weight and compensating for the added tonnage occasioned by the use of electrical apparatus. The ship of course is far safer when vital works are located at points that are invulnerable.

Aside from the matter of propulsion the electric ship is an interesting example of how to keep house in the most modern and dustless fashion. On the New Mexico all the baking is done electrically. Motors operate the dough mixers and dough kneaders, while the loaves are baked in electrically heated ovens. The laundry also is operated by electricity as well as the machine shop and the carpenter shop. Electric motors revolve the turrets, elevate the guns, run the ammunition hoists and operate the gun loaders. The eight electric eyes of the ship are able to light up objects located three or four miles distant on the darkest night. The kitchen is practically the only part of the ship that is not operated by electricity. The ranges burn oil, and some heating is done with steam.

So much for the electric warship. What does this great advance mean to the nation's business? Is this accomplishment merely a milestone in the development of the United States Navy? Even if that was all we might feel a just pride in the result attained. But those who know most about the subject of electric ship propulsion anticipate great things from the application of the idea and believe that this initial achievement is only a start toward the electrification of merchant vessels. The low speed of freight ships requires large ratios of gear reduction, and the attainment of this result has developed serious trouble in numerous instances. With an electric drive, motors can be put in convenient locations; we can have automatic self-lubrication and dispense with great lengths of shafting and shaft alleys. Electricity also brings about a degree of simplicity and reliability that cannot otherwise be obtained.

Fuel economy on board ship is even more important than in the power station on land, for ships must not only carry the fuel they burn for long distances, displacing profitable freight, but must buy their fuel at the high prices prevailing in many parts of the world. The importance of the fuel problem is quite evident when the reader is told that the New Mexico, for instance, carries 6,800,000 pounds of oil, or about one million gallons. Every pound that can be saved affords the shipowner a twofold profit.

In the days of active competition in world trade that are now approaching, every effort should be made to secure the highest economic standards, and then we must earnestly seek to systematize the application of our newly acquired knowledge. One of the greatest authorities on marine engineering in America makes this statement: "In the case of almost any large ship now operating with reciprocating engines on long voyages an electric-propulsion equipment could be substituted which would afford enough improvement to pay for itself in reduced operating expenses in three years."

If this is true such possibilities cannot for long be disregarded and the electric ship will be the common carrier on our ocean lanes in the coming years.

Sticking to a Principle

"HOP into the sled, lad, and we'll get to town in a jiffy," said a father to his son as the elder man finished piling in the load of potatoes he was preparing to sell in a neighboring market. The boy did as he was told and the old bobsled drove away while a fond mother stood in the door of the little farmhouse waving farewell and trying to smile through the tears that coursed down her cheeks.

The young man was leaving the old home to make his way alone in that mysterious realm, business. He had completed a course in a near-by commercial school and after a seemingly hopeless search had procured a job from a merchant in an adjacent town. The owner of the store agreed not to charge the lad anything for being round and learning the business. After three months, if he had proved his worth, he was to receive the munificent wage of three dollars and a half a week.

This incident happened forty-six years ago near Watertown, New York. The boy worked diligently and in less than three years had advanced to a salary of six dollars a week. Later he received ten dollars, and the road to success appeared to be straight ahead.

The germ of an idea had been working in the farmer boy's mind. Said he to his employer: "May I have a little space to use in trying out a scheme that will sell some of our old stock?"

"Go ahead!" replied the boss. "Let's see what you can do." Which remark gave birth to a plan that developed one of the world's greatest romances of business.

The following day the customers on entering the store were confronted with an odd sight. On a small serving table were all kinds of odds and ends. Above the goods was a printed card which read, "Take your choice at five cents each." Nearly every article was sold the first day, and the idea of selling a large assortment of goods at a fixed low price was launched and proved in a practical way.

The sale of goods at the five-cent counter in the Watertown store continued with increasing popularity. This success roused the clerk's desire to strike out for himself. He induced his employer to trust him with three hundred dollars' worth of five-cent goods, with which stock he started a store in Utica. Though this venture failed, the young man's former employer agreed to back him again, and a five-cent store was opened in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. On the opening day thirty per cent of the entire stock of the new store was sold. The undertaking was a smashing success, and Lancaster after forty years still boasts possession of the establishment that is conceded to be the parent of the great chain of five-and-ten-cent stores that dot the country.

The farmer boy had arrived. He had transformed a fanciful notion into a strict reality which later made him one of the rich men of the world. He has passed on, but nearly forty thousand people are busy operating the one thousand and thirty-eight stores that he gathered into one great company. Last year these same stores made 824,428,840 sales and the total sales amounted to $107,175,000. Great factories are busy supplying these stores with millions of articles, and this industrial activity, giving employment to other thousands of workers, is even a more lasting monument to the poor farmer lad who had an idea than is the great Woolworth Building in New York, which bears his name.

In these days of soaring values most businesses that have been based on the principle of a fixed price have either changed their plan or given up in despair. Even our gold mines, producing a commodity of set value, are laboring under great difficulties. How therefore can the five-and-ten-cent store exist? What is the secret that preserves the success of a commercial scheme that has survived all the economic storms since 1879? If the ten-cent store had become a twenty-cent store we might understand; we have become accustomed to such changes. However, that is not the case, so let us take the facts as they lie before us.

There are two kinds of merchandising plans: The first is founded on the idea that it is best to sell fewer goods, but at a high price. The other scheme is based on the belief that greater success comes from selling large quantities of commodities with only a small profit on each article. The ten-cent store is the chief exponent of the latter idea in America. All of its success depends on the skillful execution of high buying orders. Purchases for the stores must be in such volume that manufacturers can afford to sell their products to them at a heretofore unheard-of figure.

Many people hold the belief that the ten-cent stores procure their goods from their own factories. This is not true; the company here referred to, which operates more than a thousand such stores, does not own a single manufacturing plant. It does possess unparalleled buying power and this affords multiplied efficiency. As prices of materials have advanced, so have the sales. Eight years ago the annual sales were fifty million dollars; now they are more than double that amount.

Working independently, the ten-cent stores would have failed in recent years. Under one directing management they have grown in size and profit, and the controlling interests are fast working toward a realization of their aim, which is to have a store in every town of any size in the United States and Canada. Right here it might be well to state that the ten-cent stores charge a slightly higher price in the West and in Canada.

The reader may gain a better conception of what it means to buy for a thousand such establishments if a few special cases are recited. Take for instance, candy. Everyone knows what a prejudice there is against the cheap grades of candy. The ten-cent stores went after this business on a big scale. They claim boldly that their candy is one hundred per cent pure; that it contains no poisonous coloring matter or inferior ingredients, and they challenge investigation. How can it be done? Perhaps the answer is that these stores last year sold 90,000,000 pounds of candy—enough to fill a train of freight cars that would extend nearly two-thirds of the distance from Washington to Baltimore.

The buyers for the company make it their business to show skeptical manufacturers how a new plan for increased production can be worked out and how great are the possibilities. Sometimes they outline a scheme for plant enlargement or detail a method that will effect great savings in the cost of production. One of the buyers was attracted by a finger ring that was being retailed at fifty cents. The manufacturer laughed when approached and said it was absurd that anyone should believe it possible that he could make this ring to sell for ten cents. He was doing very well with the article and was quite satisfied with his sales of four hundred and fifty dozen that year. However, the buyer kept at it and convinced the manufacturer that the plan was feasible. As a result the ten-cent stores during the following year sold 720,000 of these same rings.

Think what it means to a manufacturer when a buyer comes to him and says, "I will agree to take nine million yards of your curtain material each year." Or let us take the case of glassware. Imagine what it means to the factory owner to know that the ten-cent stores afford him an annual market for 350,000 barrels of such glassware. Of course he can sell it cheap, for production costs always go down as output goes up—if a management is efficient.

In one year the ten-cent people sold enough enamelware to load a freight train seven and a half miles long; they disposed of 54,000,000 handkerchiefs last year, and this was accomplished at a time when raw materials of the kind were scarcer than ever in history. Before the war the company bought twelve and a half per cent of its merchandise abroad; to-day it buys nearly all of it here in the United States. Celluloid dolls, Christmas-tree ornaments and many similar products came from overseas; now they are made in America. Prosperous communities are growing up where these new industries are established.

One thing that is unique about the ten-cent store is its high degree of individuality, notwithstanding its central control. Each shop is made to conform as much as possible to the life and needs of the community where it is located. People in the South, the West and the North do not all want exactly the same things. Each store manager hires his clerks and assistants in the city where the business is located.

The big company that practically dominates this method of merchandising has its main offices in New York, where the overhead staff of executives hold forth. The general business is operated, however, by dividing the country into eleven districts, each controlled by an administrative officer known as a district manager. The largest district includes one hundred and twenty-eight stores; the smallest one has fifty. Some of the stores are in the most fashionable shopping centers, where one would imagine there would be only a limited demand for articles so cheap in price. But strange as it may seem, one of the largest and most successful of these stores is situated on one of the busiest corners of New York's most fashionable street—the famous Fifth Avenue. On the day this store opened for business more than forty-five thousand customers entered its doors.

Though the big thing in this business is the original idea that grew in the brain of the plucky farmer boy, who started as a clerk without even a wage to pay for his services, still it is true that it requires more than a single practical notion to build a profitable commercial institution of national scope. Back of it all there must be an organization based on principles of justice, or the grand idea could not be put into effect.

The virtues of the big concern operating more than a thousand stores are easy to discover. First, there is the rule that the company shall never go outside its organization for a man to manage a store or to take a higher position. All of the officers began at the bottom. For every job there is an understudy. Second, there is the profit-sharing plan, whereby every man in the business receives his compensation on a basis of department earnings. The regional officers are rewarded in proportion to the returns in each one's particular district, and the higher executives have their compensation based on the company's total earnings. No single stockholder controls as much as twenty-five per cent of the capital. Every saleslgirl or other minor employee receives a cash bonus after one year's service. This is increased by the same amount each year for five years.

Such is the story of the ten-cent store. If, as many believe, it is a national force in keeping down the cost of many essentials, then more power to its arm. The war has revealed many things and among others is the happy conception that some of our business concerns really take pride in their dogged adherence to a principle that sometimes is more beneficial to others than profitable to themselves.

GRUEN
Verithin and Wrist
WATCHES

Ask your jeweler what makes a really fine watch

What is the difference between ordinary good time-keeping and real *Precision accuracy?*

Any jeweler will tell you that it lies in the amount of *hand finishing* that goes into the movement—and in the skill with which this hand work is done.

For years the finest watch craftsmen in the world have been the Swiss. Instead of bringing a few Swiss watchmakers to America, as is frequently done, to train American workmen in that part of watchmaking which machines can't do, the Gruen Watchmakers Guild took American machines to Switzerland. They took American machines because American machines are best.

At Madre Biel, Switzerland, Gruen gathered a group of sons of the sons of world famous watchmakers. Equipped with the most modern machinery, operating on America's principle of standardization, these master craftsmen make the Gruen movements, and *then to what no machine can do additional finish by hand and adjust each movement to that Precision accuracy which really makes a fine watch.*

In America at Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the quaint Guild workshop where the hand-wrought cases are made, the movements inserted and given final adjustments. From here the Gruen Guild products are sold through 1,200 jeweler agencies, the best in each locality.

This Guild Workshop is a real *Service Workshop* where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery to any jeweler in America.

Thus does the Gruen Guild give you finest modern examples of American and Swiss watchmaking skill with complete standardized service behind it.

Remember, however—Not every Swiss watch is a Gruen.

Write for Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates, showing Gruen Watches for men and women, will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

Gruen Verithins	$[illegible] to $150.00
Very Verithins	47.50 to 250.00
Ultrathins	250.00 to 315.00
Dietrich Gruens	200.00 to 825.00

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Iowa and McMillan Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874 Canadian Branch, Toronto, Canada

No. [illegible] Maltese Shape. Alternate case and dial set with AAA diamonds. $[illegible]

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The "Park Square." Plain or decorated. Solid gold, $40 to $100

All prices include the [illegible] war tax

Exact reproduction of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild "Service Workshop" on Time Hill, Cincinnati, where duplicate standardized parts are always on hand

Just as the modiste makes-to-order a gown conforming to measurements of your figure . . . .

. . . so do Wagner Engineers make-to-order a Wagner System conforming to the requirements of your car.

From Exact Engine Measurements the Wagner Starter is Made-to-Order

The Wagner Starter cranks your car quickly and properly because it is made purposely to exert the exact starting impulse needed by your engine.

Because of the multiplicity of engine design and construction, only a starter designed and made-to-order for the individual engine can be expected to render the utmost starting service.

Wagner Engineers take a new engine and definitely determine its starting needs. They learn what is required at high temperature and at low, at every position of the crankshaft, at every situation easy or severe that is encountered in actual road use.

From these conclusive measurements, a Wagner Starter is made-to-order. It is exactly the proper starter for that engine. As a result, it will render a starting service far in advance of what you are in the habit of expecting.

A car equipped with a Wagner System is a better car for you to buy.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

*Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations* *New York, *Chicago, *Philadelphia, *St Louis, *Boston, *Cleveland, *Pittsburgh, *Detroit, Buffalo, *San Francisco, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, *Los Angeles, Washington D C, *Minneapolis, *Kansas City, *Seattle, *Indianapolis, St Paul, *Denver, *Atlanta, Syracuse, Montreal, Toronto. *Sales Agencies* New Orleans, Memphis, Salt Lake City, Dallas.

Wagner Quality

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

THE STARTER THAT IS BUILT TO ORDER

AFTER THEY'VE SEEN PAREE!

By Meade Minnigerode

DECORATION BY W. J. RICHTER

THESE things all happened in Cokeville, the place where Billy Manners got himself engaged to a girl whose name he did not know, while she fed him what she called "goodies" through the crack in the unlatched front door of her house. Cokeville was a little old town with hitching posts and stone blocks along the curb on which the gentry used to step daintily from their carriages before porticoed brownstone houses set back from the street in gardens filled with rhododendron bushes. Many of these streets had sidewalks paved unevenly in brick, and grass grew in the spaces where the bricks had worn away. On the other hand, the roadways were covered with asphalt on which school children rode happily on roller skates.

In the middle of Cokeville there was a Green, with a monument surrounded by cannon balls, and a flagpole, and a little old white church with fantail windows and an ornamental spire; and round this Green there still remained many fine old white two-storied houses, bearing dates which spoke of early Revolutionary days—except where they had torn some of them down to put up the Cokeville Public Library. For Cokeville took itself very seriously, and when beauty interfered with progress Cokeville gave up beauty, to the unending dismay of the historical society. Wherever there was room for them you found elm trees, and the avenues they shaded bore the names of colonial governors.

It was a town that lived very quietly and rather primly in its well-ordered residential district, and moved with somewhat of the decorum of bygone days along its drowsy streets. This is often likely to be the case in a town where everyone knows everyone else, and where the vagaries of the rising generation are subjects for general discussion round every fireside. Even the harmless pastime of roller skating was still very vigorously frowned upon in certain of the more secluded brownstone mansions—and as for Billy Manners, he had been a stranger in town or he would never have permitted himself to make love to Suzan Farragut that way right out on her front porch. It had been too ridiculous—scandalous, really—with him kneeling there before the front door in his dress suit, and all the guests arriving for supper. But then, Suzan Farragut herself had always been a difficult child to manage.

On working days the young men in the brownstone houses went downtown in runabouts, which they parked in neat rows before their office buildings against the time in the not-too-late afternoon when they might be at leisure to spin out to the country club. For there was another side to Cokeville—that part of it which stretched out on the other side of the green, toward the railroad station and beyond, past the coal yards. The streets were smaller here, and there were fewer elm trees and no brownstone houses; this was where Cokeville toiled and acquired prosperity with which to progress further at the expense of the historical society; and the residential streets in this district ran between rows of little frame houses as ancient as their counterparts on the green, but never so recently painted. The children, too, did not roller skate, but played in tattered overalls with empty wooden cases on wheels. They manufactured things in and round Cokeville—paper and shoes, and possibly sealing wax; and it had its center, and a Main Street full of drug stores and haberdasheries and emporiums, and policemen with stop-go signs at the busy corner by the post office, where the street cars started.

Incidentally the name Cokeville had nothing whatever to do with coke the product, but referred to Coke the individual. This name was the subject of bitter polemics between the town council and the historical society, but though the former occasionally succeeded in removing a landmark the latter always managed to preserve the ancient appellation inviolate. The Coke in question was Captain Eliphalet Coke, who in a year far antecedent to the Revolution had acquired the site of the now flourishing little town from the Indians of that region in return for the customary glassware, knives and gunpowder, as set forth in the carefully preserved records.

Once a year they celebrated the establishment of the settlement by hanging flags from every window and going through the traditional ceremony on the Green, in which the selectmen turned over a string of beads, a knife and a barrel said to hold gunpowder—but in happier days popularly supposed to contain nothing more harmful than beer—to the members of the Order of Quinnipiac, dressed up for the occasion to represent the local chieftains of an earlier day. They always looked highly entertaining and supremely sheepish, these postmasters and lawyers and storekeepers, arrayed in their feathers and war paint. There may have been something in the beer theory, because it was noticeable that the selectmen invariably made a bee line for the rooms used by the Order of Quinnipiac up above Benton's bookshop as soon as the ceremony was over. But that was all some time ago, before the Pipers Band began giving recruiting concerts in front of the monument on the Green.

Cokeville went to the wars, as it had some fifty years before, quietly and seriously. It flung out flags from every flagpole, attended rallies on the Green in much the same sedate spirit as its ancestors had gathered on the same spot to try witches, and kissed its boys good-by on century-old thresholds in both sides of the town. Then Cokeville settled down to win the war. It plowed up its lawns and grew vegetables; it bought Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps; it conserved; it preserved; it made surgical dressings; it got up Christmas packages; it generally swamped the postal facilities with the extent of its overseas contributions. Not a home but had its service flag and its loan posters; not a lapel but bore buttons denoting membership in every league, association and welfare organization that a zealous nation in arms could devise. It had its home guard, too, consisting mostly of the Order of Quinnipiac—the younger men were all away—who no longer looked in the least sheepish as they conscientiously patrolled its placid elm-bordered streets or its possibly less placid railroad yards and took the place of its absent militiamen in holiday parades.

It collected tin foil and empty cans and newspapers, and oversubscribed Red Cross drives in a manner which deceived national committees into believing the town was twice its real size. It did all these things and would have done many more very earnestly and unanimously, and saw its name enrolled in the list of state banner towns so often that it ceased to be a distinction and became an obligation.

Also, it put an end for all time to the controversy concerning the changing of the name of Cokeville! And, of course, in all these things the little unpainted frame houses vied with their brownstone fellows across the Green in a patriotic rivalry which even the new city hospital some years before had not brought forth. Brownstone gave more money and put up more Christmas packages, but frame house collected more tin foil and grew more vegetables. And in the matter of blue and gold stars the tragic honors were always very evenly divided, as evidenced by the growing honor rolls on the Green, their common meeting ground.

But finally, one siren-shrieking, bell-ringing day, when all Cokeville went quite openly and willfully mad, the armistice was signed, and they stopped adding names to the honor rolls, while Cokeville sat back in its desk chairs and before its fireplaces and took a deep breath, with a satisfactory consciousness of a war well won. They had a parade that day on the spur of the moment which wound its hilarious way on both sides of the Green, and old Mrs. Jenks, who lived in the big house on the knoll, came to her front gate accompanied by Agamemnon, her cat, and beat lustily on a frying pan with a soup ladle—a most unheard-of proceeding on her part, and one which she would have been the first to condemn in a saner moment!

All that remained now was to get the boys back, so the Order of Quinnipiac could be demobilized and return to their more normal—though perhaps never again quite so attractive—occupations. But this matter of getting the boys back seemed to drag along through many weary weeks and frame house sought out brownstone on the Green in their mutual anxiety, and shook its head dolefully until that day when the great news came. To be sure, not exactly the news they were all waiting for, but, nevertheless, great news for Cokeville. Jim Rogers was on his way home!

It was all over Cokeville in about five and a half minutes by the Town Hall clock, the extra thirty seconds having been consumed in an effort to convey it to old Pa Dickerman, who was stone-deaf. Doc Kendall, over at the office of the Examiner, got it first, but as is often the case with discoveries, no matter what their nature, another reaped the profits and took out the patent, so to speak. In this case it was Micky O'Shane, office boy, printer's devil and hero worshiper, who took the news to his leather-lunged self, and himself to his battered bicycle, and spread the tidings in a whirlwind of slush far and wide over Cokeville. The runner from Marathon, Paul Revere and the Committee on Public Information had, in the language of the so-called vernacular, nothing on Micky O'Shane. That the process required only five and a half minutes is not so much a reflection on the size of Cokeville as a tribute to Micky. He did not convey the news; he—well, he just was the news. You saw him and you knew. So Jim Rogers was coming back!

Now Jim Rogers was nothing less than the pride of Cokeville. General Pershing, Marshal Foch, Admiral Sims and Jim Rogers had won the war—at least that part of it which had taken place overseas—with the accent on

(Continued on Page 45

BREAD

Our Boys Learned to Appreciate Bread

The war proved the value of Bread.

It was plenty of Bread that helped make our boys "the finest soldiers in the world."

For there is no substitute for Bread. Other foods have their place, but Bread is justly named "the staff of life."

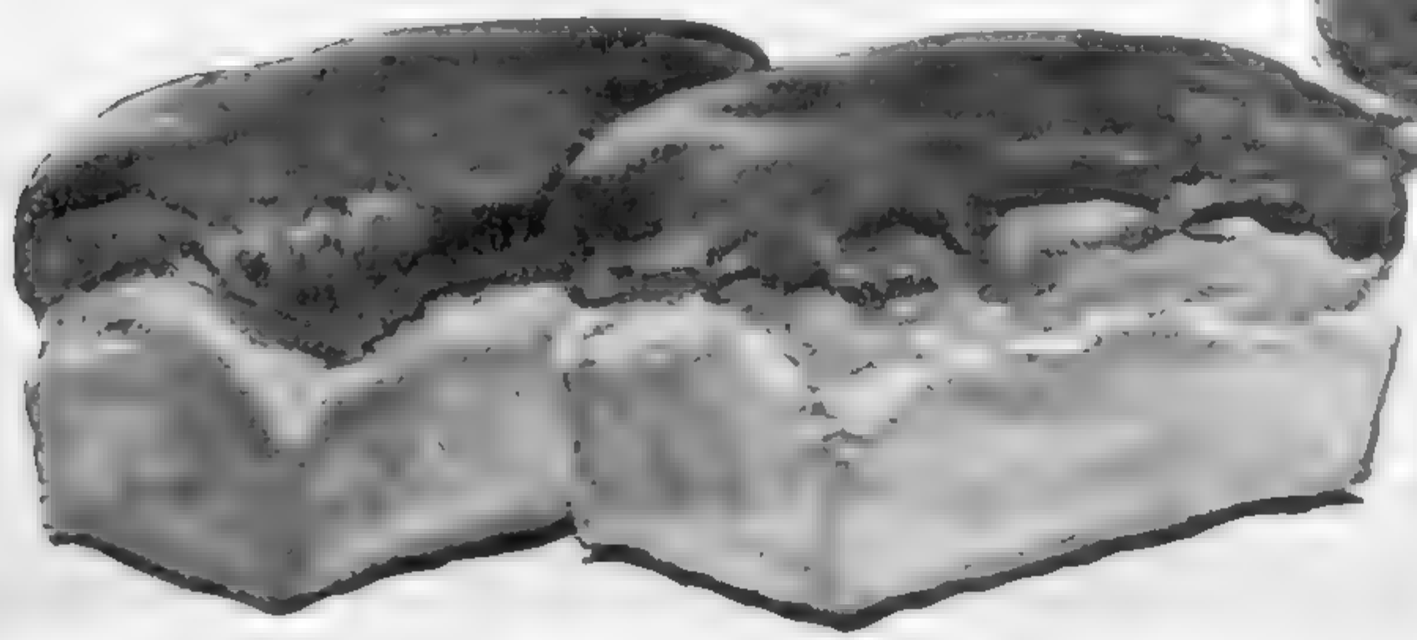
Bread is a real man's food. It builds up brain and brawn. Steadies the nerves. Makes a clear head.

The war is over, but the need for "fit men" in commerce and industry is greater than ever.

Plenty of Bread — at every meal — is what everybody needs.

See that there is plenty of Bread on your table.

"65 Delicious Dishes Made with Bread" is a delightful little book which will help to extend and vary the family menu. You can get one free on request of your baker or grocer, or at the Fleischmann office in your city.



Nearly all bakers use FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST because it makes the best bread

(Continued from Page 43)

Jim Rogers, the only son of little old Widow Rogers over on Mill Street. Hadn't he been the first to enlist from Cokeville? And Cokevillians had not waited for the draft to prove their martial spirit, either. And hadn't he gone to France with a machine-gun outfit and given merry tomtits to the enemy to show them what one American from Cokeville could do? And hadn't he been given the D. S. C.? It was only politics that prevented his getting the Congressional Medal; everyone in Cokeville knew that. And wasn't he just the humdingingest thing that ever walked the earth? Well, Cokeville guessed yes, and come to think of it General Pershing and Marshal Foch and Admiral Sims hadn't had such a hell of a lot to do with it at that! If you really wanted to know who had put the pep in pepper it was Jim Rogers. Thus Cokeville, man, woman and child, any day in the week at any hour of the day—but more particularly three of them.

Jim's mother, of course.

Then, Micky O'Shane, who not only bestowed on Jim Rogers all the outpourings of his hero-worshiping young soul but appropriated him as his very own, and did so with a certain degree of assurance which even the boundless envy of his contemporaries, expressed in black eyes and bloody noses freely given and taken, could do nothing to shake.

For the third of them was Mary O'Shane, Mary of the black eyes and the tilted nose, who served behind the counter in the buffet at the depot. And Mary O'Shane was Micky O'Shane's sister—though there were occasions when she had cause to rue the fact—and Jim Rogers was Mary's beau. There was no question about it at all. Mary's emphatic denials would have been proof enough.

And now Jim Rogers was on his way home—the first of what Cokeville called its soldier sons to return in triumph to his native town. Cokeville grinned from ear to ear, suspended business for the day, and called in a body on Mrs. Rogers. She, good soul, smiled through her first tremulous tears of happiness and hoped they would not trample her flower bed all to pieces. She also found time to wish that Micky would give over trying to stand on his head on the handlebars of his wheel. For her part, if you had asked her, she would have preferred to be alone with her news—or just Mary perhaps to talk it over with. But of course it was friendly of the neighbors to come; and then, they were doing honor to Jim—her Jim.

It was not long before they began to talk about plans for a big public and official reception—with a brass band at the station, and bokays, and speeches of welcome at the Town Hall, and a parade—and probably a banquet. If Cokeville had been a walled city of ancient times they would undoubtedly have made a breach in the outer defenses and brought Jim Rogers in that way. As it was, the more enterprising spirits advocated a triumphal arch on Main Street and possibly some sort of an electrical display—a Crystal White Way they called it.

The brownstone houses were not behind in signifying their eagerness to do honor to the returning hero, and automobiles for the parade and funds for the banquet were already accumulating in gratifying proportions. Besides the speeches it was decided to present an illuminated address to Jim Rogers, and a gold watch and chain—both of which would be provided largely by the brownstone portion of the population; and the mayor announced the city's intention to see to the decorative features of the celebration. The frame houses for their part would furnish the band and the bokays, and all the excitement and the cheering crowds—in short, the noisy, whole-hearted greeting which is worth all the banquets and illuminated watches—I mean addresses—in the world. Cokeville obviously meant to leave no stone unturned in the effort to make the return of Jim Rogers a tremendous public function, and a large committee of influential citizens was already hard at work perfecting the arrangements—and trying to discover what a Crystal White Way might be.

And meanwhile down in the old house on Mill Street a committee of one—considerably assisted, it must be confessed, by Mary O'Shane—was making ready for the private reception which would be waiting for Jim Rogers after he got through being made much of by his admiring fellow citizens. Old Mrs. Rogers wished that he might have been allowed just to come right home without all this fuss and uproar, and the constant chatter all round her about white ways and illuminated addresses, whatever they might be—she supposed they did it with phosphorus or that stuff they put on clock dials to make them shine at night—sort of made her head swim; but she resigned herself to the knowledge that heroes are no longer individuals, they are civic property with obligations toward the community which must take precedence over mere domestic affairs.

But after it was all over and Cokeville had monopolized him to its heart's content—then he would be coming home to her, and that was where his real home-coming would begin. They might shower him with banquets and bokays and gold watches, but she knew her Jim. Her welcoming arms at the threshold of his home would mean more to him than all the noisy streets could give him—and, of course, there would be Mary O'Shane too—and his first simple home-cooked meal would taste far better to him than all the swell dishes at the Town Hall. Of course in the matter of decorations she could not hope to compete with the triumphal arch and that electrical display they were talking about, but there would be flowers on the dining-room table in the blue jar, and by his bedside, where the soft new sheets were gleaming and all his things laid out just as he liked to have them before he went away; and with a bright fire in the grate the parlor could be made to look right smart and cheerful after supper. Or so Mrs. Rogers allowed—and she knew her Jim!

And then one morning little old Miss McCabe injected herself into these proceedings and brought misgivings and heartburnings into the quiet Mill Street home. She would not have enjoyed being called "little old Miss McCabe" either, for she still strove womanfully after a semblance of youth, and styled herself petite. She was very literary indeed, was Miss McCabe, and very much *au fait* in worldly matters, and though her reduced circumstances did not permit her to inhabit one of the brownstone houses, still she would have you understand on all occasions that "the McCabes had been numbered among the earliest settlers of Cokeville, you know; quite influential people in their day."

During the last years she had plunged zealously into every known form of war activity and had become frametown's best-known representative on all the welfare committees. It was Miss McCabe who had startled the city authorities by proposing that the women replace the men on the street cars, to the great dismay of the elderly citizens who had been performing those duties for months.

"Understand me rightly," she had told the mayor; "I do not speak from the standpoint of feminism—the McCabes belong to the old school, I am proud to say—but in times of national stress the women may claim the privilege of doing their share of the world's work, surely."

The mayor had some difficulty explaining to her that the world's work as represented by the Cokeville street-car system could get along nicely with its present staff, particularly since they were all of an age when there was no other pressing call for their activities. The staff were of an age, I mean; not the street cars. Well, the street cars, too, for that matter.

Miss McCabe sought an outlet for her energies in a detailed study of the Western Front, which she expounded untiringly to all who cared to listen and to a great many who did not in the least care to listen; and became fluently versed in such war phrases as "over the top," "strategic retreats" and "low visibility." She talked quite glibly of R.T.O.'s, G.H.Q's., and A.P.M.'s; called General Pershing the "C. in C.," sailors "gobs" and French soldiers "poyloos"; and knew all about Waacs and Aussies. She was a little walking handbook on the war, was Miss McCabe, and Mill Street and vicinity, though it dreaded her fluency on the subject, was impressed by the breadth of her knowledge and accepted her leadership in things military with a degree of deference most gratifying to Miss McCabe.

"We owe it to our boys over there, you know," she would say, "to study the problems they are facing and learn to talk intelligently about the things for which they are sacrificing their lives. To this extent at least we can share their labors!" Yes, indeed.

And now, moreover, it seemed that Miss McCabe understood all about the inner mental processes of the soldier, as well as his problems and labors.

"My dear Mrs. Rogers," she began, looking critically round the room, "I do hope you won't think I'm prying, but I felt I must come and ask you what preparations you were making for Jim's return. I consider it of the utmost importance."

There were so many things that Miss McCabe seemed to consider of the utmost importance! Mrs. Rogers was not at all sure what Miss McCabe might be driving at, but then again there was nothing unusual about that. It was probably just a friendly inquiry.

"Why, I'm kind of dusting up," she laughed, "and mending, and so on. I'm planning to give everything a good scrubbing and shine it all up. He was always a great one for having things clean round him."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Miss McCabe. "I didn't mean that exactly, Mrs. Rogers. I meant—have you given any thought to the nature of his welcome?"

"My laws!" exclaimed Mrs. Rogers. "Guess the town is going to do the welcoming. Brass bands and speechifying and all such. They do say they're giving him a gold watch and all."

"Oh, I know, I know," Miss McCabe interrupted her. "The formal reception by his townspeople will leave nothing to be desired. Cokeville knows how to look after its soldier sons. But I mean you yourself, Mrs. Rogers, here in his home."

"Oh, me?" said Mrs. Rogers. "Well, there ain't so very much I can do. Just cook him a good dinner, I guess, and have it all nice and cheerful like, some flowers mebbe, and —— Oh, I don't know, Miss McCabe, I—I guess he'll be glad to be home again, and—and seeing me and all. Anyways it's the best I can do. But he won't be expecting anything else, my Jim won't!"

"Well, now, Mrs. Rogers, that's just it," said Miss McCabe, seating herself controversially on the edge of a rocker. "That's just it, and I consider it of the utmost importance. They do expect something different now."

"They do!" exclaimed Mrs. Rogers. "Land sakes, Miss McCabe, ain't their homes good enough for them?"

"Well, it isn't that," Miss McCabe explained. "It's not that their homes aren't good enough for them, no; but—well, it's difficult to explain, Mrs. Rogers—but try and put yourself in their place. They've been far afield since they left us; they've seen some of the great European capitals, and the life of foreign countries; all the glitter and dazzle of the larger metropolises."

"My lands!" ejaculated Mrs. Rogers. Vaguely she supposed that must be some sort of hotel or restaurant.

"It's all bound to have an effect on them," Miss McCabe went on. "A broadening effect—I think I may say a cultural effect. After being received with open arms everywhere, and getting used to foreign customs and all, it would be impossible for them not to notice a difference over here. Surely, surely you can see it for yourself, Mrs. Rogers. Your Jim, for instance, after two years in *la belle France*, living in such artistic surroundings—how drab this will all seem to him. How depressing!"

"He ain't never said nothing about it in his letters!" Mrs. Rogers countered sharply. "About artistic surroundings and all, nor them metropolises neither—he never said anything but just: 'This is an awful muddy hole and it rains all day!' I can show you."

"Oh, he'd say that, of course," Miss McCabe assented. "Men are always ashamed of their finer feelings, but just the same it's true. Deep down in his heart there has come to him a revelation of beautiful things, a greater refinement of life." Miss McCabe could bubble like a bucket of soapsuds on occasion.

"Sakes alive, how do you know?" queried Mrs. Rogers. "You ain't never been there! I guess there ain't so much difference between Cokeville, U. S. A., and—and Cokeville, France! And besides, there ain't none of them come back yet! How do you know what they think?"

"No, my dear, of course I've never been there," Miss McCabe admitted; "but, of course, I've read a great deal about it during the war. I felt one should, don't you know? All about that Louis Seez, and the goings on at Versails, where they're going to sign the peace, and all. You ought to read up on it, Mrs. Rogers. Really you ought!"

"I did read a piece about it in the Examiner some time back," Mrs. Rogers retorted. "Seemed to be mostly mirrors, as I remember."

"Oh, but there's a great deal more to it than that!" Miss McCabe explained. "There's a great deal been written on France, even long before the war—meemoirs and all—that tell you all about it, and their strange ways. And, of course, though none of our Cokeville boys have returned yet, they have in other places, and all I hear only proves my statements."

Mrs. Rogers sat down rather limply all of a heap on the sofa and removed her spectacles.

"You mean my Jim's—changed?" she faltered incredulously. "That he'll be expecting things he ain't never had before—things he's learned to want over there in France—foreign things—and ways and all? My Jim? You fair take my breath away, Miss McCabe. You do, indeed!"

She was still sitting there, staring dumbly at Miss McCabe, absently plaiting her apron, when Mary O'Shane came in.

"'Morning, Mother Rogers!" she exclaimed cheerfully. "Oh, good morning, Miss McCabe! Gracious, it's not bad news you've been hearing—you look all queer like!"

"No, dear; not bad news," said Mrs. Rogers, glad of Mary's presence in the face of this dark prophet on the edge of the rocker. "Miss McCabe's just been telling me about—about Jim's coming home and all."

"And what about it?" sniffed Mary O'Shane. She did not like Miss McCabe.

"Why, my dear, I hardly know," Mrs. Rogers went on. "How he'd be changed, and expecting different things." And she tried to recapitulate Miss McCabe's utterances.

"Oh, is that so?" said Mary O'Shane, looking at Miss McCabe with frank, round-eyed hostility.

"Yes, it is so!" snapped Miss McCabe. It may be said she did not like Mary O'Shane either. "And there's more to it than that—and it concerns you pretty closely, miss, if all I hear is true."

"You don't have to hear more than you care to listen to," parried Mary O'Shane; "but go on. What will it be that concerns me so?"

"Just this," said Miss McCabe. "What I've been telling Mrs. Rogers is true—but that's not all. When he comes back he'll be wanting different things; but he'll be wanting different people too."

"And what do you mean by that?" bristled Mary O'Shane. Mrs. Rogers for her part sat silent, only too relieved at having the cudgels taken up by these younger and more efficient hands.

"I mean that he will have come to know other sorts of people over there," said Miss McCabe; "that's what I mean. People with more style, and Continental ways of doing things, more chick people; and the girl that wants to keep Jim Rogers will have to be a different kind of girl from any he's known in Cokeville."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mary O'Shane in tones of sublimest scorn—with just possibly a shade of misgiving in them. "Well, no; perhaps not. I suppose you mean he's been gallivanting round with some of those French mademoiselles, and Cokeville girls ain't good enough for him any more, is that it?"

"No, that isn't it at all," answered Miss McCabe, "and you ought to know better than to say so, Miss O'Shane. Jim's not that kind of a boy. But he has seen other types of womanhood, with more graceful ways, and more up-to-date, and better dressed and all—you know as well as I do how much attention they pay to such things in France. And he can't help but compare things when he gets back."

"And will that be all?" asked Mary O'Shane, her eyes narrowing down to steely slits.

"Well, no, it isn't," Miss McCabe continued. Oh, she obviously knew all there was to be known on the subject! "Things are gayer over there than they are in Cokeville—and I'm not talking about any mischief making either—and the monotony of Cokeville is going to get on his nerves unless something is done about it."

"Say, where do you get all that stuff?" Mary O'Shane flared up. And very pretty she was, too, when she flared up that way; only those who knew her best knew that she seldom flared up unless she was worried about something. After all, Mary O'Shane was just a simple product of Cokeville, for all her modernity, and secretly she did not fail in the general deference to Miss McCabe's pronunciamentos, for all that she disliked her. "What do you know about it?"

"Oh, I know," replied Miss McCabe quietly. "I've studied the matter very carefully. I think it's of the utmost importance if we're to keep our young men happy and contented after they return to their humdrum homes and ways of life."

You may have noticed that the spinsterly Miss McCabe was very prone to talk about "our" boys and "our" young men.

"Why," she added, "you have the proof of it from the men themselves! Surely you've heard the song they sing about How're you going to keep them down on the farm, after they've seen Paree? Well, it's no idle joke, I assure you—it's a national problem. How are you? Men like Jim Rogers have seen Paree and all it means—and Cokeville can never be anything to them but the farm from now on. And it's our solemn duty so to manage things after they return that they will want to stay on the farm as the song says, and not hanker after Paree!"

And Miss McCabe, it must be said in justice to her, believed every word that she uttered. That was the song the returning men were singing, and Miss McCabe never doubted for a second that they meant every last word of it. On the strength of that conviction she had determined to jump into the breach at the first opportunity and do what she could to rouse the responsibilities of Cokeville to the coming problem. Miss McCabe was meddlesome but not mischievous! She was too utterly devoid of any sense of humor to be mischievous!

She sat back in her chair after making these disturbing observations and fanned herself vigorously. Miss McCabe always perspired when she argued. Mrs. Rogers was too completely taken aback by all that she had been hearing, and only dimly comprehending, to say anything at all; and even Mary O'Shane sat silently, her eyes downcast. She resented all this loose talk about Jim Rogers on the part of Miss McCabe; but on the other hand she seemed so convinced of what she was saying, she had evidently gone very deeply into the matter—there must be something in it. Mary O'Shane was troubled.

"My laws!" sighed Mrs. Rogers finally, seeing that Mary remained silent. "If what you say is true—and I dare say you're right—Miss McCabe, it seems as though we had ought to do something about it, as you say. But what can we do? I'm no hand at them foreign ways, Miss McCabe. I'm just plain Cokeville, I am, and I never thought to see the day when it wouldn't suit my Jim, indeed I didn't!"

"Yes, what could we do?" broke in Mary O'Shane, and in the presence of her surrender Mrs. Rogers gave up all hope. It must be so then, all that Miss McCabe had been saying. "We're just plain folks here in Cokeville. It ain't as though we were early settlers even," she added rather viciously. "What do you advise we should do, Miss McCabe? Don't see how we can do more then just spruce up sort of, and not be bothering him with questions. We ain't no gilded palace here in Cokeville, if that's what he'll be wanting. And as for girls, there's plenty he can pick from for all of me!" she concluded somewhat defiantly. After all she had never accepted Jim Rogers, though the McCabe seemed to take it for granted, along with the rest of Cokeville.

Well, it appeared that Miss McCabe, thus appealed to, was as full of ideas as she had been of forebodings. No doing things by halves for Miss McCabe. She pointed out problems, but she was also ready with suggestions to solve them. She went at it now with a will which was truly impressive. First of all there were books and things which Mrs. Rogers ought to read so as to get an idea of foreign customs and all, and learn how really chick people conducted themselves. Miss McCabe herself would be only too willing to guide her through these social mazes, and could lend her most of the books in question. One regrets never having had an opportunity to inspect Miss McCabe's library!

Then it seemed that a few ameliorations in the aspect of the house itself would be advisable. Some artistic pictures, more light and sparkle to it, and furniture more in the period. She did not stop to explain what period it was that she had in mind, but again she graciously came forward to offer any help that she could from her own modest home. And again one regrets never having had the opportunity to visit Miss McCabe's home to ascertain the period, and how she achieved the light and sparkle which seemed to be so important an adjunct. One rather suspects Miss McCabe of indulging in the Rutherford B. Hayes period from her casual remark that they had a really very good display of stylish furnishings down at Bundell's store, where Mrs. Rogers would be able to secure valuable hints as to the decorating of a really chick home.

Of course Miss McCabe did not expect Mrs. Rogers to spend very much money on all this—they none of them could afford to do that—but with a little study and ingenuity they could manage to strike the tone of it. That was the important thing—the tone. This was true also of one's personal appearance. Mrs. Rogers, and Miss O'Shane too—"though I'm sure you always look very sweet, my dear!"—they must study this matter of tone and strive to reproduce it in their clothes. A little more attention paid to up-to-date fashions would do wonders, especially overseas fashions—and there was no great expense involved. The thing to do was to get the tone, and then the simplest materials could be made to serve.

It seemed that Miss McCabe was prepared to assist in this matter too. So much for purely material things—it was all quite simple really if you studied it carefully and kept in touch. Mrs. Rogers sat, thoroughly bewildered, and looked tearfully round her cozy little parlor. It was a bit bare, perhaps - just a few simple homely things - but it had always seemed pleasant to her, and she had believed Jim enjoyed it. And her clothes and all, nothing very grand to be sure, but she had always made a point of being neat and fresh. My, my, this terrible war and all its changes!

And now for the social side of things Miss McCabe hardly took a breath before plunging into this portion of her lecture. It appeared she advocated what she called a round of gayety. They must give parties for Jim—oh, simple parties within their means, just a few neighbors and some simple refreshments, but with a touch of distinction to them. That was the secret. The easy porch functions of other days were out of the question now. Jim would expect more intellectual gatherings, more "badinage, if you know what I mean," and more attention paid to externals of speech and service.

Incidentally Miss O'Shane ought to try doing her hair differently, and endeavor to cultivate more tony airs and graces. Simplicity should be a virtue, not a habit. Surely Miss McCabe must have read that somewhere in that library of hers!

And then, of course, Jim would want to dance; the whole A. E. F. danced now—and not just the old-fashioned Cokeville dances, but more up-to-date steps. To be sure, Miss McCabe was not in favor of all these modern dances, and the way young people carried on nowadays -but you know, you have to fight fire with fire, and rather than have Jim seek his pleasures elsewhere they must make some sacrifices to the cause and strive to provide adequate amusement in his own home. Miss McCabe—what could they have done without her?—had a phonograph which she would be only too pleased to lend, and they could get some of the neighbors to practice up; there were books that told you all about it.

Well, well, well! It seemed extraordinarily complicated and unreasonable to Mrs. Rogers, but if it had to be done for the sake of her Jim's welfare she supposed she would have to make the best of it. At her age too! Nor did Mary O'Shane appear to have anything to say against all this. Miss McCabe was so completely in earnest and convincing about it, and it was downright friendly of her to offer to help in this way. She and Mrs. Rogers were still hard at it when the time came for Mary to go to the depot.

For days afterward Mrs. Rogers could be seen haunting the window displays in furniture stores and the like, and Mary O'Shane had once been caught gazing earnestly at the models in the beauty parlor. Sundry mysterious transfers of bulky articles took place from Miss McCabe's house to the house in Mill Street, and the lights burned behind drawn blinds far into the night in Mrs. Rogers' parlor. Very little of the purport of all this leaked out round Cokeville, though Miss McCabe seemed unusually busy in the Mill Street vicinity, trotting in and out with books under her arm and an eager, prophetic look in her eyes. Very little, unless the following may have something to do with it.

"What's going on in Cokeville these days, Sarah?" asked Mr. Jenks one evening. Mr. Jenks was the husband of old Mrs. Jenks, who lived in the big brownstone house on the knoll, and his dealings in city real estate occasionally took him into the Mill Street district. "I was passing by old Mrs. Rogers' house the other day, and bless me if they didn't have a phonograph in there and people going 'one-two, one-two, one-two-three' to beat the band. I saw that ridiculous little Miss McCabe going in and I passed Mary O'Shane a little farther down the street headed in the same direction. By the way, have you noticed the way she does her hair these days? Do you suppose Cokeville is learning to shimmy or something?"

But Mrs. Jenks merely snorted her contempt of hair dressings and shimmying and all such contrivances, and the conversation dropped.

Well, the great day finally came and all Cokeville turned out to greet Jim Rogers. It was really a tremendous affair and the unsuspecting victim of all these preparations blushed very orthodoxly as he stepped off the train, and only just managed to stammer a few vague words of thanks to the little girl who presented the bokay. He looked more cheerful when he spied Micky O'Shane vociferating in the crowd, and his eyes turned repeatedly in that direction as though he were looking for someone; but Mary O'Shane was nowhere to be seen.

As a matter of fact he hardly had time to kiss his mother before they were bundling him off to the waiting automobile. And then, what with parades, banquets, speeches and presentations—each one of which embarrassed the hero more and more, to the great delight of the spectators, which seems to be the ultimate object of such functions—it was not until late in the afternoon that Jim Rogers was free to turn his footsteps toward Mill Street.

"Whew!" he sighed as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Me for home and mother and a nice quiet evening." And he grinned in anticipation.

When he reached the gate it struck him that there was a great deal of noise coming from the house, and a closer view of the front windows confirmed the fact that the parlor was full of people.

"Gosh sakes," he was saying to himself, "ain't they never going to leave me alone!" when the front door opened, and there stood his mother on the threshold. At the same time a loud burst of laughter and chatter, mostly feminine, assailed his ears.

"Welcome home, my dear boy," said Mrs. Rogers, as though she were reciting a piece—which, in fact, she was. "The—the entire community is proud of you, and——"

"Gosh sakes, ma!" he exclaimed. "Cut it out, can't you! I've been hearing that all day." And he stooped to hug her to him.

"Yes, yes, of course," she said. "You'll want a change. Come in!"

"Sure!" he began; and then he stopped to look at her again.

There was something queer about her, something unfamiliar, something he could not quite put his finger on. It must have been that bright purple gown she was wearing, which hung in such a funny way. He never remembered seeing her in anything but black before. And good heavens, his mother was wearing earrings.

"Gee, ma, you're all dolled up!" he began again, but a general movement of people toward them separated them. In the van, her arms incased in long black gloves, her feet exalted on the totteriest of high-heeled slippers, came Miss McCabe, rather giving the appearance of walking on stilts.

"My dear Mr. Rogers—I mean Corporal Rogers," she cooed in a voice which Jim certainly never remembered hearing before; but then she had always been a queer old dame, he thought. "How too perfectly wonderful to have you back again in our midst! And you have brought your shield with you, like the Spartans, haven't you?" Oh, yes, of course—badinage!

"How do, Miss McCabe," he laughed. "Gosh, no, I didn't bring no shield. Only just a helmet for Micky!" He didn't know about the Spartans, but he supposed she meant part of his machine gun or something—as a souvenir probably.

"Oh, your modesty is only a becoming cloak for your courage," she observed. "Camoo-flayge!"

And she tapped him archly on the shoulder. Jim looked at her in some alarm. Had Miss McCabe gone nutty while he was away? His mother hadn't said anything about it in her letters. He grinned and shuffled his feet restlessly, his eyes roving round the room. Miss McCabe was quick to catch his movement.

"You'll want to mix in with the guests, won't you?" she said. "You know everyone, I think."

"Guests," he repeated. "Sure I guess I know 'em all—but what goes on? Say, ma!" he called to her. "What yer doing, having a party?"

"We're just having a soy——" she faltered, and Miss McCabe came promptly to the rescue.

"Just a little soyree," she explained, "in honor of the returning hero! We knew you'd enjoy a crowd and a little gayety."

"Oh, sure; that's fine, yes," said Jim, beginning to perspire again.

Gosh sakes, where did they get that stuff! Couldn't they leave him alone his first evening home? It was not like ma to do a thing like that; and then suddenly a far-away look came into his eyes. He had noticed the room itself for the first time. Great guns, what had they done to it! What the deuce was that picture called The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter doing there? And that other one, of a flock of angels with wings growing out of their necks? And that extraordinary glass contraption hanging from the ceiling; that painted screen over by the door; and those china bowls and things on the mantelpiece; and all these phony chairs with twisted legs and a general don't-you-dare-sit-on-me look about them?

The place was all changed round; it reminded him vaguely of a parlor he had once seen in a billet in France, and he shivered.

And where was Mary O'Shane? That bothered him more than anything else; that, and the sort of stand-offish manner his mother seemed to have acquired. He couldn't make it out at all; and meantime Miss McCabe was talking nineteen to the dozen about metropolises whatever they might be—accompanied by an endless chorus of Ohs and Ahs from the rest of the crowd.

Of course Jim Rogers could not have guessed that the last thing Miss McCabe had impressed on them was the fact that if they could not talk tony they had better keep still, and when it came to a pinch the neighbors had discovered that they could not talk tony at all. It had seemed fairly simple with the books and all—Suitable Phrases for All Occasions—and with Miss McCabe coaching them; but here in the

(Concluded on Page 58)

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The same stock chassis was driven by one man 1819 miles in 24 hours.

The Super-Six has contested on the speedway and in the most famous road races with specially built racing cars. Changes were made to fit it for racing, but the principle by which vibration is minimized in every Hudson accounts for its winning in more championship events than any car raced at the time.

Because of its endurance, Hudsons are entered and make notable showings in every important automobile race. They belong to race drivers whose only interest is in a car that will win prizes. We have nothing to do with their entries. They, for the most part, buy standard Hudson Super-Six cars and make such changes in them as they believe will best fit them for racing.

You, Too, Want That Endurance

Our purpose for trying the Super-Six in the tests which made it famous, was not so much to win records as to establish the limits of its endurance.

Each harder test was a step up in the trials, thinking it would show just how far the Super-Six could be pushed before tearing itself to pieces. But no test has yet proved that. Not even did the trans-continental run from San Francisco to New York develop its endurance limits. In fact, the seven passenger touring car, although having made the run in 14 hours less time than any car before or since has made it, was turned back and completed the round trip in 10 days and 21 hours.

But a thing those tests did help in doing was to bring the Hudson up to the standard of the Super-Six motor.

Such a motor required better car design, better axles, better qualities and higher standards than were needed with the usual type. It resulted, finally, in the present Hudson Super-Six.

60,000 Owners Also Helped

Present models also show how owners of 60,000 earlier models have helped develop the Hudson.

There are close to 10,000 of the present type now in service. Note how, though not materially different, they reflect the fineness and smoothness that is possible through such experience.

It explains why Hudsons have been for four years the largest selling fine car.

It shows why it is important to reserve your Hudson in advance of your actual need for it. Thousands of buyers have waited months to get the Hudson of their choice.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

(1095)

Value First in Clothes

for men and young men

Value—woven into the cloth

Value—tailored into the garment

Value—expressed by smarter style

Value-First—last and all the time.

Send for interesting booklet
"How Clothes Help Win Success"

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

STOP at the Sign of the VALUE-FIRST BOY;
He's the sign of a VALUE-FIRST STORE

Traffic Floors for Our Cities

By ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF

There are 190 Miles of Asphalt "Floors" Like This in Milwaukee

OUR cities used to have streets. In the better residential sections they were usually tree-shaded, more or less muddy in wet weather and rather more than less dusty in the summer, requiring daily sprinkling. In the poorer sections they were generally pretty bad—mud, ruts, holes, sunken gutters and leaning curbstones. Downtown they were usually rather substantially paved, though inclined to be rather uncomfortably rough and bumpy. But such as they were, they seemed fairly well suited to our cities' needs a few years ago.

That, however, was before you and I and Neighbor Brown acquired automobiles. Plain ordinary streets were adequate in those days, for horse-drawn wagons and carriages and even trucks didn't go very fast and weren't particularly hard on the street surfaces, except in the heart of the city and down round the wholesale section and the railroad.

But when you and I and Neighbor Brown began to whiz round town in our automobiles, sluing round corners, jamming on brakes in traffic, and letting her out on the open stretches plain streets began to prove inadequate. The heavy rubber-tired driving wheels of our cars began to pull at the street surfaces, particularly in our residential sections, where they were not substantially paved, and the shearing slue as we whizzed round the corners began to rub and ravel and otherwise muss up the streets in a way that caused the officials in the Department of Public Works down at City Hall to knit their brows and begin to study on paving.

And when The Big Store surprised the town with its fleet of auto delivery vehicles, and the two big solid-tired auto trucks of the wholesale grocery house down by the railroad began to lumber round town with their heavy loads of barrels of sugar and flour and cases of canned goods, and the local moving and trucking company acquired its five-ton trucks, even you and I and Neighbor Brown began to notice that something was happening to the streets.

And something has been happening ever since.

Improvements via the Bump of Foresight

YOU and I and Neighbor Brown and The Big Store and the wholesale grocery and the local moving and trucking company, together with the through traffic that every city catches now, have rendered obsolete many of the street making and maintenance methods of ten or fifteen years ago. To-day a city needs more than a well-paved business section; it needs a substantial traffic floor, starting at the center and spreading to the city limits in every direction.

Our city officials are beginning to realize this, and most of them are doing their best with the money we let them have. But isn't it about time that we, as we ride round in our cars cussing the city when we strike some bad stretch of pavement or some unimproved street, began to appreciate that we are the city and that we must begin to take a more intelligent interest in this problem of developing a real traffic floor for our city, even if it costs us money?

I don't mean by that that we should have granite-block pavements, at four dollars or more a square yard, all over the city, extending even out through the bedroom sections. Obviously that isn't necessary. But I do mean that we ought to stop right now and look fifteen or twenty years ahead and realize what the tremendous increase in automobile traffic is going to do to our streets when every second or third family in every block will have a car of some sort and when every corner grocery and drug store and tailor shop will have a jitney.

Some cities are already tackling the problem intelligently, and more will when you and I and Neighbor Brown take a little more interest and let our city officials know that we appreciate what they are up against and that we want to look ahead with them and help work out a real traffic floor for our city that shall at least keep well up with the forces of general disintegration, even if we can't get very much ahead. Otherwise we have some awful bumps coming to us when we go motoring about town a few short years hence, and likewise bumps to our pocketbooks.

Perhaps the most practical way I can illustrate how a city may tackle this traffic-floor problem is to tell how some one city is working it out. There are probably other cities solving the problem just as effectively, but because I happen to know most about the streets of Milwaukee I am going to confine myself to telling you about that city's plans

In Milwaukee the Bedroom Streets, as Well as the Boulevards, are Uniformly Well "Floored"

and methods of developing a traffic floor. Milwaukee's forethought and many of her methods can be applied to smaller towns and cities.

In the first place, if one strip of a traffic floor begins to show wear from too heavy traffic—and incidentally becomes very congested—it would seem the part of simple sense to divert part of the traffic to other strips. Like nearly every other city Milwaukee found that its trolley-line streets were becoming very heavily congested with automobile and motor-truck traffic, resulting not only in crowding but in heavy wear on the street surface. Milwaukee is solving this traffic problem by the simple and perfectly obvious device of paving the streets paralleling the trolley-line streets so well that they attract motorists to themselves and away from the trolley tracks. This is not just a happenstance, but a deliberately thought-out plan to spread the traffic and the wear over a larger floor area. There will always be heavy traffic on the trolley-line streets, but as the city develops, two or even three parallel streets will carry the traffic that otherwise might try to crowd onto one.

But Milwaukee's city officials know that, looking a few years ahead, nearly all the city's more important streets are going to be pretty heavily traveled, because Milwaukee is compact. The latest estimate—1918—gives the city a population of 445,000, all crowded into a city 25.7 square miles in area. That means approximately 17,320 people to the square mile.

People mean autos, and autos mean traffic, and traffic means taxes and paving assessments, and Milwaukee's officials know that unless they can keep ahead of traffic the taxes and paving assessments are going to be terrifically heavy. That is why they have given up the old idea, so common almost everywhere only a short time ago, that if certain streets are well paved it doesn't matter much about the rest. They have come to appreciate that with a garage going up in every fourth or fifth back yard, and motor-truck delivery reaching everywhere, even to the back streets and alleys where there was practically no traffic five or six years ago, the only safe and sensible way to regard street paving is as a matter of laying and maintaining a traffic floor.

Well-Paved Streets Easily Cleaned

I AM not saying that there is anything so wonderful about Milwaukee's pavements. I know that down in the business section of the city the streets in some instances may not match up to those in many other cities. This is, however, partly because the department of public works and the local traction company cannot seem to synchronize in their paving operations.

But when it comes to the outlying streets, in the bedroom sections of the city, and even in the industrial sections, I believe there are few cities of the size in the country that can show as many miles of well-paved streets as Milwaukee. Recently I spent the better part of two days driving round Milwaukee in an automobile, riding hour after hour over streets that astonished me by their uniform excellence. It was to be expected that the north and east sides of the city—the show sections—would be well floored, but the surprising part was to find the south side, where are located many of the city's industries and the humbler residential streets, almost as well paved. Streets that in many cities would be carelessly maintained stretches of rocky old cobblestones, worn-out brick or even out-and-out mudholes with dilapidated curbings, were noticeable by their absence in Milwaukee. There seemed to be no streets of this nature even in what are sometimes ungraciously referred to as the slum sections.

And here let me pause to say that I believe that run-down streets do much to start a slum section, for with dirty, muddy, ill-kept streets to live on and play on, what is there for these less fortunate folks to live up to? The space in front of their doors represents to them the city and is in a sense their civic standard.

Even in these less-favored sections of Milwaukee the streets are clean and well paved; in fact all Milwaukee's outdoor floors are kept very clean. In Milwaukee's case it is not so much that extra effort is exerted, though the streets are certainly cleaned very carefully, as that the floors are good. It is the difference between the work of keeping a splintery softwood floor in your home clean by constant scrubbing and the ease of running a dry mop over a waxed hardwood floor.

What are these Milwaukee floors made of, you ask? And how does the city happen to find itself so well paved? Well, as for the paving materials, they are much the same as those found in other cities. There are 129 miles of asphalt streets, 23 miles of brick, 11 miles of creosoted wood block, one mile of cement, 11 miles of granite block, 10 miles of hard sandstone block that is used on grades, and 230 miles of macadam pavements of the type that was used so extensively for state roads a few years ago, and which is still used in a reënforced form.

And as for how Milwaukee got such a good start, it is not so much a matter of having a good start as of wisely taking care of existing floors. In fact in the case of the 230 miles of macadam pavements they were mostly constructed before the automobile had come to be a heavy factor in city traffic. When they began to ravel, as road engineers express it, under motor traffic they threatened to become a 230-mile handicap, just as they threaten in many other cities and towns.

Even the Back Alleys are Being Substantially "Floored." The Two Pictures Above Show One of These Alleys "Before" and "After"

Salvaging Macadam

WHEN you consider that these 230 miles of macadam pavement—and, by the way, it may interest you, as it did me, to learn that this form of pavement derives its name from the originator of this system of road construction, a man by the name of John Loudon Macadam, a Scotchman who died in 1836—represent nearly 54 per cent of the city's improved streets you can begin to appreciate that the officials in Milwaukee's Department of Public Works began to grow worried when they saw what the automobile was doing to their streets. And when they looked ahead at the traffic that was coming if the rash of automobile fever continued to spread over the city, invading even the humblest home, as it was sure to do, they grew really alarmed. For already these macadam streets were beginning actually to go to pieces in many sections of the city.

To take them up and put down permanent pavements was prohibitively expensive. Property owners along these streets, many of which were out in the less pretentious residential sections, could not stand an assessment of from $1.80 to $4.00 a square yard. Anyway, even though the streets were beginning to disintegrate they still had good foundations—too good an investment to sacrifice.

Well, why not cover these old, comparatively soft floors with a hard surface, just as hardwood floors are often laid over old soft floors that are beginning to splinter and go to pieces? Why not, indeed?

After many months of experimenting the Milwaukee street officials finally worked out a method of saving these macadam streets in just that way, by taking them in time.

Now each season they select in various sections of the city those macadam streets that threaten to break down and cover them with a hard waterproof surface. Just as a softwood floor is evened off and planed down smooth before covering, the top surface of these streets is taken off to a depth of about two inches with a machine called a scarifier—sort of a cross between a steam roller and a harrow.

(Concluded on Page 58)

City "Floors" in Milwaukee That are Almost as Smooth as the Floors of Our Houses! There are Miles and Miles of Just Such Streets

WHAT THE BUYER KNOWS ABOUT CARBON PAPER

BUYERS of supplies for offices, whether stenographers buying for their own use or purchasing agents of large organizations, know that the cheapest carbon paper in price is the most expensive in actual service.

They know from experience—and from tests—that a good carbon paper at a slightly higher initial cost will produce better work and will outwear many sheets of carbon purchased at a lower price.

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Ault & Wiborg carbon papers are uniform in quality—allow more and clearer copies to be made at one writing, because of the super-quality inks and skilled workmanship—and are cheaper in the end, owing to their longer lasting service.

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You place your office on a higher plane of efficiency and effect considerable saving as well, when you buy the lasting products of The Ault & Wiborg Company.

The better stationers and office supply dealers will be glad to demonstrate.

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Mack Truck Trains

MACK Truck trains operate on rigid running schedules because owners know by experience that the MACK arrives on time, regardless of load or road.

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INTERNATIONAL MOTOR COMPANY
New York

Mack TRUCKS

"PERFORMANCE COUNTS"

ASKING FOR THE BUYER

By J. R. SPRAGUE

A MERCHANT in a Western town stood behind his counter one dull afternoon looking gloomily at his idle clerks and his inactive cash register. The merchant's face brightened as a young man came through the open doorway, but fell again as he saw that the young man carried a pigskin sample case and was therefore a salesman.

"Are you the buyer?" the young man inquired of the merchant.

"Yes, I am the buyer," replied the merchant in the pessimistic manner of one who knows he is going to be urged to spend money, "but I am not working at it these days."

Undaunted by this discouraging reception the young man proceeded to try out his powers of salesmanship. "You have a nice store here," he said, handing the merchant his business card, "and I am sure you could use some of our goods to advantage. You would find my house mighty fine to do business with if you should give them a trial. I wouldn't expect a big order the first time and if you don't want to go to the hotel to look at my full line of samples—why, I have a few of my best-selling items right here in my sample case."

It was no use. Gently but firmly the merchant declined to buy or even to look. The young man took up his sample case and went out. A few days later the merchant related the incident to the writer.

"I felt sorry for him," he said, "but I really didn't want to buy anything. That young man represented a house that I have been doing business with for years. If he had looked round a little he could have seen several thousand dollars' worth of their merchandise in my show cases at that moment. Probably I ought to have been more cordial to the salesman, but if I had told him that I had used his goods before it would have given him a chance for more argument, and so I just let well enough alone.

"I suppose it came about in this way: The traveler who represented the concern in this territory for several years had quit and they had to put on a new man. They gave the new man a list of the towns he was expected to make, the name of the best hotel in each place, a book that showed the names of all retailers in their line, and started him out to sell goods.

"But the most important thing of all they had overlooked. They had not given him any detailed information about the individual firms he was to call on; they had not even told him which ones had bought goods from the house before.

"Perhaps the wholesalers had figured that it was better not to tell the new man which firms had been buying their product because he might be inclined to concentrate his efforts on the old patrons, who would naturally be easiest to sell, and neglect trying to make new customers. This however is not likely; the chances are that they simply overlooked the human element."

It is natural for a manufacturer or wholesaler to believe that his line sells on merit alone. He is putting the best years of his life into his work, and after a while he is likely to come to the belief that his product is so much better than any other that the merchants all along the line are waiting for his traveling man to come round so they may hand him their orders.

When Personalities Count

IT MIGHT be a good thing if the men who direct the affairs of big corporations could go out into the small towns occasionally and see how their product is actually sold to the retailers. Business is not transacted in Greenwood, South Carolina, as it is in Chicago, Illinois. In the big city store the buying is done by salaried men whose jobs depend on their efficiency. They may accept a traveling man's invitation to the theater, but next morning when they look at his samples the entertainment is forgotten, and price and quality are the only things that count.

But in the small town the proprietor himself does the buying. And just because there are fewer people in the small town, a man's individuality counts for more. It is likely some of the big executives would be scandalized if they knew how many customers buy their goods merely because of friendship with the traveling man.

To the average small-town merchant the manufacturer or wholesaler is a cold impersonal institution way off in the great city, represented in his mind mainly as a concern to which he must send his hard-earned money. And sometimes, when business has been dull and he has not remitted promptly, they have written him some rather sharp letters.

But the traveling man comes right into the store, a warm and friendly personality. Right away he makes the merchant telephone that he will not be home at noon, because he is going to take him to the hotel for lunch. He hopes that business is good. If it isn't it will be, because he never saw the crops look so well along the line. Certainly he will write the house and ask them to wait a little longer on the past-due account. And he wants to know the merchant's candid opinion as to the chances of the Detroit team next year.

Is it any wonder that many small-town merchants buy from the traveler rather than from the house? The writer knows of a hardware merchant who has bought a certain line of cutlery to his own disadvantage for the past ten years. There are other lines represented in the territory, much more strongly advertised and consequently easier to sell; but the hardware man reserves all his cutlery business for one house, and his reasons are purely personal. The traveler for the favored house when at home raises white-leghorn chickens. So does the merchant. When the traveler comes to town a third of the time is devoted to buying cutlery, and the balance given up to talk about white-leghorn chickens.

Handicaps of Road Selling

RECENTLY a traveling man who for the past twenty years has covered a territory extending from coast to coast talked to the writer about selling goods on the road. This traveler knows the United States as intimately as the average man knows the route between house and office. He knows the name of the colored man who hauls trunks from the C. & O. boat to the hotel in Newport News, Virginia; he is personally acquainted with the traffic officer at the corner of Twelfth and Main in Kansas City; and when he gets off the train in Butte he is greeted as a friend by the well-known citizen who used to be a hack driver but now runs a service car, still wearing the high hat and long coat of hack-driving days.

"It takes a distinctive kind of salesmanship to sell goods on the road," said this traveler. "The man who takes his line of samples and goes out on a new territory has a hard job. All alone he makes a frontal attack on life. The house salesman is backed up in his efforts by an impressive display of merchandise; and too when a business man has taken the trouble to go to market and hunt up a wholesale house it is a pretty good indication that he really wants to buy goods.

"But the traveling man out on the road has little but his personality to go on. Illustrations of the merchandise in his catalogue have no magnetism to warm up a buyer. Even though he carries a line of samples it is not much better. Samples carried on the road a month or two have lost a good deal of their youthful charm; and the freshest samples in the world do not look very impressive in a bare hotel room, spread out on a table with a background of bed sheets.

"In some of the very large city establishments the buying is done in a coldly impersonal way. A traveling man sends in his card and then sits down on a bench to wait for his answer along with other salesmen, all looking like a row of bell boys in a hotel. When the answer comes out it is final; either Mr. Jochum may bring in his samples at a quarter to four or there is nothing required from Mr. Jochum's line at this time. There is no chance to argue that merchandise will be higher next trip or that there are three or four new items in the line that the buyer ought to see even if he does not buy a dollar's worth. There is not even a chance to start a ninth-inning rally by proffering a good twenty-cent cigar or inviting the buyer out to lunch. In establishments where the buying is done that way the traveling man is not a salesman at all; he is merely an order taker.

"A young salesman first going out on the road is apt to conduct himself in a thoroughly professional and businesslike manner, which is poor salesmanship. He will go into an establishment and ask for the buyer. When the buyer presents himself the traveler hands out the business card of his firm, stating politely that he has the line on display at the Eagle Hotel and would like to know what time it will be most convenient to come over.

"That is the way factory executives like to think their wares are sold to the trade. Each manufacturer believes his product is so desirable that a buyer has only to be told that the line is in town, when he will put on his hat and go right over to the hotel for fear some other customer will get there ahead of him. The strongest line in the world is not so strong as that.

"In the average establishment the buying of merchandise is a very human matter. More than half the time when I go into a customer's store the proprietor says right away that there is nothing doing this trip. Maybe he really doesn't need anything and then again he may be actually short of goods, only business has been dull for a few days and he is feeling blue. It is up to me to stick round pleasantly and find out about it. A great many merchants actually need the stimulus of the traveling men to make them keep up their stocks.

"One practice current among many manufacturers and wholesalers is that of allowing their travelers to solicit orders from all dealers in their territory, and when the orders come into the house the credit man decides whether or not the goods shall be shipped. This is a pretty bad practice all round. In the first place it is decidedly embarrassing to the traveling man to go into a store where he wrote a nice order the previous trip and ask how they liked the goods, only to be told resentfully that they never got any goods. But leaving the traveler's feeling out of the question it is poor business.

"A merchant who has been turned down on account of his poor credit is not apt when his credit has grown stronger to buy anything from the house that turned him down. A merchant may be renewing all his notes and turning down drafts now, but a good season's business can put him in such condition that in a year he will be discounting his bills and make a most desirable customer.

"In a certain city in my territory there is a man who for a long time has been successfully conducting a retail hardware business and until a couple of years ago his credit had never been questioned. Then, without any apparent reason, he began to be slow in meeting his bills. Instead of taking his cash discounts he would let his accounts run to maturity and then give notes in settlement. And even these notes he seldom paid in full when they fell due, but would pay a part and renew the balance. Inquiries began to be made of the credit agencies regarding the hardware man's affairs; there seemed to be nothing the matter except that he could not pay his bills.

"About this time a traveling man representing an Eastern house called on the hardware man and solicited some business. He had called on the merchant before but had never sold him; this time however it seemed to him that his luck had changed because he took an order for a couple of thousand dollars' worth of merchandise. He mailed it in to the house, exultantly writing across the foot of the long yellow sheet, 'How's this for a first order?' and took the train for the next town."

A Customer Eternally Lost

"WHEN the house received the order it applied to its credit agency for a report on the hardware man and learned that he was not paying his bills promptly. If he had been an old customer it is likely they would have shipped the goods anyway, trusting on his past performances that they would eventually get their money; but it did not seem good business to open a new account where things appeared so shaky. They wrote the hardware man a letter stating that they appreciated his favoring their traveler with an order, but as the credit-agency reports were somewhat unfavorable they must decline to ship the goods unless paid for in advance. The letter was worded as diplomatically as possible but nevertheless the merchant sensed the bald, raw fact that the house was afraid to sell him on credit.

"He was a sensitive man and the incident hurt. It seems that the reason that he had become unable to pay his bills promptly lay in the fact that he had indorsed a note for a relative, with the familiar result. When the note came back on him for payment he did not have the cash to meet it in full, but rather than stand a lawsuit he arranged to pay a certain amount each month. It was this constant drain on his business that brought him to such a low state of credit among the wholesale trade. After he had got this debt out of the way, however, a single season's good business put him on his feet again and to-day he is discounting his bills and making money.

"But the house which would not ship him goods on credit never can hope to sell him a dollar's worth of merchandise; it had hurt the merchant's feelings all unnecessarily. And it would be easy enough to avoid such incidents. Before the salesman starts out on a trip the credit man could, with little trouble, look up the standing of all the dealers in the line and decide beforehand which ones the house is willing to sell. The poor ones of to-day may be the good ones of to-morrow; and there is no use of hurting people's feelings anyhow."

One would naturally think a good salesman would be successful wherever he was, but it does not always work out that way. A man has got to adapt himself to his territory, and business is not done in just the same way all over the country. In the very large cities the buying is more or less impersonal; it is the prices and merchandise alone that count. But as one gets farther away from the great cities the human element becomes stronger. A man might

be a wonder among the stores on Fifth Avenue and still fail to get the business he ought out of Twin Falls, Idaho.

A couple of years ago the Southern traveler for a big Eastern manufacturer resigned and the house had to put out a new man on the territory. The new man came from another house with which he had a splendid record selling the trade in big-league cities. He was a fine-looking man, always well dressed, a hard worker, and had the snappy decisive manner of success.

But somehow he did not seem to be able to get so much business as he should out of the Southern territory. A town in the South or West will nearly always do more business than a town of the same population in the East. A place of five thousand inhabitants in Texas may be the metropolis and trading center of a territory fifty miles square; while the same-sized town in New England usually has half a dozen larger places near by pulling its business away.

Buyers Have Names

What particularly irritated the new traveling man was the unbusinesslike behavior on the part of the merchants. If he had two people to call on in a town and the train schedule was such that he could get away at eleven o'clock in the morning he expected to go right out from the hotel after breakfast, write up an order from each of the merchants and have his trunk down at the station all ready to leave at eleven. But the merchants would not let him do things that way. They wanted to talk; they would irritatingly leave off buying goods to go and sell something if the store filled up with customers; they would even desert the business in hand to talk local politics if a particular friend happened in.

One day on his first trip the traveler went into a prosperous-looking store and as usual asked for the buyer.

"Mr. Greer himself does the buying," replied the clerk, "and he is right there in the office talking to a customer. Just wait a few minutes and he will be through."

The traveler waited, but with frequent consulting of his watch. The clerk, knowing him for a new man on the territory, and wanting to be pleasant, remarked that it certainly was nice weather.

"The weather is all right," responded the traveler sharply, "but I came here to sell goods. People in these small towns don't seem to have any idea about business. If some good snappy city man should come here and open up in this line of business he would have all the trade in a year."

The clerk had no come-back for this observation, and left the traveler for other employment. Directly the merchant came forward. He was a pleasant-looking man of fifty, frankly small-town, but having the assured manner of one who knows he is listed in the rating books of all commercial agencies as Net Worth $75,000 to $100,000; Unquestioned Credit.

"My name is Greer," he said affably when the traveler had handed him a card, "and I reckon we may need a few things in your line. Come on back in the office and sit down while I have one of the boys make out a list of the goods of your firm's make that we have in stock so I can figure on what I ought to buy.

"I happened to hear you when you said a city man could come here and put us small-town merchants out of business in a year," continued the storekeeper pleasantly when they had got seated, "and as there isn't much doing this morning I feel like arguing the point a little.

"I know that things are done differently in these remote places than in big cities like New York and Chicago. I could tell that you have never traveled in small towns before, the way you came in and asked for the buyer. Now that was kind of a bad break. It would pay you to study the ways of a good agent, because he is about the best salesman there is. A skillful book agent always learns the name of the householder before ringing the doorbell. He knows that the first principle of salesmanship is to establish some kind of human relations with his quarry. How much business do you think a book agent would do if he should ask the hired girl at the door to please let him see the book buyer of the family?

"When a man comes in here and asks for the buyer I know that he is either new to the game or else he represents some house that can't afford to pay a good man. I don't believe I was ever called the buyer before by any traveling man who got over fifteen hundred dollars a year. The higher salaried a man is, the more pains he takes to be human and friendly. There is a man making this territory who earns round twenty thousand dollars a year; and the first time he called here he knew that I was a director in the chamber of commerce, that I take a week off every fall to go hunting, and that I had a boy at college.

"After he had made two or three trips here and we had got pretty intimately acquainted I asked him how he came to know all those things about me before he had ever seen me. He laughed and said it was merely a part of his selling method. When he is ready to make a new town he gets all the information he can from other traveling men about the merchant he is going to call on. If he hasn't got enough information about a merchant beforehand he asks the hotel clerk in the town or a business man in some other line before making his call. He showed me a book in which he puts down all this personal information; he was going to make a new town the following week and I read in the book that the leading merchant in my line of business there is a member of the Rotary Club; that he does not smoke but enjoys a good hotel dinner; that he owns a hundred-dollar Boston terrier dog. Can you imagine a traveling man with all that information in his pocket going into a store and merely asking for the buyer?

"Now about that idea of yours that a good snappy city man could open up in any of these small towns and put the local merchants out of business. It was tried out here a few years ago and the theory didn't work. I was considerably worried at the time because the city man rented a store right in this block and he was backed financially by a rich jobbing house which wasn't getting as much business out of the town as they thought they were entitled to. The new man had been connected with this jobbing house and knew all about the big-city ways of doing business. I had the same opinion then as you have; it seemed that a man like me, with only small-town training, would have a hard time in competition with one of so much broader experience.

"The new man lasted about a year and a half. He got to owing the jobbing house so much money that they weren't willing to back him any further, and I had the chance to buy the stock at sixty cents on the dollar. I hope you will pardon me for saying it but that merchant failed because he had the same ideas that you have; he thought there ought not to be any foolishness about running a business.

"He did keep a dandy-looking place though. I used to be ashamed of myself when I would go past there and see how nice his show windows looked, all trimmed up with the dealer's helps which the manufacturers send out—pretty cardboard girls going into ecstasies over some piece of merchandise or hand-painted pictures of the factory where the goods are made—and I would remember that the same dealer helps had been sent to me only to kick round the store a while and eventually get into the trash can back in the alley.

"His advertising made me feel guilty too. He had a fresh ad every morning in our daily paper, quoting prices on merchandise and mentioning new things that had just come in by express. It was that same year that I forgot to change my slide in the Alhambra moving-picture theater, and when the house closed for the season in June I was still telling the public that I had on display the most complete line of Christmas novelties in the city."

Side Lines in Good Will

"But my competitor never seemed to get any human character into his business; it was just a store. I guess he thought that if he gave people good goods at reasonable prices they weren't entitled to anything more. Of course the clerks always said 'Thank you' when they took a customer's money, but patterning after the boss they usually said it in that hard metallic way with a rising inflection that irritates a customer more than it pleases. You know what I mean; young men who sell theater tickets often say 'Thank you' that way as they push your ticket and change through the little window. The city man never stood round his store to talk with people, and his clerks were instructed to get through with a customer as quickly as possible so as to be ready for the next one. No families from the country ever used his store as a mobilization point where they could get all the members together to prepare for the trip back home.

"The city man never made any effort to identify himself with the life of the community. He did join the chamber of commerce but would never work on a committee because he said it took too much time from his business. And I admit that a man can overdo such things, even making a kind of dissipation of it. There used to be a man here in the clothing business who joined everything there was; it was his ambition to go through all the chairs of every lodge in town; he was president of the retail merchants' association; he was the main booster of the good-roads movement; he ran for the city council once but got defeated. He used to tell me that he made lots of customers by being so prominent and getting his name in the paper all the time. Maybe he did make customers but they didn't do him much good because he was never in his store to attend to them, and clerks unaided can't hold trade permanently."

City Samson Meets the Ladies

"My competitor from the city didn't make the mistake of this clothing man; in fact he leaned back too far the other way. He didn't seem to regard himself as a citizen of the town at all. When a committee of ladies from the woman's club went in his store and asked him for an ad in their yearbook at the merely nominal price of thirty dollars he made enemies of them all by saying in his crisp businesslike way that he did not care to invest in such advertising, and then walked away before they got a chance to argue the matter. He might have got out of it the way I did, by telling the ladies that I knew it was a splendid opportunity only I was not doing any advertising at the time, but I wanted to donate five dollars to the club, which I was sure they could use to some good purpose.

"The city man got in bad with his brother storekeepers, too, when they found that he was sending out of town for most of his personal purchases. He lost the support of two clothiers and a merchant tailor when he remarked to someone that he always had his clothes made by his old tailor back in the city because one could not get the latest styles in these small towns. Personally I thought he was to be pitied for this rather than blamed, considering the way his coats always sagged at the shoulders. All the automobile dealers got down on him because he ordered his delivery car from a friend in the city who was willing to split the dealer's profit.

"What has all this got to do with selling goods on the road? Simply that it is not enough to go round coldly offering goods at certain prices. Half a dozen houses in your line are covering this territory with practically the same merchandise, prices and credit terms. People try to get as much as they can for their money; and the traveler who throws in some neighborliness along with his goods is apt to get the most business.

"I know the president of your firm; to my mind George F. Wheeler is a great man. I first met him a number of years ago when I was in New York on a buying trip. I went into those big executive offices of yours all full of bookkeepers and filing cabinets and adding machines, with the idea that the man who had built up such a great organization must be a pretty pompous sort of person. But I hadn't been introduced to him five minutes when I saw he was about the simplest man I had ever met and the friendliest. He had customers in forty-eight states; but he knew we had been having a little too much rain in our section and said if my collections were a little slow not to worry about what I owed his concern because they would take care of me. He had been through this town once and asked me if our railroad eating house still served the same good fried chicken.

"He asked me to go to the theater with him that evening. I supposed it would be some kind of a girl show because it seems to be the idea in the large cities that we small-town buyers are full of mischief when we hit the big-league places. But instead he took me to a show about Julius Cæsar, written by an Englishman named Shaw. If you have never seen that show you ought to go some time.

"It made Cæsar out a regular human being, and the surprising thing was that you saw he had to be that way in order to be a great man. He was friendly and human, letting his people boss him about little matters, but when big events began to happen and the Egyptians started to batter in the palace doors there was no mistaking who ran things.

"Cæsar reminded me of some business man who has spent a lifetime building up a big organization and after a while he wants to develop someone who will take some of the responsibilities off his shoulders. And so he lets his clerks have their own way, running their departments pretty well to suit themselves, and he takes a lot of back talk from them, hoping all the time that this free way of doing things may develop someone among them into the kind of man he needs so badly. But then a panic comes along, business houses begin to fail and banks call in their loans; and it is the old man himself who puts on his fighting clothes to go out to get an extension of time on past-due accounts and browbeat the banker into renewing the notes. Then his clerks see why the old man has been a success in life.

"Walking back to my hotel I asked George F. how he liked the Julius Cæsar play. He laughed a little and said he went to see it about once a week; that it proved to him that the help problem hadn't changed much in all these two thousand years.

"A few years after that I got into trouble. It was my own fault because I tried to go against nature and make money without working for it. I had got my store here on a pretty easy basis, discounting most of my bills, when I began to think I ought to take some money out of the business and invest it in outside enterprises so that if I ever wanted to quit storekeeping I would still have an income to live on. I had a vision of myself owning a cottage up in the Thousand Islands to spend the summers in, and living in a good hotel out in Los Angeles every winter.

"I began to buy stock in different enterprises. Six or eight per cent didn't interest me at all; if a man couldn't promise me twenty per cent a year on my money I didn't invest. The man who sold me stock in a company making beeswax out of Mexican cactus personally guaranteed me one hundred per cent a year dividends and let me in on it only because of overwhelming friendship.

"Anyhow I bought stock in half a dozen different concerns, paying about half in cash and figuring that the dividends would take care of the balance. But mostly the dividends never materialized, and I had to pay the notes as they fell due out of the earnings of my store. Ordinarily the store could have stood the strain, but that year we had a drought that crippled our farmer customers, and a strike in the railroad shops which seriously hurt the town trade. From paying for my goods in ten days and taking my cash discounts I began to let my accounts run to maturity, and as much longer as the creditor would stand. Where I owed a concern two hundred dollars I sent them fifty dollars on account and strung the balance out as much as I dared. I pretty near exhausted my brain framing up plausible letters to explain why I was not able to send a check at that moment but believed I could in another week.

"At last I saw that I had to do something or my creditors would do something to me. I had assets enough to take care of all my debts but with business conditions as they were I simply had to have more time. Practically all my indebtedness was with New York firms, and I decided to go to see them in person and try to make arrangements for financing myself along. The first creditor I called on was your boss, old man George F."

The Wholesaler is Foresighted

"He asked me about my affairs and local conditions, and then he said he would call up my other creditors to arrange for a meeting. Next day the meeting took place. George F. acted as chairman; he stated that I had always been prompt in my payments and would undoubtedly be all right again in another year if given a chance. Suggested that all the creditors agree to accept payments of ten per cent a month until everything should be paid off.

"Most of the men seemed to be willing to agree to this, but there were two who held out. They said their money was due right then and they wanted it. They proposed to turn the matter over to their lawyers unless I settled at once. It looked pretty dark for me; I thought of all the

(Concluded on Page 58)

Tire Value

TRUSTWORTHINESS of men, material and methods produces uniformity of MILEAGE SATISFACTION in VICTOR TIRES. This inherent value—built-in quality of service—has been known for years to favored thousands who have used Victors exclusively. They trade-marked them "Mileage Hogs."

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THE CHOIR DIVISIBLE

By Blanche Goodman

"MIS' FANNY, is you busy?"

As Viney entered the cozy sewing room where Mrs. Slocum sat darning the colonel's socks that lady looked up from the task in hand.

"Well, what is it now, Viney?" she inquired pleasantly.

Viney walked over to a chair beside the window and sank into it with a sigh.

"Mis' Fanny, 'scuze me for settin' down befo' Ise axed, but I has drug my feets round sence ten o'clock this mawnin' an' Ise plum tuckered out."

"Why didn't you stop in the kitchen and ask Sally Ann for a cup of hot coffee?"

Mrs. Slocum's look and tone conveyed sympathy.

"I didn't want to bother her, 'cause she wuz busy cleanin' de pantry. I jes' fixed it myse'f."

Viney sighed.

"What is it that's keeping you on your feet so much to-day?"

As Mrs. Slocum spoke Viney was fumbling in the pocket of the rusty-black skirt she wore.

"Ise workin' for de chu'ch," she responded as she fished up a small red book and a stubby pencil, "an' I come up here to get you to put yo' name down for a li'l' piece o' money, Mis' Fanny."

Mrs. Slocum took the proffered book and pencil. The Shiloh Baptist Church made frequent calls upon her pocketbook.

"Is it something that's being raffled?" she queried.

"Naw'm. We's done quit rafflin'. You remembers, Mis' Fanny, dat de las' rafflin' I done I tol' you afterwards hit was de last rafflin' I evah aimed to do? Hit was because we found out dat de sofy cushion Lindy Jackson give us to sell chanstes on an' what she said huh boy, Cornell, had made huh a birfday present of had been stole off of Mis' Buffo'd by dat young scalawag."

Mrs. Slocum bit off a thread and in so doing steadied her countenance.

"I think I do remember," she remarked. "So it isn't raffling?"

"Naw'm. Dis here money we's a getherin' up is fo' to git a new organ dat de choir c'mittee's gwine to buy on de installment plan."

"A new one! Didn't I hear you say last spring that Aunt Mary Lukins had given her melodeon to your church?"

"Yes'm, you did."

"And I recall your telling me that Aunt Mary had presented it as a love offering, and how happy it made everyone in the congregation."

"Yes'm, she had, an' dey was."

"Well then ——"

Mrs. Slocum paused for an explanation.

"Well'm, hit turned out dat hit wasn't no love offerin' a-tall." Viney's lip curled. "Hit was a Injun gif'."

"No—really!" Mrs. Slocum had inscribed her name in the book and now held it out to Viney, who returned it to her pocket with a "Thanky, Mis' Fanny, honey" as she resumed:

"Yo see, we was gittin' along firs' rate in de chu'ch wid jes' plain cong'egational singin' an' we aimed to keep to hit till we had paid off de debt on de chu'ch. Den some er de young 'uns heerd dat de cong'egation over in Blue Goose Hollow had a regly choir, jes' lak de white folks, an' course dey wuzn't gwine to be no rest till we had one. So dat was de commencement of hit.

"De talk kep' a goin' round an' finally old Aunt Mary Lukins sent word to de preacher dat she'd donate her melodeon to de chu'ch."

"That was very fine of Aunt Mary," commented Mrs. Slocum.

"Hold on, Mis' Fanny! Dey wuz a string tied to dat gif' an' at de yuther end of dat string dey wuz a dahk hawss. Aunt Mary's oldes' gal, Precious, offered to give her se'vices free wid de melodeon by singin' in de choir."

"A very praiseworthy thing," asserted Mrs. Slocum.

There was a moment of silence on Viney's part as she gazed compassionately at Mrs. Slocum, and then, "Mis' Fanny, is you evah heerd Precious Lukins sing?"

"I can't remember, Viney. Is Precious that very tall girl I had up here washing windows once?"

"Dat's de one. An' ef you'd evah heerd huh sing, Mis' Fanny, you'd a remembered hit, 'caze huh voice ain't de kind dat hit's easy to disremember. You see, Precious got notions in huh haid 'bout dat voice o' her'n fum a lady singin' teacher she had wukked fo' ovah in Nashville. Dis heah lady told Precious dat wid a li'l' trainin' she could travel wid de jubilee singers. So Precious writ home an' told Aunt Mary 'bout hit, but her ma had bejections to de stage. Besides, she needed Precious home just den to he'p wid de washin's.

"I 'members hearin' someone say at de time dat Precious called huh voice a cross betwix' a country-alto an' a messed-up sopranner, 'cause de lady ovah in Nashville had done told her hit wuz. An' I reckon we was all willin' to degree to dat when we heerd huh give huh voice a airin'. As Deacon Johnson said dat night we all went ovah to Aunt Mary's, 'Precious is got mo' of a winter voice dan a summer one,' an' a July night wid all de winders open wan't no time to be givin' free samples of hit. So you see, Mis' Fanny, whut we wuz up ag'inst when Aunt Mary p'sented de chu'ch wid dat melodeon.

"While we wuz all 'scussin' what to do 'bout hit Aunt Mary settled de matter fo' us by sendin' de melodeon ovah to de chu'ch. An' de onlyes thing whut wuz left fo' de boa'd to do wuz to take hit wid thanks. Aunt Mary sent back wud to de boa'd dat Precious would be ready to sing a solo de follerin' Sunday whut she wuz gwine to select huhse'f so's to make less trouble fo' de choir c'mittee, an' we tried to keep hit as dahk as we could so as de collection wouldn' suffer none.

"Well heah come Sunday an' de whole cong'egation tu'ned out fo' to heah de new addition to de singin', 'cause dat much of de news 'bout Aunt Mary's gif' had done circ'lated round. An' aftah de sermon wuz ovah an' de preacher got up to 'nounce dat a solo wuz gwine to be give by a member of de chu'ch no one knowed whut wuz comin' but de music c'mittee.

"We had p'vailed on Precious—an' we had to be as keerful as ef we wuz walkin' on aigs—to let Ike Beasley an' Cicero Harshaw jine in de chorus wid her. We didn't want to be no hahder on de cong'egation dan we had to, an' dem two voices would sorter dress hern down.

"De preacher's wife wuz de organist. Precious wuz settin' back er de melodeon in sech a way dat no one couldn' a seed her fum de front. As de fust notes of de song wuz run off on de melodeon Precious riz up fum behind, walks roun' to de front an' faces de cong'egation. Well, we hadn' discalculated on de surprise it would give. Dey all set up wid a jerk an' ketched dey breffs lak someone had th'owed a bucket o' ice water in dey faces. Precious opened huh mouf. Fust dey wuz a sound come out lak when you starts unwindin' de rope to let de bucket down in de well, den hit turned into a sort er moan an' den hit busted a-loose lak one er dese heah steam callyope whistles on circus day. To tell de truf, hit warn't nothin' to spring on dem folks, in chu'ch er out. Dey should 'a' been p'pared, I reckon. De c'mittee wuz pinnin' dey hopes to Ike an' Cicero to drown out Precious' voice when she come to de chorus, but de pins drapped out er dem hopes when she reached dat p'int. We knowed day wuz carryin' out dey pahts by seein' dey moufs move. But dat wus de furthest proof we had.

"Mis' Fanny, you c'n jes' believe dat Precious sho' had stahted somepn when she invited herse'f to sing in dat choir. De c'mittee wuz havin' one meetin' aftah anothah, tryin' to figgah out how to git rid er her an' mek de intendence at chu'ch whut hit used to be befo' she give us dem free Sunday samples o' her'n. But day wan't nobody felt dey had strong 'nough health fo' to staht nothin' wid a woman whut stan's six feets widout huh stockin's an' stout 'nough to tote a young elephant.

"Someone said to Deacon Jones dat ef she wuz to have one er dese ommynuss letters sent to her wid no name signed to hit, tellin' her most politelike dat her room in de choir wuz wanted mo' en her comp'ny she might teck a peaceful li'l' hint like dat an' quit. But dey warn't no one even had backbone 'nough fo' dat. An' heah wuz de pews gittin' emptier every Sunday an' de preacher an' de c'mittee gittin' mo' and mo' disincouraged, 'cause we couldn't see no way out'n hit.

"Dey wuz a li'l' rift in de clouds one Sunday mawnin' when Precious didn't show up. Hit seems dat she had been drug into a fam'ly argyment de night befo' wid one er huh neighbors an' she spent de day of rest in de calaboose. An, durin' de week whut follered Ike Beasley drapped round to call at Aunt Mary Lukins' an' told her sort er keerless like dat de c'mittee had decided not to have no choir solos no mo', but to go on back to de old way, 'ceptin' for de melodeon bein' played wid de singin'.

"'Do Precious know 'bout your intentions, Mistah Beasley?' axed Aunt Mary. 'Cause ef she don't you all's jest wastin' yo' time makin' derangements widout her. I knows Precious an' I knows she ain't de kind to go back on her word, once she's give hit.'

"'So dere you is,' says Ike when he repo'ted de conbersation to de c'mittee. An' we knowed we wuz perzackly whar he say we wuz. Jes' de same we knowed dat somepn wuz gwine to bust soon, 'cause de strain wuz too much for even de most religiousest membahs in de chu'ch, an' de c'lections drappin' down to nothin' besides.

"Hit was gwine to take a mir'cle to put astop to hit, an' I told Ike Beasley so. 'Dey's some way out er ev'ry kind er trouble an' dey's got to be some way out'n dis mess,' I says.

"I seed a queer kind er look come in his eye whut I didn't think much about till later on. Ike nevah opened his mouf de rest of de c'mittee meetin', but jest set dere studyin'.

"Come a-Sunday mawnin', Precious sent word dat she wuz p'pared to sing, jes' 'bout de time we had shuck hands wid each othah, thinkin' dat she wuz still in de lockup. Hit seemed dat some white folks she washed fo' had gone huh bail late Saturday night an' heah wuz Precious back on de job. Only de c'mittee knowed she wuz outn de calaboose. De others had all come crowdin' into chu'ch when de news had gone round dat she'd be fo'cibly absent. An' in walks Precious an' takes her place beside de melodeon.

"Ike Beasley wuz settin' ahead er me. Eve'y oncet in so often he'd bend down lak he wuz tyin' his shoe strings er pickin' up somepn on de flo'—I jes' couldn' tell jes' which. I wuz cranin' my neck to find out whut wuz botherin' him when jes' den Precious riz up to sing. An' as she riz Ike stooped down ag'in an' out in de aisle walks a li'l' yaller-fice dawg whut Ike had fotch' up from a puppy, by de name er Cash.

"Cash stood in de aisle lookin' at de folks kind er worrited lak. Den he set down en tickled his ears wid his hine feets. I reckon someone should er put him out right den an' dere, but de folks wuz so tuck up wid surprisement at seein' Precious dat they didn' pay no intention to whut wuz gwine on in de aisle.

"Precious opened up huh mouf to sing. An'-at dat p'int Cash stopped tryin' to reach his lef' ear an' tuck notice er Precious. She wuz jes' loos'nin' de fust note offn dat solo an' hit struck Cash onexpected lak. He give her one sorrerful look, an' risin' up on his front toes an' p'intin' his nose to'ds de ceilin' he jined in wid Precious.

"'Yip-yip-yip-ya-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!' Cash clumb up on de high notes an' come on down agin side by side wid de notes Precious wuz singin'. Mis' Fanny, as long as de Shiloh Baptis' Chu'ch stan's dey ain't nevuh gwine to be no sech a juet as dem two give us dat Sunday. I tried to think er de saddest thing dat evah happen to me, so's I could keep my face straight, but hit wasn't a mite er use. Eve'ybody roun' me wuz rockin' back en fo'th, laughin', an' I fin'ly tuck my han' out'n my mouf an' let go er my sober face wid de rest of 'em.

"You see, Precious didn' know Cash wuz singin' tenor till she had pulled up on de fust lap an' beat Cash to de end er de verse. Cash meanwhiles wuz doin' hisse'f proud. He combed de scales up an' down an' ef dey wuz ary note he passed ovah no one missed hit.

"De fust thing Precious did when she foun' out dat she hadn't been singin' alone wuz to reach out en' grab a-hold er de melodeon top en' close hit down. Den she walked to de choir railin' an' de look she shot at de cong'egation would a scorched us to cinders ef looks wuz fiah. Den she rolled huh eyes down till dey fell on Cash, who wuz settin' lookin' up at huh very friendly, waitin' fo' her to go on. Dey wuz so much noise missin' jes den dat you could a heerd a eyelash drap.

"'Ef Ike Beasley,' says Precious, speakin' thoo her closed teef, 'don't git dat houn' er his'n out o' here an' do hit quick I'll drap my shoe on him.'

"No one didn't know ef she meant Cash, er Ike. It wouldn' a been a pleasant happenin' fo' neither one of dem parties, considerin' de size er shoe Precious wears. We all looked to see whut Ike wuz gwine to do 'bout hit, but he wuz missin' fum his pew. He must 'a' slipped out while we wuz busy watchin' Cash.

"'Is someone gwine to git dat dog out'n here, er not?'

"Jes' as Precious say dem words Cash looked roun' fo' Ike an' skivered dat Ike had done left his seat. He turned tail an' all you could see wuz a yaller streak goin' up de aisle an' out de door.

"We all set tight, waitin' fo' de nex' move fum Precious. She moved oveh till she wuz right up ag'inst de choir railin' an' let her eye travel up one side of de chu'ch an' down de yuther. Den she says:

"'I has a sup'stition dat dis heah cong'egation don't 'preciate my voice. So Ise gwine to settle de matter right now an' heah. All dem whut's in favor er me givin' you de free benefit er my singin' Ise gwine to ax to stan' up.'

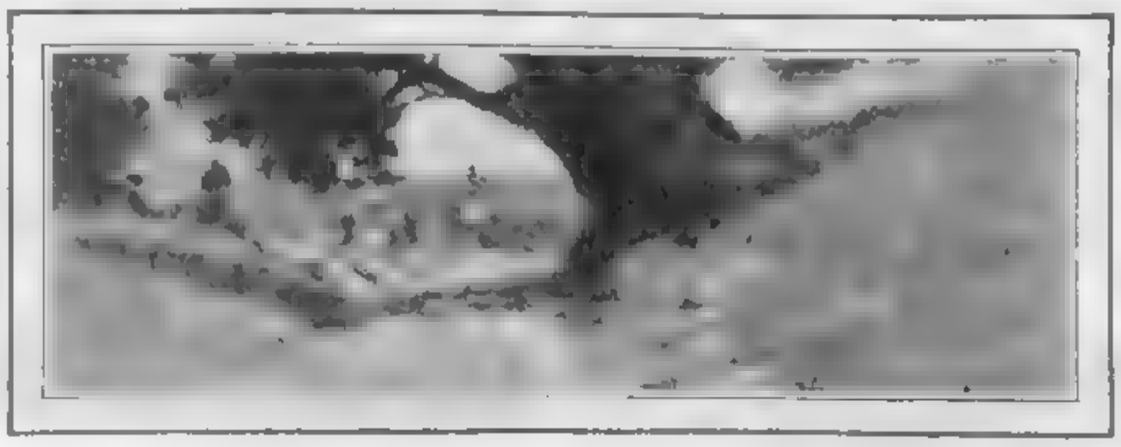
"No one riz. I reckon all of us figgered alike, dat here was one time where we'd be safer stickin' togethah den dividing up sides on de question

"'Very well,' says Precious. 'I takes hit den dat I ain't bein' s'fishently requested to remain. An' ef dat's de case de organ ain't gwine to stay neither.'

"Wid dat she steps back, picks up dat instrymint jes' lak you er me'd pick up a baby, Mis' Fanny, an' blomp-bung-bang! Down de choir steps she goes an' outn de chu'ch, totin' de melodeon all de way home to Aunt Mary Lukins'."

"And Ike Beasley ——" began Mrs. Slocum interrogatively.

"Well'm," said Viney, "you see, Mis' Fanny, we had a meetin' after chu'ch an' we all clubbed together to pay Ike's way down to Mar'etta, Georgy, whar he's makin' a li'l' visit to his kin folks, waitin' twel de storm blows ovah an' hit's safe fo' him to come back to de choir."



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Gentlemen:

We take this occasion to express our appreciation of the services rendered by your special representative in developing your Richardson Elastic Wheels in the proper grain and hardness for finishing the numerous aeroplane camshafts which we are now producing. As you know, the requirements in the way of accuracy and finish are most exacting, but we are pleased to advise you that the results we are now obtaining with your wheels are surely most gratifying.

It may interest you to know that the camshafts we are now furnishing have been highly complimented because of these features by different people whom we are supplying, also by other manufacturers.

Yours very truly,
Jackson Motor Shaft Co.
(Signed) L. C. Bloomfield,
Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

WALTHAM GRINDING WHEEL CO.
Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

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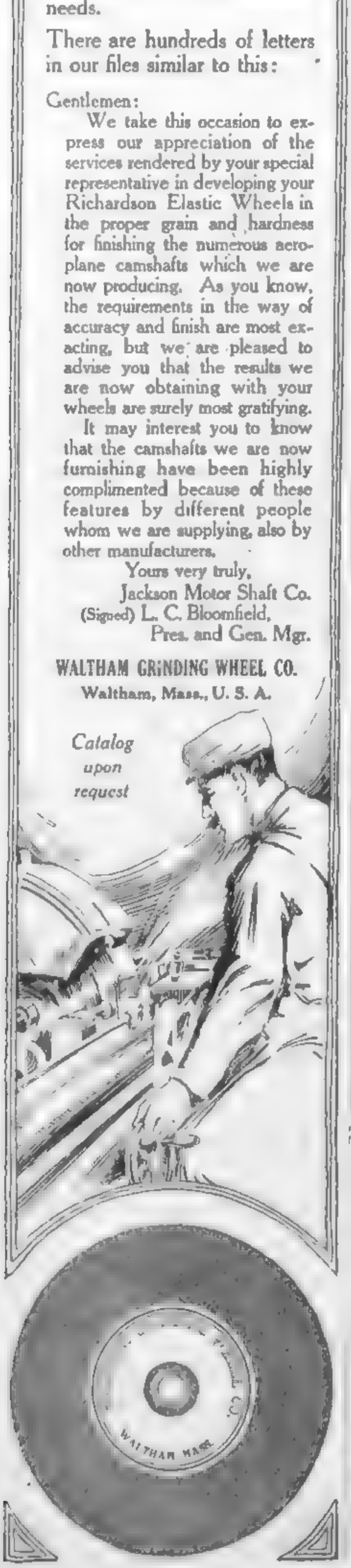

AFTER THEY'VE SEEN PAREE!

(Concluded from Page 46)

presence of this much-heralded superior being from foreign shores they lost their nerve and fell back on ejaculations.

To be sure, he looked just like the Jim Rogers they had known of old, and as Mrs. Sellers confided afterward to Mrs. Bratton, she hadn't noticed that he talked so extra toney himself, but of course Miss McCabe knew what she was doing.

So the soyree developed into a bright monologue on the part of Miss McCabe—equal, she, to any emergency—most of which floated harmlessly over Jim's bewildered head, and a rippling refrain of exclamations from the neighbors, while poor Mrs. Rogers hovered helplessly in the background, hoping all was as it should be, though to tell the truth she didn't see anything so outstandingly gay about it now that you came down to it. Miss McCabe looked to be the only one who was really enjoying the par— the soyree; but then, as she had said: "Men like to conceal their finer feelings"; which was probably why Jim was frowning so formidably there on the sof— the divan, where Miss McCabe had cornered him.

And then Mary O'Shane appeared in the doorway; and Jim Rogers gasped as he rose to greet her.

She was dressed in a red tight-fitting gown, rather short in the—ankle, shall we say?—with fur—imitation, to be sure—round the bottom; a gown which faithfully reproduced the tone of overseas fashion without requiring any undue expense. Her silk-stockinged feet—a loan from Miss McCabe—the stockings, I mean, not the feet—stood in tight, very high-heeled near-French slippers. Her hair was piled up on her head and over her forehead in a manner which caused you to smell a rat, as you might say, and her complexion and lips gave evidence of sundry applications emanating from the beauty parlor. In one hand she held one of those tooak-il-y-a-diploo bead bags, and with the other she toyed—that was the word—with a fan; and as you doubtless know, the fan has again become the acme of style.

In the midst of an appreciative silence she minced into the room, mincing being apparently the process whereby a young lady whose slippers are too small advances into a room in a gown which is too tight. In front of Jim Rogers she struck a pose. She struck it with some violence, and teetered for a breathless second on her high heels.

Then in a voice from which all trace of Cokeville Railroad Buffet had been eradicated she addressed him.

"How do you do, Mr. Rogers!" she said. "So delightful to have you with us, I'm sure. Though these soyrees are apt to be rather dull, don't you think, in the general round of gayety? Shall we dance? You—ah—shimmy of course?"

Jim gasped and goggled like a hooked fish.

Hold on; as you were!

That is what he should have done; and that is the way Mary O'Shane should have looked, and the manner in which she should have spoken. She had done it all quite well at the rehearsal under Miss McCabe's guidance.

But this is what she actually did.

Mary O'Shane appeared in the doorway, and Jim Rogers gasped as he rose to greet her—gasped quite audibly in undisguised relief.

She was quite simply dressed in her buffet uniform, with her apron pinned back over her breast and her sleeves rolled up—all in white. A gown which faithfully reproduced the tone of everyday Cokeville fashion, without any expense at all. Her feet in plain stockings—her own—stood in very plain Cokeville shoes, and her hands were empty so that she did not have to toy with anything. Her hair was dressed as usual, and her own fine complexion and sparkling eyes made up for any lack of beauty-parlor adjuncts. She stepped very firmly into the room and stood quite naturally before Jim Rogers. She did not have to mince; nor did she teeter. She just smiled her dazzling smile.

"Mary O'Shane!" snapped Miss McCabe. "What have you done?"

But Mary O'Shane ignored her. Instead she addressed Jim Rogers in a voice from which no effort had been made to eradicate anything which naturally and a la Cokeville belonged there.

"The top of the evening to you, Jim Rogers," she said; "and good it is to see you back. You'll be wondering, perhaps, why it is I'm not all dressed up—but if you're the same Jim Rogers that's come back you'll take Mary O'Shane as she is—or not at all!"

"I'll take you now, Mary O'Shane—if you'll take me!" he replied—just like that, before them all.

She looked at him for a moment, squarely in the eyes, a slow smile spreading over her features. Then in a flash she turned on Miss McCabe.

"And did you think, indeed, you could make a monkey out of Mary O'Shane before her man!" she asked her.

But for all that Miss McCabe came to the wedding, and when the baby comes—as babies will come—there is no question but what Miss McCabe will be trotting in and out with more books under her arm out of that wonderful library of hers!

ASKING FOR THE BUYER

(Concluded from Page 54)

years I had worked to build up my business, and imagined myself going back home to see the front door nailed up, with a sheriff's notice posted on the front window. I guess I was in kind of a daze, because I didn't notice George F. get up from his chair. It was his voice that first roused me; he was standing in front of the two unyielding creditors and talking into their faces good and strong.

"'All right,' he was saying, 'you don't need to wait for your money and you won't have to pay any lawyer fees. You can fix up your accounts and send them round to my office and get my personal check for the full amounts. This man has been a good customer of mine and he is going to be a good customer again. I don't believe in being friends with a man only when I am making money out of him.'

"I felt like a little boy trotting along with his big brother as I walked with George F. back to his office. And the feeling hasn't worn off yet.

"If he was selling goods on the road in this territory I know just how he would act. In the first place he would never go in a store and ask for the buyer. He would be friendly and human with everyone, from the boss to the porter. He would take plenty of time with every customer even though he might miss a train once in a while.

"But because George F. can't come himself he sends you; as his ambassador you ought to act as much like him as you can. I am afraid you haven't been doing it and that is why I have taken all this time to talk with you. Now suppose you get out your book and we will fix up an order."

TRAFFIC FLOORS FOR OUR CITIES

(Concluded from Page 50)

Then they resurface the street by what they call the penetration method. They spread a layer of coarse crushed stone over the smoothed-off surface and cover this with hot refined tar, which penetrates down into the crushed stone and forms a tough waterproof surface. Then they roll down this surface, first spreading a layer of chips or screenings over it to keep it from gumming up the steam roller or sticking to automobile tires when the street is opened for traffic the next day.

The expense of this reflooring is divided between the city and the property owners. The city pays for the labor and the crushed stone, and the abutting property owner pays for the tar and the chips used in front of his property to the middle of the street. This works out to cost the city about twenty-five cents a square yard and the property owner about the same. The city—meaning the taxpayers, of course—pays the full cost for the street intersections. This new hard surface needs no sprinkling because it is dustless, and it has been found to stand up remarkably well under automobile traffic.

Up to date, I was told by the commissioner of public works, nearly a million square yards of Milwaukee's macadam streets have been refloored in this way, or nearly a third of the entire 230 miles; and this season almost half a million square yards have been taken in hand. They are keeping ahead of the problem. Indeed the city's policy is to repair or treat all the city's pavements before they really need it. Plenty of cities plan to do this, but many of them do not faithfully follow out their plans. But Milwaukee does pretty consistently, and by so doing her city officials have not only overcome a handicap but have developed a traffic floor that any city could envy.

Milwaukee is not to be caught napping in the future either, for her citizens and officials are even now studying out the traffic problems that will face the city fifteen or twenty years from now. The commissioner of public works showed me on a map proposed north-and-south and east-and-west arterial highways through the center of the city which it is planned to make two hundred feet wide, divided through the center by a strip of parkway to prevent traffic confusion. When you consider that Fifth Avenue, New York, is but fifty-five feet wide, and yet will accommodate five lines of vehicles, you can begin to appreciate the traffic provision Milwaukee is planning for the future. And to demonstrate the interest that the men of Milwaukee are taking in this traffic-floor problem the commissioner showed me a group of blue-print street maps containing suggestions for street widening, new streets and street development in general, worked out by a committee of members of the Milwaukee City Club and Land Commission and submitted for the consideration of the city's public-works officials.

Not only are these broad arterial highways and the business and residential streets to be well paved but even the alleys of Milwaukee are now being floored. Already twenty-five miles of these alleys have been paved, thirteen miles with cement and twelve miles with a tar-macadam pavement.

How one of these alleys looked before and after paving is shown by accompanying illustrations.

Of course in the literal sense Milwaukee, as well as every other city, still has streets, but what I have tried to show in this little story is that what the modern city really needs is a broader conception of its street problem, a definite policy based on a realization that our city streets are really traffic floors that should be kept clean and in good repair because it pays.

And there is just one way to do it, and that is keep ahead of traffic requirements instead of ten to two hundred blocks of bad pavement behind, as is the case in many cities and towns to-day.

Emery Shirt Week

Sept. 18 to 25

THE morning of Thursday, September 18th, will mark the opening of the great, nation-wide EMERY Shirt Week. During this week, the makers of EMERY Shirts and the haberdashers who sell them will co-operate in displaying the beauty of the exclusive EMERY designs created for the Fall and Winter Season.

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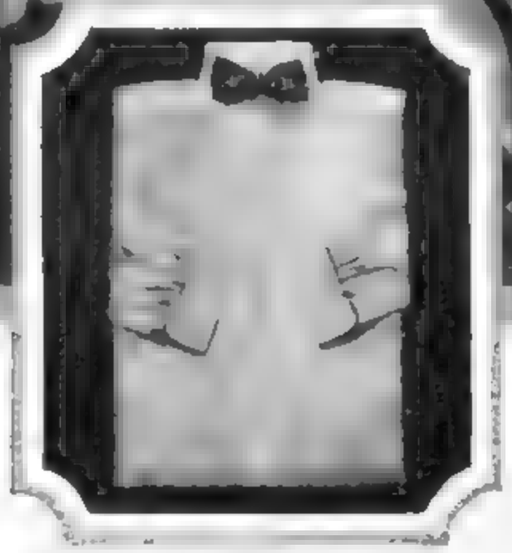

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ITS rich, warm, brown tones convey a feeling of cordial hospitality. And it shows how well high-grade linoleum and good fabric rugs go together. Any of the Armstrong's Linoleum patterns reproduced below would be equally effective.

In every room in your home, Armstrong's Linoleum can be made to blend beautifully with the walls, the furniture, and draperies. Ask your merchant to show you the attractive plain colors; the Jaspé (moiré) two-color effects; the Parquetry Inlaids, which look like hardwood; and the Carpet Inlaids, with their refreshing colors and striking patterns. The colors and designs run clear through to the burlap back.

After you have selected your Armstrong's Linoleum floor, it will pay you to have it laid right by the merchant's expert, and rubbed thoroughly with a good floor wax. Then you will have a *real*, *permanent* floor—beautifully polished, durable, economical, comfortable, and easy to keep clean. The ideal way to lay Inlaid, Jaspé, or Plain Linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of heavy felt paper. The extra wear value more than makes good the cost.

Ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name. The name, Armstrong's Linoleum, with the Circle A trade-mark, appears on the back of all genuine goods. There *is* a difference.

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Write this Bureau for advice as to patterns to match any scheme of interior decoration. A thoroughly trained decorator in charge. No fees.

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By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, together with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

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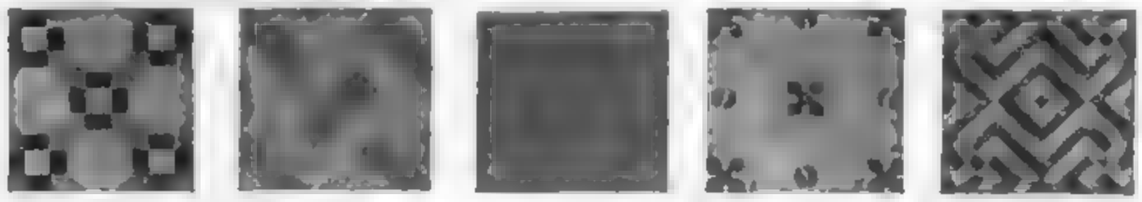
Here are five other Armstrong's Linoleum patterns that are very appropriate for hall floors. Order from your merchant the pattern of your choice by the number shown beneath it.



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THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE

(Continued from Page 15)

But who is going to sacrifice himself first to the restoration of that mutilated dollar? Are wages or profits to suffer first? Who will willingly bear the first blow, employer or employee?

The employer implies at every turn, if he does not say so explicitly, that wages are too high. He argues that he and not the wage earner is paying the heavy taxes. He points out that labor is well employed and gets much larger overtime than formerly, as well as higher wages. He quotes the labor leaders themselves who assert that the worker has been raising his standard of living. Nor will it be universally admitted that the wage earner is caught so badly as he would have us believe in the vicious circle. Even if his wages have risen no more than the price of beefsteak he does not spend all his earnings upon mere necessities.

Look at the savings-bank deposits, say the employers, and see how they have increased. Look at the moving-picture houses and the shops. Are the wage-earning classes absent therefrom? The employer sighs and says he could reduce the price of his products fast enough if wages were not so high.

But the wage earner will have none of that. He says wages were indecently low before the war, and that even if prices should fall he would be getting only his just due. Except in a few war industries, he argues, wages have at no time been above a decent livelihood.

He declares that the country has enough wealth and natural resources to insure everyone a comfortable living.

He believes that high wages insure a large demand for goods and are a guaranty of a continuous and general operation of industry. He points to the recent statement of the New York banker, Frank A. Vanderlip, that "English industry made a red-ink overdraft on the future by underpaying labor so that it did not receive enough to live efficiently." He does not believe industries that do not or cannot pay a living wage deserve to live. His final assertion is that high wages make for efficiency.

Besides, the wage earner resents the constant fire of criticism of his high wages. "Why shouldn't I get all I can?" is his question.

"Capitalistically minded people act as if there were something different in the psychology of the laboring man," said one of their leaders. "It is not so. People are shocked because a motorman tries to get six dollars a day. They think there is something indecent about it. Why not if he can get it? Don't the salesman, the store superintendent, the retailer, the jobber, the manufacturer, the accountant, try to get all they can? People of that class are fighting for higher profits or salaries all the time, but no one criticizes them. It doesn't shock these good people when the vice president of a corporation maneuvers for a higher salary, but they seem to think that wage earners should act differently."

Who Started the Ball Rolling?

"A man telephoned me the other day and said: 'What do you think now? Here are street-car conductors getting sixty cents an hour, and professors only eighteen. What do you think of that?' My reply was that if the professors were good they ought to get a great deal more than eighteen cents an hour—in fact, they should have at least five thousand dollars a year—but that didn't prove the conductors were getting too much. It only proved that the professors were not getting enough."

All this may be and probably is true, but the fact remains that in the present chaotic condition of wages and prices each boost of wages tends to shove up the cost of living. Here we get to the vicious circle. We have had illustrations of this process in our daily lives to the point of boredom. Probably no one in this country has entered a store in the last couple of years without being told that prices had gone up because wages were higher.

Obviously, if the employer is paying double the wages he formerly paid he cannot sell his goods at the old prices, unless he has discovered some new method or system of marvelous efficiency. Certainly the labor leaders will not argue that labor has become anything like twice as efficient with its higher wages. Many employers, indeed, believe it is less efficient.

But the wage earner has an answer ready at hand, and it is a pretty powerful one at that: He refuses to be singled out for sacrifice and insists that if there is to be any deflation it must begin with prices, for the very simple reason that prices and not wages started the inflation. He says that profits began it and must therefore show the way in any backward movement. He cries unto heaven that he did not start the ball rolling, and though admitting that in his effort to catch up with it he may have given it a good many kicks he is firmly convinced that in the main he is still merely trying to catch up and preserve an even standard.

Now the truth is that labor from its very nature does not start the great upward cycles in prices, nor did it start the present one—if we except a very few classes of workers in the munition factories, shipyards, and the like. Prices began to rise enormously in this country after the war started, before any except the few classes referred to even attempted to demand more. The reasons are simple enough.

Keeping Pace With Prices

In the nature of things wages are less variable than prices, and in an upward movement are thus slower in starting. Commodities are extremely sensitive to supply and demand. Their prices are continually changing—weekly, daily, hourly; even, in some instances, from minute to minute. They rise and fall. But wages are governed by custom and habit, and wage bargains between employer and employee are at the very shortest from week to week, and may run often for months or a year. Even at the present time, when conditions are wholly abnormal, wages do not change except every few months, but prices change all the time.

The wages of large bodies of organized labor, such as mine workers, railroad men, printers, textile workers, steel workers, carpenters, and the like, are subject to formal agreement which cannot be changed except by negotiation and compromise, or by strikes, which are usually costly to the worker. There is nothing automatic about these changes in wages; they do not rise and fall with prices. Somebody has to start them, and usually it is the worker himself who has to make the move.

The rapidity with which prices rise and fall means of course that business men, employers, capitalists lose as well as gain. They do not all or always win, much less profiteer. But they have the opportunity to profit from these radical changes in prices—an opportunity that the wage earner never has. He can better his condition only by hard-fought bargains at intervals of weeks or months at the shortest.

Fortunes are made—and lost—by the business man before the slow-moving processes of wage adjustment even begin to function. Any sudden change in the supply of or demand for certain products gives the speculating type of dealer especially an opportunity to make or lose before there is a single change in wage schedules. In the early days of the war, brokers, contractors, jobbers, and the like, were rushing round wildly trying to make a big turn in munitions, machinery, dyestuffs and chemicals long before wages had gone up.

Of course if wages fluctuated up and down hourly the employer could not calculate his costs. It would be almost impossible to conduct business. But the fact remains that wages do not and cannot keep pace with prices, that the laboring man is always at a disadvantage in any period of rising prices, whereas the employer can often raise his prices almost daily though his wages are a fixed known factor in cost for at least a few months at a time, even when conditions are at their very worst. As for normal times, the wage factor in industry may remain constant for several years, though prices fluctuate a little all the time.

In plain language, then, labor is at a great disadvantage when prices are going up because it cannot step quickly. The cost of living goes up daily, but wages rise only at rather long intervals.

But there is another side to all this: It becomes harder and harder to push wages down when prices begin to fall. Public sentiment is against it, as the business man is well aware. It is regarded almost as the duty of a large corporation to stop paying dividends rather than reduce wages in any wholesale fashion.

The business man, however, is always fearing a drop in prices. He knows from past experience that prices fall as well as rise. He does not want to be caught with high wages and falling prices. It may mean his ruin.

The ideal world would be one in which prices did not rise and fall so violently and in which there would be less opportunity for speculators. That does not seem possible just now; but a distinctly promising sign is the device recently adopted by a number of concerns of giving their employees two separate wages—one a basic or minimum wage, below which it is understood the rate will not at any time go; and a high-cost-of-living wage. It is an attempt to keep real wages unimpaired, to keep the laborers' command over goods constant.

Several concerns actually pass out the two wages in separate envelopes so as to impress the idea upon the employees' minds. Just how the bulk of wage earners will take such a scheme when prices really slump and their high-cost-of-living envelopes no longer appear remains to be seen. But the scheme will probably tend to reconcile the more intelligent to a decline in pay, because they will realize that if the cost of living started up again they would get an increase automatically from their employer without a struggle on their part.

But returning once more to the vicious circle we find that the employer suffers from mounting prices, in not exactly the same way perhaps as the wage earner but none the less severely. He does not always gain from high prices. He may find himself pilloried as a profiteer for raising the price of his own product though the cost of both materials and wages makes it necessary. Wages alone may be a factor of from twenty per cent up to perhaps more than fifty per cent of his production costs, and if wages go up, what is he to do?

When Everybody Is the Goat

"The cost of labor and the cost of living are one and the same thing," he argues, "for you can analyze almost everything back to labor, whether directly in wages paid or in the cost of materials. If a railroad pays more for its coal it is because the miners are better paid. If rails cost more the price reflects the higher wage paid for their fabrication. If oil has enhanced in price it is due to the increased human cost of obtaining it."

Ah, here we are at last before one of those insoluble mysteries that baffle the powers of human analysis. Grant everything that Mister Employer says about the importance of wages, but the real question remains whether the various increases of prices precede and exceed the higher labor costs.

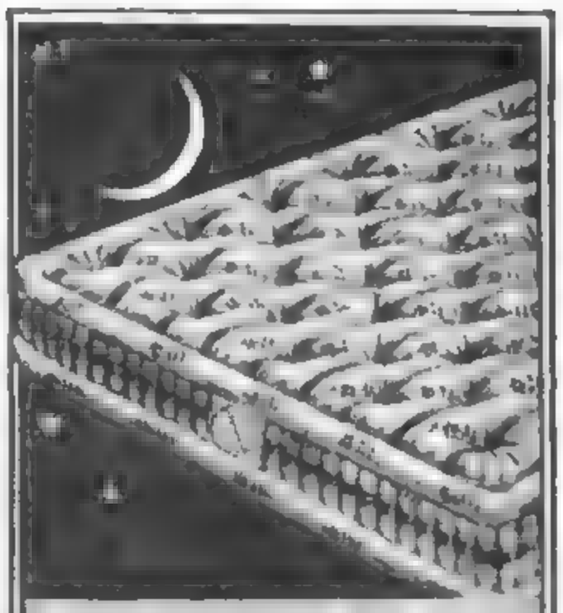
To determine the exact facts is impossible. Industry is far too vast and complicated. We do know that labor is at a disadvantage in point of time, in ability to move as fast as the business man. Labor itself also suspects, or rather believes bitterly and passionately, that its wage increases are overcapitalized.

What labor believes is that when wages are raised, say one-third, the employer uses this as an excuse to put up prices, let us say, one-half. But that is not the worst of it, say the laboring men, for wages are probably only half of the employer's total expense. The price of the product should be put up one-sixth, not one-half.

"Just look round you," says the wage earner. "How about the street railways that ask for a jump from five to seven, eight and even ten cents in fare, when they raise wages from forty to sixty cents an hour? And wages are only part of their expenses at that."

Perhaps, however, the employer is paying more for his raw materials. It is all a question of fact, to be determined in a million different cases, and all the government bureaus in the world cannot say for certain just what the facts are in regard to profits or profiteering.

But, nevertheless, it is impossible to exaggerate the profound conviction in the wage-earner's mind on this subject. He believes that the chief factor in the high cost of living is the making of excessive profits by business men and investors, or



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what is called profiteering. And this belief on his part is most confusing and unfortunate, for to speak frankly it is essentially untrue. Profiteering has been only an aggravating minor cause of the rise in prices, and to act on the contrary is like following a mirage or will-o'-the-wisp—it will get us nowhere.

But though the fundamental causes of high prices lie far deeper than either profits or wages the profiteer has been only too busy in the land. This statement requires no figures from a dozen different government departments to prove. It is one of those things that every woman and every man knows. What enrages the wage earner is the belief, far too well founded, that each increase in wages is made a mere pretext for a far greater rise in prices. He feels that he is obliged to pay extortionate profits on his own earnings and thus forever is prevented from bettering his lot. This is like being a squirrel in a cage.

In one of the government arsenals during the war three advances were made in wages. Just before the third advance the employees urged the government representatives to make no announcement of the fact because they said it would undoubtedly mean another boost in rents and food, each of the previous wage increases having had that result. In other words, to keep even with the game or to get a little ahead—and who of us does not want to get ahead?—these workers actually had to conceal their earnings.

A Whirlwind of High Prices

But in the main profiteering has been the result, not the cause, of high prices. High prices have created profiteers in the first instance. The profiteers did not create the high prices.

A few years ago a devastating flood swept down the Ohio Valley. It stopped train service and cut off the normal distribution of goods. A few merchants raised their prices to exorbitant heights. They were profiteers. A committee went to them and threatened to shoot anyone who asked exorbitant prices. That was eminently proper under the circumstances, but just as long as human beings retain their bargaining instinct there will be profiteers when the normal processes of production and distribution are upset. Profiteering has been bad during and after every war, including the Revolution and the Civil War in this country.

To try to break the vicious circle by punishing a few bold and perhaps greedy speculators is like treating the headache and fever rather than the disease, or, if you can stand an unpleasant simile, like attacking vermin instead of cleaning up the filth that makes them possible.

If profiteering has flourished of late it is because everyone who can do so has taken advantage of abnormal conditions, of disturbance, of upheaval, of economic chaos in a large part of the world, and of the consequent destruction in the public mind of a sense of values.

"We are getting anything we ask," said one jobber in certain staple goods to whom I talked, "because no one actually knows what values are now. There is no set of values."

Everyone has heard of vast demands from starving Europe, of great sections of the world formerly independent and now dependent upon our supplies, of colossal shortages in this and that product. All this information has been unreliable, confusing and conflicting. No one has been able to say how soon or to what extent Europe could or would resume its former production or whether it would be able to find the means to pay for the goods it is supposed to need from us.

But the very disorder and uncertainty are exactly what the speculator, hoarder and profiteer feed upon. Let me repeat that the world is like a man who has overworked until he is completely exhausted. He is open to every disease, his resistance is gone and his normal reactions have ceased. A particular malady lays him low and all the doctors work together to cure that particular illness. All very well, but as soon as he is cured he will fall prey to something else.

By all means go after the profiteers who have laid up great stores of food in expectation of higher prices. But don't expect to cure the patient who is run down as the result of five years of frightful abuse by merely treating the immediate symptoms. A man who is ill, however, is apt to prefer a quick patent nostrum to a long period of rest and recuperation.

It is only too true that speculation and gambling have been madly rampant in almost every line, in staple commodities as well as on the stock market. Expecting a huge demand from Europe and believing that several years must pass before the world's industries and markets again become normal, speculators not only have bought up goods but have scaled up prices. Wall Street speculation has not helped matters. Innumerable new companies have been floated with watered stock, all of which is at least indirectly a charge upon industry and tends to boost prices.

"We taught some of the biggest men in the country not to profiteer during the war," said a prominent government official. "We drove the lesson into the heads of those highest up, but since then, unfortunately, a whole lot of new ones have slipped in at the bottom and at the middle too."

Now it is generally recognized that an important factor in maintaining any level of prices is a line of talk, a set of excuses. It always takes salesmanship to sell anything at a given price. This is just as true of the big machinery house as it is of the little dealer in fake jewelry in an Italian tourist resort. The salesman must be plausible above all else. He must present excuses.

Never were excuses so plausible as today. There has been a sort of psychological conspiracy in favor of higher prices. People talked higher prices until everybody believed in them just because of the unanimity of the views expressed. This universal acceptance of the inevitability of higher prices has made possible a cruel and unlimited degree of exploitation.

Remove all the police from a great city and you will have an increase in crime. Remove all the believers in lower prices in the business world and you will have a whirlwind of higher prices. Markets and prices are normally made only when the buyer and seller have a difference of opinion over values. But if everyone thinks that values are going up you have a stampede rather than a normal market.

At such a time everybody makes an extra effort to get his. The usual fears and inhibitions are removed. Each man feels that he can do what his neighbor is doing. "If I don't make big money now," he says, "the next fellow will." It is an endless chain in which the individual is pretty much helpless. He is afraid of getting left behind. The rising-price excuse is made to serve a universal effort to rake in extra profits.

People become abnormally greedy and crazy for profits. The newspapers have been full of profits ever since the war started in Europe. With the first munitions contract that came to this country five years ago everybody began to talk profits. The financial newspapers have talked nothing else for five long years. Before me as I write is a full page from a Wall Street paper giving the huge profits of a score or more of the largest corporations.

Too Much Talk of Profits

For nearly five years we have read about the immense profits of the United States Steel Corporation, the Bethlehem Steel, the Du Pont Powder and literally hundreds and thousands of other corporations, great and small. Never in the entire history of the world has so much been printed and said about profits. Is it any wonder that the desire to share in the prevailing gain has permeated the entire country? It has filtered down through the hundreds of thousands of small business concerns, retailers as well as wholesalers, jobbers and manufacturers, individuals as well as corporations. It has seeped even through the masses of the people to the individual worker.

I asked a well-known labor man for his explanation of the vicious circle of prices and wages. This was his reply:

"Everybody in the country is greedy and crazy for profits because it has been talked about in the papers until people think of nothing else. The papers have made it fashionable, just the way they did the jazz band."

But let us look at the mechanism of this profiteering game a little more closely. It is worth inspecting. What has been going on has been a compounding of profits at each stage of the game, largely owing to an anticipation of still higher prices. Pretty nearly everybody who sells has added to his price not only his own increase in costs but something more by way of a margin of safety to protect himself against a further rise, for fear everybody else would do the same.

Suppose you are a manufacturer. You find your raw material has gone up and your workmen are asking higher wages. Your product now costs fifty cents more to make. But do you increase the price to the retailer fifty cents? Not much.

You say: "Raw materials will go very much higher, I fear. I have no idea where they will go. Besides, I may have to raise wages again in a few months. To make sure of my profit I will have to raise my price to the retailer one dollar."

The retailer calls you a profiteer and denounces you to his customers, but you tell him that you are afraid prices will go even higher and that he had better not complain. But does he raise his price one dollar? No, indeed; he reasons that his rent may go up, that he may have to pay more for help and perhaps pay still more on his next consignment. So he adds one dollar and a half to the retail price. And if there are jobbers and wholesalers they do likewise.

Curiously enough the whole process has been much aggravated by the excess-profits tax, which it was thought would prevent inflation in prices. This tax has worked out quite otherwise than most people expected. It is of no importance now to examine why people thought the tax would keep prices down. The effect has been exactly the reverse. For it has simply been another excellent excuse to boost prices.

Here again we have the same old idea of adding a little to everything, of making each element of cost an excuse for a larger addition to price than that particular element. The effect of the tax has been to make producers and distributors try to recoup the amount of the tax and something more besides.

After-the-War Extravagance

If some measure of immediate relief is what people most desire it can no doubt be obtained by any attack that will batter down prices, bring out hoarded stocks and punish the profiteer. Any come-down-to-earth movement may be desirable. In a crisis food hoarders can always be frightened. They have been threatened with death in Italy, but the execution of a few Italian speculators will no more make up for Italy's lack of coal and machinery and her million dead men than whistling will win a battle. You can't execute or legislate away a five years' gap in the world's normal production and distribution of wealth.

People always like a peg to hang their hats upon—a concrete, tangible cause for every ill. It is much easier to hold a class known as profiteers responsible for our troubles than really to analyze the causes. Not only is it satisfying to find someone to blame, but it is soothing innocently to imagine that other individuals, such as congressmen or district attorneys, can really reduce the cost of living.

It must be admitted that a great many people thoroughly believe that business should not make profits in excess of ten or fifteen per cent. Aside from the theoretical and practical soundness of such a doctrine, which I do not intend to go into in this article, it must be remembered that to fix profits is an infinitely detailed operation. It would probably require so many inspectors and new government departments that the waste and extravagance would be greater than before.

It is never easy to locate any given profiteer, though we may be morally sure that he exists. The wicked one to be shot at sunrise by a firing squad is always the other fellow. It is as easy as pie to see profiteering in somebody else's business. The butcher blames the shoe store and the shoe dealer knows that the butcher is culpable. It is the old story told in the famous Nast cartoon of the corrupt Tweed ring in New York, each man in a numerous group pointing to the next one. It is the merriest game extant of passing the buck. Really to corner all the profiteers would take so much of the time of the American people that they would have none left for the work of the world.

There is no one, not even the despised middleman, who cannot show where his own expenses have increased. A commission merchant who formerly handled a carload of eggs at a profit of forty dollars now

(Continued on Page 65)

Pack, Store and Ship Your Product in a "Diamond I" Bottle or Glass Jug

Diamond-I glass containers—
today's greatest advance in sanitary handling of liquids and semi-liquids

GLASS containers—the Diamond-I big bottles of 2 to 12 gallon capacity, and all other Diamond-I Better Bottles in the 3,000 sizes and shapes and styles—are the best modern means of caring for liquid and semi-liquid products.

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INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK

Driving at the Wheel and near the Rim

It is an elemental rule of engineering to apply power at the wheel and near the rim.

Because Torbensen Drive obeys this rule, it delivers great power to rear wheels—a tugging power which is best demonstrated in hard going and on hills with heavy loads.

Engine power is utilized to the fullest extent with resultant saving of gas and oil.

That Torbensen efficiency is generally recognized is proved by the fact that more Torbensens are in service than any other type of truck rear axle.

POWRLOK
"More than a differential"
Prevents stalling or skidding provided either rear wheel has traction

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Makers of Front and Rear Truck Axles

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

(Continued from Page 62)

demands one hundred and twenty. "What a robber!" somebody shouts. But the commission merchant will show you where the car formerly cost him fifteen hundred dollars and now costs five or six thousand dollars. He will show you that his porters, stenographers and errand boys all cost more.

To discover that profits themselves have increased is not enough. We must find out whether the percentage of profit has been exorbitantly in excess of increased costs. The business man, and more especially the retailer, has learned from long and bitter experience that he must keep the ratio of his profits constant. A profit of three dollars may be no greater now than one dollar and a half a few years ago. To analyze these figures for many industries is almost a hopeless task.

Nor is that the end of it. Suppose we do find producers and distributors who are making what after all allowances seem to be exorbitant profits. Who knows that they will make even a moderate profit in the years to come? Who knows that prices may not tumble and leave them with enormous losses? It has happened many a time before.

It is generally known that large numbers of business men fail, that in many lines one really good year in five—and even in some cases one in ten—is a fair average. Are you going to consider profits merely at the present moment and take your profiteer out and shoot him; or will you average his profits over the last five years and the next five years? If you find that he is making forty per cent now and averaged only five per cent for the last five years and will probably lose half his capital investment in the next five years—will you shoot him at sunrise or not?

The word "profit" has a delusively attractive sound. Profits are grand things when divided up among a few people. Then they look big indeed. But divide them up among a hundred million people and see what they amount to! If all the excessive gains made by profiteers in the last few years could be disgorged and divided up among the people the net result, I venture to say, would seem pitifully small. That perhaps is no reason why a few should make exorbitant profits, but the truth cannot be too strongly emphasized that the reason profits usually seem so large is because they are divided by a few people. Certainly the dividing up of profits among all the people is a slim reed to lean upon for any far-reaching reforms.

Most of us overlook the fact that profiteering could not flourish if people generally were not recklessly extravagant. Wars seem to be followed by extravagance just as they are by speculation. The curious thing is that people not only in this country, but in England and France and, to a considerable extent, even in Germany, are determined to live as well as before the war if not better. They are determined to have what they want when they want it.

Letting George Take the Blame

It takes no profound thinker to realize that we should all be living much more poorly than before the war if we want to make up for the loss. Instead, practically, everyone except those whose incomes have not risen at all are living better, or at least more extravagantly. This is an essentially vicious condition and it not only opens the way for the profiteer but would drive prices up anyway if there were no profiteers.

The American people practiced conservation during the war, but as soon as the armistice was signed they threw precaution to the winds and have since been buying everything they previously went without. Such saving in foodstuffs and other necessities of war and such cutting down in nonessentials as took place during the war were due to patriotism; and that motive ceased to stir us as soon as the fighting stopped.

We have a consensus of opinion from almost every trade and industry that caters to the ultimate consumer that people have money, are flush with it, and that their demands keep up despite rapid price increases. It also appears that in many cases the demands have been in excess of what in the past has been regarded as anything like actual needs.

In many lines retailers have practically given up arguing with jobbers over high prices and will pay anything without protest, provided they can get quick delivery, because they know they can pass the goods on to the public at their own figure. It also is the testimony of dealers that the public was never more uninterested in the cheaper grades of goods than now.

Yet the very people who are most extravagant are as likely as not to blame the profiteers for high prices, though by their unreasonable buying, which makes the profiteer possible, they are unconsciously in league with him. It is always easier to find fault with the whole social system or some indefinable body like profiteers than to consider one's own part in bringing about a lamentable condition.

Keen indeed is the analysis of the Federation of State Farm Bureaus:

"The high cost of living is due to shifting individual responsibility for the present state of affairs and each component of the people seeking self-satisfaction rather than the answer to the great world question. Instead of doing our individual best to produce more goods so that there will be enough for all at a reasonable price each is trying to better his condition at the expense of the other fellow."

The wage-earning classes are bitterly criticized for their extravagance, and possibly this propensity is somewhat more marked among them than among other groups. Naturally it shows up more among the wage earners because they never had money to spend until the last few years, and really is the worker to blame for feeling his oats?

His psychology is exactly like anyone else's. He wants to live beyond his income like the rest of us. Five years ago his present wage seemed beyond the dreams of avarice. He then thought that, say, seven dollars a day would mean affluence. But now he has it and finds he is not so very much better off than he was before. So he asks for more.

The Disease of Easy Money

In exactly the same way the young professional man struggling along on two thousand dollars a year dreams of the day when he will be earning ten thousand; but when that time comes he finds it as hard to live within his means as before.

But nothing is more unfair than to throw the whole burden of extravagance upon the wage-earning classes. The argument has been advanced that the well-to-do classes cannot spend money freely because of the size of their income taxes. If that is the case then there must be new crops of millionaires who reck not of income taxes. It is not the coal miners, the steel workers, the textile workers and members of the railroad brotherhoods who frequent the expensive hotels and restaurants of our great cities, who hunt for four-thousand-dollar apartments or spend the summer at fashionable watering resorts.

"I don't know sometimes whether I am standing on my head or my heels," said a philosophic telephone operator to me the other day as she gazed out of the window while we both waited for a call. "A young man came in here this morning and called up a hotel at the beach. He wanted a room over Sunday, and they told him they had only one left, thirty dollars a day."

Though extravagance drives prices higher the exact reverse is also true to some extent—that is, high prices themselves make people extravagant. The reason is simple: The way to get the most for your money is to spend it at once; to-morrow it may buy less. It is another result of the impairment of the sense of values. At such a time frail habits of thrift are relaxed and the impulse to spend is strengthened.

But in the main I suspect that extravagance is incidental to the world-wide expansion of credits, or in many countries, to actual inflation. It is the disease of easy money. In five years the bank deposits, government bonds and currency in circulation in the world have increased at least two and perhaps three hundred billion dollars.

This country has escaped an actual inflation of money such as the greenback episode of the Civil War, but it is suffering none the less from a huge expansion in bank credits due to the emission of Liberty Bonds. The effect is much the same.

The whole world is flooded by the dilution of its money and credit supply. As one observer has said, you cannot expect money to buy so much as before any more than you could expect a powerful acid to work as well after you had pumped it full of water. And the curious fact is that practically no part of the world has escaped the rise in prices.

Mothers, Here's the Secret of Dressing Your Boys Well

Select clothes which not only have the snappy style you like, but which will wear long and keep their shape.

Clothes that stand hard knocks, that do not rip and that wear a long time, are not only the most satisfactory for looks, but are the most economical to buy.

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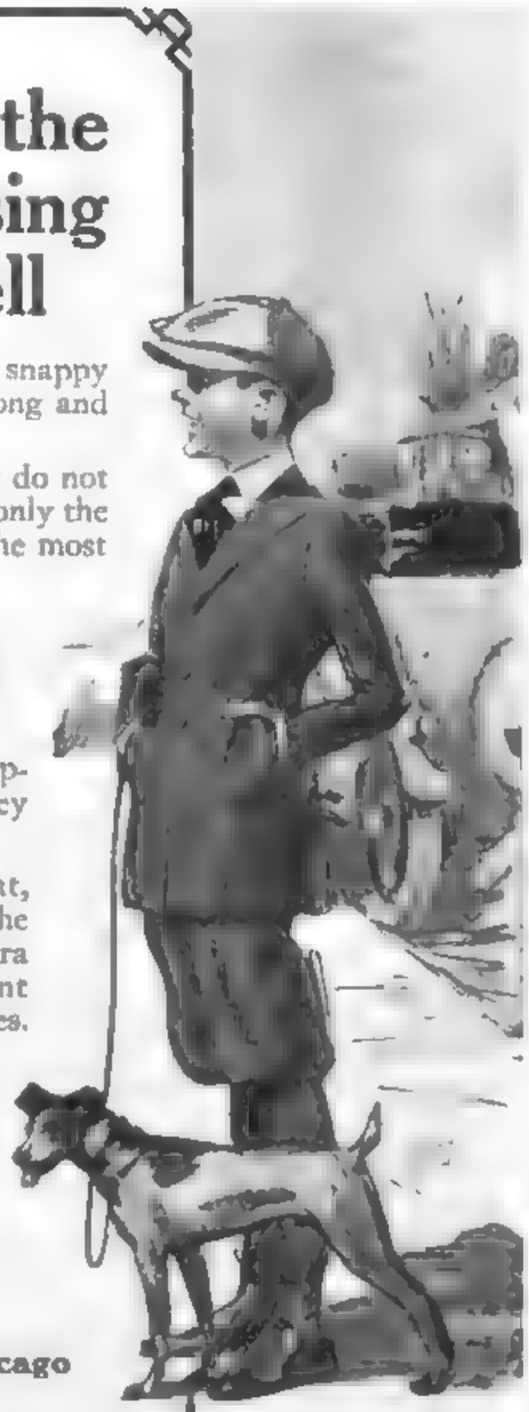

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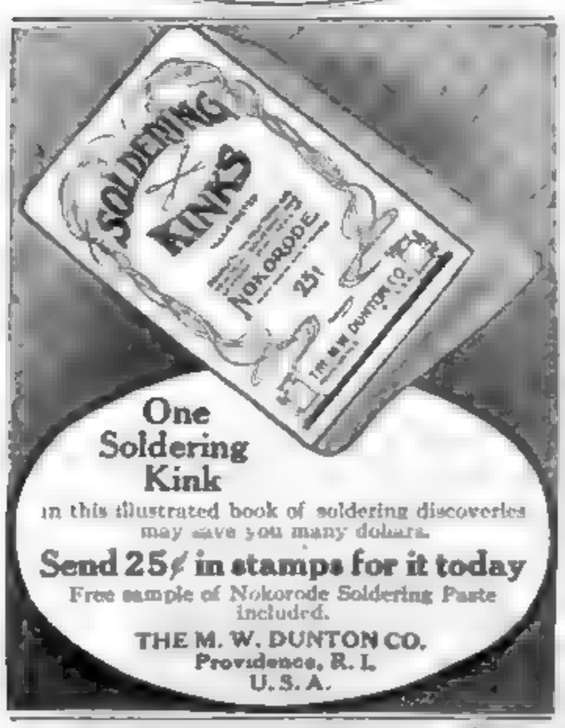
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Corrects and prevents white stains on brick walls. Makes concrete walls waterproof Cannot peel from mortar or brick because it penetrates like a stain.

Send for color card and dealer's name.

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Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Remoteness did not protect Japan or Australia; difference of economic organization did not help India; nor neutrality the countries of South America. Generally speaking, prices in the different countries have risen about in proportion to the inflation in money supply or credits. It is clear then that we must think not only of higher prices but of depreciated dollars.

But does this mean that inflation is the ultimate cause of high prices? If that is the case it might seem easy to break the vicious circle. Inflation, I fear, is really the effect, not the cause of high prices. Or rather it is their reflection, measure and index. Inflation will disappear quickly enough when what is behind it disappears.

Suppose you were Finance Minister of Russia when the war broke out. Hastily summoned to a conference with the Prime Minister and Minister of War you heard the Premier say: "We must arm, clothe and feed an army of ten million men. Can you raise the money?"

Inflation as an Index

"Yes, I think so," you replied. "I will sell bonds and borrow from the banks on certificates. I will also issue new currency and have the banks issue new notes."

You did not say to the Prime Minister that five years from then the world would be suffering from inflation and from a vicious circle of prices, wages, and the like. All you were concerned with was somehow to pay the manufacturers, munition makers and contractors.

Nor did these gentlemen worry about inflation or vicious circles five years thence. They got theirs while the going was good. They were perfectly willing to accept your new money, provided they got plenty of it quick and with an ample margin of profit. If they thought about inflation or vicious circles at all they relegated that worry to posterity.

Inflation was merely the instrument by which the nations of the world tided themselves over the prodigious strain upon current stores of commodities and insured to themselves a continuance of production despite the fact that thirty million men ceased not only to produce but actually engaged in scientifically destroying as much of the productive facilities of the world as possible.

Europe was in a panic to get enough goods to fight the war. The Allies were unprepared. They hardly had enough of anything. Thus they drew with irresistible force upon this country. The demand was without limit. Cost did not matter. No one was interested in cost, only the volume of production mattered. There was not enough to go round. Demand far exceeded supply; and when that happens all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot prevent prices from going up.

Buying was competitive, reckless, ecstatic. Goods were wanted instantly. The need was more than urgent; it was a matter of life and death. When this country entered the war the process was enormously accelerated. Nothing mattered except production. The idea was to crush the Germans and save the lives of our own boys with the irresistible might of our industry. Under the Government's great impatience to bend industry to its purpose prices continued to rise.

Even before we entered the war munition manufacturers had added to their labor supply by scores of thousands in a few months. They were prepared to pay anything in the way of wages. Labor was stolen right and left and grabbed back and forth by the offer of higher wages. Workers roved from plant to plant, stirred by stories of fabulous wages. An investigator who visited an injured man in one of the munition towns asked him what he had been receiving. But the investigator never discovered, because the worker was so allured and fascinated by stories of what he had heard other men were getting that he spent nearly an hour relating these tales.

When the United States entered the war the Government began to bid for labor. Wages were no consideration. The cantonments and aviation fields scoured the country for carpenters. The shipyards invaded the labor market, paid great advances and gave an eight-hour day, with time and a half for overtime; paid transportation charges and supplied houses.

The Government at one stroke increased the labor employed at a given piece of work, advanced the wage scale and shortened the day. All industry had to meet this scale, and at once passed it over to the public.

To do all this required money, but that was the easiest part of the task. All the Government had to do was to sell Liberty Bonds. As time went on it was possible to float bond issues only by resorting more and more to bank credit. Thus we acquired inflation—or, if some fastidious economist does not like the word, an expansion of credit—and it stays with us because the world has not yet replaced the commodities that were consumed or destroyed during the war. Inflation is only an index. To tinker with the money supply would do about as much good as to smash the thermometer on a hot day.

Everybody Wants the Best

Deflation does not occur at once, any more than a man feels bully on the morning after. Five years of almost world-wide destruction cannot be made up immediately. Production cannot catch up that fast. A city is not rebuilt in a day after an earthquake. It takes time and patience. The sad truth of the matter is that no such political, social and economic catastrophe as the war could possibly occur without leaving in its train the very evils we complain of. War, it cannot be too strongly emphasized, has left a burden of debt, not of wealth.

Exactly how big the gap left by the war is we do not know. But we have dark hints here and there of the dreadful chasm. We know that large portions of Europe are given over almost to anarchy. We know that countries that before the war exported hundreds of millions of bushels of grain each year can hardly support themselves to-day. Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, an authority on food conditions abroad, says that Europe outside of Russia will need about twice as much grain from overseas this year as she did before the war. It is said that there are twenty-five million fewer cattle in the world than before the war.

We do know what our exports are. Munitions are no longer going across to the embattled armies, but the value of our exports in a single month exceeds imports by an amount equal to that of an entire year before the war. We are sending foodstuffs to Europe at the rate of several hundred million dollars a month, and Europe is sending us practically nothing.

Competing with this stream of goods to Europe is the extravagant demand of the American people, which has already been spoken of. Everyone wants to rebuild, refurnish and reclothe. The returning soldiers must have the best of everything; everybody must have the best. Doctor Taylor even goes so far as to say that we have not reacted to the high cost of living at all or we would be eating cheaper foods. "We talk about the high cost of bacon but we go right on buying it."

The Answer is—Work and Save

There is, of course, one quick remedy at hand—to shut off absolutely on exports. It would be effective all right, in exactly the same way that the Chinaman succeeded in roasting his pig by burning down his house. The pig was done to a turn. No one has ever questioned that. Such a remedy would kill the disease before it killed the patient, but only a little before. If we tell Europe to go hang the resulting anarchy would engulf us before long; not to mention the fact that we would have one grand little panic right here.

No, the only way to break the vicious circle is by the slow, painful process of work and save throughout the world. In time, Europe will be able to supply her own needs. In time, the supply of goods will catch up with demand, and then we shall have gradual deflation in place of inflation, because it will be possible slowly to pay off the world's debts and the bank credits based upon them.

Patent nostrums, whether they apply to business men on the one hand or to the wage earner on the other, will only lead up blind alleys. Improved machinery, more scientific devices, better organization of industry, more economic distribution of its products, better training of the worker, more democracy in industry and more good will between capital and labor—all these will help. But they take years, generations perhaps, to bring about, and patent schemes to rush them into being are pitifully futile.

And as for working and saving, the bitter truth is that this doctrine will prove our salvation only if people learn that it applies to themselves as well as to the other fellow.

F-W-D TRUCKS

46 Inches Less Length —16 Inches Less Width

The Same Carrying Capacity

COMPARE the F-W-D with any ordinary truck of the same rating. At first glance you will see that *while the F-W-D has the same or greater carrying capacity* it is much shorter and much narrower. As a matter of fact the extreme over-all length of the *F-W-D chassis is 46 inches*—nearly four feet—less than the average length of ordinary trucks of the same capacity. The *F-W-D width is less by 16 inches.* The total saving in truck area averages 44 square feet.

It is the F-W-D principle of construction that gains this big advantage. Both load and power are equalized on all four wheels. In ordinary trucks from 75 to 95 per cent of the load has to be carried on the rear axle.

This is why the F-W-D is so much more efficient in all city trucking. Its turning radius is only 26 feet. Its tread is 56 inches, standard on all roads. Both front and rear wheels perfect track. With its easy steering, positive braking on all four wheels, and quick pickup, prompt and safe handling is assured in any emergency. It is the time saver in crowded streets and loading places.

Write for details which show F-W-D economies all through—a big saving in tires—longer truck life—lower operating costs.

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Notable for Quality

Take along a package of Bryn Mawr Chocolates when you wish to convey a special compliment. Everybody likes this superior grade of chocolates.

Their enticement is due to the superfine ingredients and unusual care in making. Rich, creamy centers and nut fillings encased in delicious chocolate. Their goodness is made all the more inviting by exquisite packaging

At better class stores, or send $1.25 for a package of Bryn Mawr Liquid Cremes. You will order again and tell your friends.

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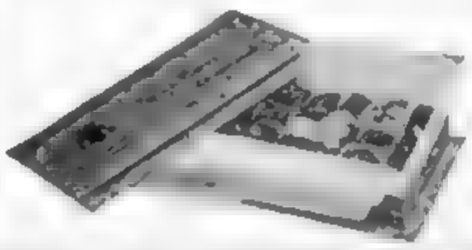

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THE Florsheim Shoe has the preference amongst the best dressed men, those who are particular as regards correct style, perfect fit and detail. Florsheims look better and wear best.

Consider the wear not the price per pair.

Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write for booklet "Styles of the Times"

The Carlton—Dark Tan Vamp—Kid or Buck Top.

CONVEX, PLANE AND CONCAVE

(Continued from Page 17)

nothing but enjoyment to him Only Seigelman and the little blonde girl knew positively he had become a professional dancer.

A party of men and women came into the dining room. Seigelman himself bustled forward to meet them.

"Some real class," Johnny, observing, commented to himself. He straightened his tie and smoothed his hair. He might be called upon. There were four women and three men in the party. He saw that seats for eight were arranged.

"I've noticed that Johnny Porter—the Johnny Porter—is here to-night," Seigelman was suggesting. "Perhaps I might be able to persuade him to join your party."

If you were acquainted with Seigelman and his methods you would know the Johnny Porter as one of his paid dancers. If you were not acquainted with Seigelman and his methods you could surmise that the Johnny Porter was some local celebrity, and feel honored accordingly.

"We are strangers in a strange city," one of the men of the party said. "If he can dance bring on your Johnny."

Soon Seigelman returned with Johnny in tow. Johnny was properly presented. A few moments later he was dancing with one of the young women. It was his business to dance and at first he attended strictly to the business of dancing. The girl was studying him with frank interest.

"Do you come here often?" she finally asked.

"Everyone comes to Seigelman's more or less often," he said.

"Tell me what you do," she added with naive interest. "I've met lots of celebrities," she explained. "Generally they can be classified by their appearance. You meet one and you say, 'Why, anybody would know she is a movie queen,' or 'He couldn't be anything but a portrait painter.' But you are hard to catalogue. You might be anything but a business man."

Johnny laughed.

"That is just what I am," he said. "Anything but a business man."

But he was anxious to divert her interest from himself. He began jestingly to tell her of her own characteristics.

"You have a convex forehead," he said. "That indicates keen perceptions and the ability to make quick decisions. And you have a plane nose," he continued. "P-l-a-n-e," he spelled hastily. "Straight, you understand—not humpbacked like mine is."

Miss Nelson had not told him the characteristics indicated by a plane nose, but Johnny had a fertile imagination and he always strove to please. His delineation of the characteristics indicated by a straight nose was not unflattering.

"Your lips are firm and slightly convex," he continued. "Firm, convex lips indicate splendid self-control.

"And you care very little about the opinion of others," Johnny declared. He had just noticed that her upper lip was rather long.

"How can you tell that?" she demanded quickly.

Johnny smiled wisely but he did not answer. He did not care to have her notice his own upper lip.

"You have a concave chin," he said, continuing his delineation. "A concave chin indicates good judgment, determination, perseverance. A great thing, that concave chin," he told her. "Whenever you make up your mind about a matter your decision is based upon principle and not upon what you think others will think."

"Tell me more," the girl said, evincing genuine interest.

Johnny smiled. He had exhausted his knowledge of the subject. But he did not care to spoil the good impression he was making.

"You are quite a complicated young woman," he told her. "To make an accurate analysis would take more time than I'd dare ask for."

Later in the evening, when they were dancing together again, she urged him to tell her more of the subject.

"I wish you could talk to my father," she said. "He is interested in the matter. He half believes he could apply a system of character analysis in the selection of his employees and in the management of his factories."

"I'd have to learn a lot more than I know now before I could talk intelligently to him about it," Johnny admitted candidly.

And this admission gave him an idea. He believed there must be some weakness in everybody's character. Seigelman, for instance! He had never heard of anyone putting anything over on Seigelman, but he felt sure the man must have some weak spot. It would be worth a great deal to be able to analyze his character scientifically. And this girl he was dancing with! He knew none of the old cutie stuff would go with her. He felt instinctively that she could be hard as nails when she wanted to. And yet she seemed to be an awfully good sort—friendly with a fellow and all that sort of thing. She must be rich too. She spoke casually of her father's factories. Yes, it would be worth a lot to be able to analyze her character with scientific accuracy.

Johnny made one of the sudden, impulsive decisions so typical of him. It was then that he decided he would master this system of character analysis.

"You said you could usually determine a man's occupation by his appearance," he reminded her. "The reason you couldn't size me up was because I have no real occupation. My last job was with a chemical concern.

"Now I am going to commence to study this system of character analysis from a commercial point of view. There is a wide field opening for experts in this line," he said with grave assurance. "Your father is interested. Lots of business men are. From the analysis I had made of my own character I am persuaded this is the one thing for which I am naturally adapted." Johnny, you recall, had a fertile imagination. He added considerable verbal embroidery to his theme as he proceeded.

"But it is going to take quite a long time to prepare myself properly," he concluded. His words implied years of labor and self-denial.

"You are fortunate you have the courage to follow your inclinations," she told him. "Very few men of your age would be willing to prepare themselves for a new and untried profession."

Johnny was willing to take all credit that might be due him for his sudden resolve. At the same time he decided to play safe—and it was not usual for him to insure against eventualities.

"This isn't going to be altogether easy," he assured her. "I have just given up an unusually good position in order to commence this study. And I am working nights in order to pay my way. In fact, I am not a celebrity, as you seem to think," he said, watching her closely as he made the confession. "I am one of Seigelman's paid dancers."

Instead of the disapproval he expected, she looked up at him with frank admiration.

"I am always proud of a man who has the courage to do such things, knowing what most people will think. Have your friends begun to desert you?" she asked.

"My position here isn't generally known," he told her. "When it does become known I expect to lose quite a few."

"Don't mind those you lose," she encouraged. "They'll not be worth the grieving."

The next day Johnny returned to Miss Nelson's office.

"How long will it take me to master your system of character analysis?" he asked.

"You could gain a comprehensive knowledge of it with about a year of conscientious application," Miss Nelson told him

He asked and was told what the tuition would be for a complete course of training He asked when he could begin his study.

"Will you complete the course?" Miss Nelson asked. "Or will you quit as soon as you think you have mastered the rudiments of the subject?"

"I shall complete the course," Johnny replied promptly.

Miss Nelson smiled. She excused herself from the room for a moment. She returned with a sealed envelope.

"Here is a letter I'll want to forward to you," she said. "At what address will it reach you?"

"At Seigelman's," Johnny told her with a note of defiance in his voice.

"You used good judgment," Miss Nelson said. "If you are willing to pay the price in hard work you can make a great success as a dancer."

"Odd, isn't it, for a man of my type?" Johnny answered without sarcasm. "But I'm not ambitious that way. I believe there is quite an opportunity in your own field of endeavor."

"You have the ability to master the subject," Miss Nelson said. "But you have not the right temperament. You have not the reflective judicial qualities necessary to apply the system successfully in a commercial way."

"I'm going to learn to hold my lips firmly together and to keep my chin thrust forward," Johnny said, grinning cheerfully. "You know that all mental impulses are undoubtedly of physiological origin," he repeated glibly. "When I have learned to hold my lips and chin correctly I will have acquired the proper mental traits to make me successful in this profession."

"Self-control and the characteristics indicated by a concave chin in combination with your natural ability would make you a success in this work," Miss Nelson assured him seriously. Then she smiled at him. "It isn't likely you'll transform yourself," she said. "The very qualities you lack are the qualities you would need to make any decided change in yourself."

"When you tell me that, you're talking bunk," Johnny argued with aggressive positiveness. "I have a brain, haven't I? And it functions in a fairly normal way, doesn't it? I don't say you haven't analyzed me correctly, because you have. And I do not know if I am hasty and impulsive because I have convex lips, or if I have convex lips because I am hasty and impulsive. And I do not know if I have the kind of chin I have because I lack perseverance and determination, or if I lack perseverance and determination because of the kind of chin I have. But I know that these qualities - impulsiveness, perseverance, determination—are simply habits of thought. And knowing this I can change my habits.

"And get me!" Johnny asserted solemnly. "I may have to change my face to do so, but you can put it down that I am going to change some of my habits of thought, some of my predominating characteristics."

"Why are you so eager to change yourself?" Miss Nelson asked curiously.

Johnny grinned sheepishly.

"It's my short upper lip," he admitted. "I hate to think that every son of a gun who knows this system can give me the once-over and be able to tell exactly what sort of a simp I am."

The first three months of his study dealt with the principles of the science, and for three months Johnny attended the classes with conscientious regularity. Then generalities gave place to details and Johnny's interest began to wane. He began missing classes. Then he dropped out altogether.

He found many reasonable excuses for doing so. In the first place his work at Seigelman's demanded more and more of his time. It had taken not more than two months' study under Miss Nelson for him to determine by analysis how to establish himself in Seigelman's estimation. The way had been so obvious he marveled that his common sense had not suggested the way to him. Seigelman was an epicure. His taste and judgment in preparing foods had made him a successful restaurateur before cabarets became popular. And Seigelman's love of music amounted almost to an obsession. It was his love and knowledge of music that enabled him to make his place famous as a cabaret when he added this feature to his dining room.

Through these two characteristics—his love of good food and good music—Johnny had been able to reach Seigelman. He talked food and music to Seigelman—or rather he induced Seigelman to talk on these subjects. And Johnny was alert, receptive and at the same time bubbling over with new ideas and suggestions. Seigelman had never permitted himself a real assistant before. Now he began to delegate to Johnny minor tasks of management and buying. One pay day there was seventy-five dollars instead of fifty in Johnny's pay envelope.

"You do not need to dance any more unless you want to," Seigelman told him. "I want you to take charge of the dining

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For Boys For Girls of 2 to 16
BUSTER BROWN SHOES

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room and maybe do some of the buying after a while."

Johnny determined to make good on this opportunity. He decided to drop his study of character analysis. He felt that he had mastered the fundamentals of the subject. Two weeks later he received the envelope Miss Nelson had addressed the day he enrolled in her classes. Johnny opened it with curiosity. It contained a brief statement, dated and written on the day of his enrollment. It was a statement to the effect that he would not complete the course of study. There was no ridicule, no suggestion of contempt. The simple statement was made that he would quit for the same reason he had never been able to hold a job for any length of time—because he was inherently a quitter, a man who started enthusiastically but never finished.

The next day Johnny returned to his study. He took the letter to Miss Nelson.

"You had my number," he admitted gravely. "But listen," he added, and as he spoke he unconsciously thrust out his chin and drew his upper lip in a firm line above his teeth. "Put it down that I am going to finish this thing; that I am finishing it, not because I have a short upper lip, not because I care for your good opinion, but because I want to keep my own self-respect."

Miss Nelson made no comment, but she smiled as she wrote a postscript to the letter Johnny had returned to her.

"Will this reach you at Seigelman's?" she asked.

Johnny looked at her indignantly for an instant. He did not like the inference of her remark. Then he relaxed and grinned his wide, mirthful grin.

"I'm a child of Capricorn," he told her. "My goat is tethered in the skies. You can't reach it."

Miss Nelson smiled again, and addressed a new envelope to Johnny in care of Seigelman.

During those months Johnny found less and less time for the little blonde girl. It was not good business to appear too interested in her now that he was an employee instead of a patron of the place. And a more important factor was that he saw the little blonde girl from a new point of view. If his analysis was correct that pert little tip-tilted nose of hers was an indication of mental immaturity; and the firm lips he had thought indicated self-control he saw in the light of his more advanced study as selfish lips. And, besides, her head was wide like his own, and round and low. A selfish girl, reckless, daring, clever but not conscientious, and with the mental development of a child!

Johnny liked the little blonde girl in spite of his analysis of her character. But the sea of matrimony is a wide sea and no place for a bit of selfish, immature femininity and an impulsive, reckless Johnny. He persuaded her to accept a booking with one of the vaudeville circuits.

"I've known for a long time you were too good for Seigelman's," he told her enthusiastically when she was leaving.

Johnny had been with Seigelman nearly a year. He had almost completed his course in the science of character analysis. An opportunity for him to apply his knowledge in a practical way presented. The Honorable Cal Parkhurst was dining at Seigelman's.

"There's the only man who has ever kept Moran guessing," Seigelman said to Johnny, referring to Parkhurst.

Moran was the political boss of the state. Johnny knew him by sight. He was a big man, fat like Seigelman but taller; a man who in his youth had been deep of chest and broad of shoulder and enormously strong. Now the once fine lines of his big frame were hidden by sagging layers of fat. Moran had grown fat and bald, but his small blue eyes still gleamed with their old cold, unwavering light from beneath wide, projecting brows. For nearly twenty years he had been a factor, ofttimes a dominating factor, in the political affairs of the state. The Honorable Cal Parkhurst, the prosecuting attorney of the county whose city was Moran's stronghold, was the only man who in recent years had been able successfully to defy and set at naught the plans of the huge old boss.

"Moran would give anything in his power to beat Parkhurst at the coming election," Seigelman said.

"That shouldn't be difficult," Johnny decided as he studied the lawyer. "Notice that long upper lip of his? I believe he is absolutely indifferent to public opinion."

"He is absolutely indifferent to public opinion," Seigelman said. "That is where his strength lies. He has made his reputation by doing what he believes is the right thing in spite of and frequently contrary to the opinion of the public."

Johnny held more and more firmly to the belief that each man had some predominating trait of character by which he could be reached.

"That long upper lip!" Johnny repeated. "It's his strength and his weakness. It is the way he could be reached. With those thin lips and that strong chin he never would make an impulsive statement. When he speaks at all it is to express a well-considered opinion."

Seigelman nodded.

"Everybody knows that about him," he said.

"Then why not bait him?" Johnny said. "Have some friends"—he used the word friends with suggestive inflection—"have some friends of his invite him here to dinner. Have some reporters with the crowd. Then bait him on this public-opinion thing. It would take someone who was smooth, someone who was familiar with the cases he has handled. Have such a one tell this Parkhurst that he prosecuted such and such a suit because public opinion forced him to; that he did not prosecute such and such a case because he feared to go contrary to public opinion. You get the idea? Work on him along that line until it gets his goat. And he will most likely come back with some of this to-hell-with-the-public stuff. Then advertise his remarks."

"It might be done," Seigelman said. "It's worth trying."

Johnny heard no more of the matter until a few weeks later, when he read Parkhurst's statement in the daily papers. Parkhurst had simply made the remark that the public was not intelligent enough to be told the details of public business; that he conducted his office to please himself and not to please the people who elected him.

At that election Parkhurst was retired to private life and Seigelman received the congratulations of those who knew how the thing was brought about. Seigelman was no small figure in local politics. Even Moran came at times for information and advice. And the Honorable Cal Parkhurst had been a thorn in the paw of the fat old boss. So Moran came one night to talk to Seigelman. He wasted no words when he was seated in the little private dining room reserved for such guests and for such occasions.

"You speared a little fish this time," he complimented Seigelman. "I've been trying to get him for a long time. There's a bigger one I want to get now—a congressman—you know! This man Bigelow! He's losing his sense of values."

Moran stopped speaking for a moment. He sat watching Seigelman with cold, unwavering eyes.

"Seigelman," he said suddenly, "you didn't frame that thing. Who did?"

It was because of his uncanny intuition that men feared to lie to the old boss. Seigelman went to the telephone screened in the corner of the room and sent word for Johnny to come.

"Johnny Porter," Seigelman told Moran. "One of my boys. He's like you are. He looks at a man for a moment and then can tell all about that man. He hires my waiters and kitchen help that way. Never a discord among the help any more and never a complaint from the patrons! It's a gift he has," Seigelman assured Moran with uncomprehending earnestness. "About Parkhurst—Johnny saw him but once. He looked at him for a moment and then told me more than I could have told about him, and I've been watching him for several years."

"Is this lad safe?" was Moran's only question.

"Absolutely!" Seigelman assured him.

Johnny entered the room and was introduced to Moran. The old boss trusted his first impressions. Instinctively he liked Johnny. Had he known it, everybody liked Johnny on first impression. As they were shaking hands Moran noticed that Johnny's lips were held in a firm, straight line. His chin thrust forward decisively as he answered Moran's questions. The old boss decided he could trust Johnny. He became aware that Johnny was appraising him calmly as if judging, classifying, cataloguing him. This amused Moran. Usually these young fellows were either too bold or too diffident in his presence.

"It's a Good Thing for Me Your Mother Knew Nothing of Such a System When I Was Courting Her," Caroline's Father Said

"Seigelman tells me you showed him how to get Cal Parkhurst by the heel," he said. "Is everyone as easy as Parkhurst?"

"Every person has his weakness," Johnny stated. "Some would be harder to reach than others. Yourself, for instance."

Instantly that old fat boss became tense under the placid layers of sagging fat and his cold gaze met and locked with Johnny's appraising glance.

"You would be harder to get than most of them," Johnny decided impersonally, judicially. "But you have your weakness—you could be reached."

Moran relaxed and smiled grimly.

"They haven't got me yet," he said.

Then he sat and watched Johnny. He was puzzled. He thought he would question him. But Seigelman was present to hear. A germ of self-doubt found lodgment in the mind of that self-confident old man.

"Do I know what this weakness is?" he asked cautiously.

"No," Johnny told him. "I believe you do not."

For a moment longer Moran sat staring at Johnny. It was in his mind to ask and be done with the matter. Then came a wave of anger. Why should he consider the talk of a smooth-faced boy?

"Do you know Waterman?" he asked abruptly, naming a wealthy merchant of the city.

"By sight and reputation," Johnny replied.

"I've offered him a seat in Congress," Moran told in a matter-of-fact tone. "He says he cannot afford to get mixed up in politics. He will not listen. I want you to find out if he can be reached.

"And this representative—this sanctimonious Bigelow who comes up for election this fall. He is strong with the voters, but he is no longer valuable to his party."

Johnny nodded.

"I get you," he said. "The first chance I have I'll give these gentlemen the once-over."

Ten days later Moran came to Seigelman's place again. He paused for a moment in the wide entrance of the dining room and then went directly to the smaller private room.

Seigelman beckoned to Johnny and together they followed to the smaller room.

"Well?" Moran demanded of Johnny.

"I've had a talk with Waterman," Johnny reported. "I went to him as if I were looking for work. He could be reached." Johnny paused for a moment, watching the fat old boss. "There's a way to reach Waterman," he repeated, "but you couldn't handle him if you elected him."

"Why not?"

"Because," Johnny replied deliberately, "he's as smart as you are."

Seigelman cast a warning glance at Johnny. But Moran accepted the statement without taking offense.

"I've come to that same opinion myself," he said.

"There is a bet you have overlooked," Johnny continued. "This lawyer—this state representative, Engel. He's popular with the business men of the city and he has a big following in the labor circles. He's looking toward Washington, but he's wise. He's waiting for you to notice him."

"I've noticed him," Moran said. "He's too young yet."

"He's a good man," Johnny urged. "With the organization behind him he could win; and he would remember who elected him."

"Have you decided about Bigelow?" Moran asked, ignoring Johnny's further comment regarding Engel.

"Yes," Johnny said quite succinctly. "Women!"

The fat old boss regarded Johnny curiously.

"Who told you?" he demanded.

"Nobody," Johnny answered.

"Women!" Moran repeated. "That would have been true a few years ago. But he's woman proof now. He hasn't slipped since he entered public life."

"Try him!" Johnny said, indifferent to Moran's opinion. "A smart woman could get him now."

Moran spoke to Seigelman of another matter. As he talked he was conscious of Johnny's appraising scrutiny. He turned from Seigelman and his cold eyes carried a challenge as he looked at Johnny again. Johnny met his gaze neither aggressively nor defensively—simply with a suggestion of scientific curiosity. He was marveling that that fat old boss could have built so powerfully on such a weakness. Moran sensed something of the thought and shifted in his chair.

"You think all men are alike?" he said. "They can all be reached?"

"They can all be reached," Johnny said. "One man's strength will be his weakness and another man's weakness will be his strength. But they can all be reached."

Then he left Moran and Seigelman alone in the room.

A few weeks later an apparently reputable apartment building was raided by the police. Enormous influence was brought to bear. The record of the raid was kept from the police blotters. No mention of it was made in the papers. But the word sifted through the city that a public man of prominence had been taken in the raid with a notorious woman.

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Not long thereafter Congressman Bigelow announced that he had decided to retire to private life. That fall the young lawyer, Engel, was elected to succeed him.

Following the election Moran sent for Seigelman.

"This Johnny Porter," he told Seigelman. "I don't trust him. I want you to tie a can to him. I want you to make him hard to catch in this state."

Seigelman lowered his eyes in the fashion of one who is weaving lies.

"I can fire Johnny," he said. "But he has money of his own. I could not stop him from opening a place of his own."

"If he starts a place it will be with your money," Moran said coldly. "You know what I want."

That evening Seigelman told Johnny of Moran's edict.

"For four years more at least he will be in power," Seigelman said. "He can break me in less than four years. But I like you, Johnny, and I don't like to have a man dictate to me. I'm going to keep you, Johnny. I can make that fat old man squirm while I last."

"I've been expecting this," Johnny said. "Four years from now there is going to be a mighty fight over the election of a senator. Four years isn't very long. And this old boss—he's human. He can be reached."

"Can you get him?" Seigelman asked eagerly.

"It will take a smarter man than I am to get him," Johnny answered. "But he is human. There's a way to reach him. When the time comes I will return and show you how to get him and you can show the others who want to pull him down."

The next day Johnny went to Miss Nelson.

"How long before I can qualify as an employment supervisor?" he asked.

"You are ready now," she told him. She took an addressed envelope from a cabinet beside her desk and showed it to him.

"The time you brought this letter to me and said you intended to finish your studies I doubted you. In fact, I wrote a postscript to my first letter to that effect." She glanced at the hard line of Johnny's lips approvingly. "You have a long road yet to travel before you achieve your own ideal," she said. "But I can trust you now."

From the cabinet beside her desk she took a list of mills and factories.

"These are the names of some of the firms interested in my system of character analysis as applied to employment methods," she said. "I told you in the beginning you lacked the proper temperament for a good employment supervisor. You haven't the necessary patience; you still lack the judicial qualities of mind required for the work. You are an executive, a promoter and organizer rather than an administrator. But if you can sell my service to these firms and organize the work I can supply the necessary employment supervisors."

Johnny looked down the list of names. There was one that held his attention. He had almost forgotten the girl with whom he had danced one evening, the girl whose interest had led him to decide to study this system of character analysis.

"Has this man Corbin been visited yet?" he asked.

"None of those firms has been visited personally," Miss Nelson told him. "Their inquiries are all recent."

"I'll go and see this man Corbin first," Johnny told her.

His first thought was to see the girl again and through her meet the father. But he decided against this plan. He went directly to Mr. Corbin and presented his proposition briefly. He asked for an appointment for the following day.

"I've been interested in this subject for some time," the manufacturer said. He named an hour the next day when he would have time to go fully into the details of the system.

As Johnny rose to leave he paused for a moment.

"You have a daughter who is interested in the subject," he said. He smiled his engaging, infectious smile. "She danced with me once. Tell her that Seigelman's Johnny Porter has finished his course of study."

"I'll tell her," Corbin said. His eyes twinkled as he spoke. "Caroline has been studying this system by the correspondence method," he said. "It is she who is making a believer of me."

Johnny spent the rest of the day outlining his method of approach for the following day. He had been content at this first interview to make a mental analysis of the manufacturer's character. This analysis determined his method of approach. Johnny carried away from the interview a clearly defined mental picture of Mr. Corbin.

"They are all human," he thought. "They can all be reached."

The next day he told Mr. Corbin briefly of the development of this science of character analysis; of the practical application of the system in the employing of men. He spoke of the cost of training a man for a job; gave statistics showing the average annual turnover of labor in some of the plants using the old, unscientific methods of employment; estimated the actual cost of this labor turnover. Then he told of the plants where men were being placed by scientific methods at work for which they were naturally adapted. He told of the decreased labor turnover at these plants and of the actual savings effected.

Johnny had decided that Corbin's predominating trait was fair-mindedness, an unusually developed sense of justice. He made these arguments of economy and efficiency of secondary importance. He emphasized the worth of the system as a matter of justice to the men themselves—to the employees.

Corbin was of the vital-mental type. He was a man of fine texture—active, impatient of details or restraint.

"Put yourself in the place of a man looking for work," Johnny said. "One of your foremen needs a man for coarse, heavy, monotonous machine work. You apply for a job and the foreman or employment boss likes your appearance. You are a large, strong man. He needs a large, strong man, so he gives you the job. It is a job that requires a phlegmatic, stolid disposition. You are an active, nervous man. By the time you have mastered the details of the work the work itself begins to get on your nerves. Why? Because in spite of your size and strength you are mentally adapted only to fine work instead of coarse; you are nervous and active instead of phlegmatic and stolid; you are mentally active and the work requires mental inactivity.

"You can foresee the result. You become dissatisfied with the job. And as soon as you become dissatisfied you begin to turn out unsatisfactory work. In the end you either quit or are discharged. The foreman, if he thinks about the matter at all, thinks he is getting rid of an inferior mechanic. As a matter of fact, the factory may be losing a high-class executive who has never had a chance to demonstrate his ability.

"Aside from the loss to the factory, the cost of training the man, the decreased efficiency of the machine he operates, don't you see the injustice of it to the man himself? Each job he loses makes it harder for him to find another, leaves him with less confidence in his own worth and ability till at the end ——"

Johnny paused before he overdrew the picture. The arguments he had presented of added economies and increased efficiency of operation by the use of this system of employment had not particularly impressed the manufacturer. But as soon as the appeal was made to his sense of justice, to his absolute fair-mindedness, Johnny reached him. Half an hour later Johnny rose to leave. He had a signed contract in his pocket.

He was to begin the task of reorganizing completely Corbin's employment methods immediately.

"There is one thing more," Corbin told him. "You are to have dinner with us this evening. Caroline doesn't remember if your chin is convex or concave."

Johnny hesitated an instant. If Miss Corbin had been studying this system for a year he wasn't sure he cared to risk having her make an analysis of himself. Then he smiled. He had the approval of Miss Nelson. He would take a chance with this girl.

"As I remember, Miss Caroline has a convex forehead, a plane nose—p-l-a-n-e. I always spell it when I refer to a girl's features—slightly convex lips and a concave chin. An unusually well-balanced character your daughter has. I'm not so sure of my own," Johnny said. "But I'll be glad to give her an opportunity to analyze me for your benefit."

Apparently the analysis Miss Corbin made was entirely satisfactory to herself and to her father, for Johnny became a frequent visitor at the Corbin home.

Johnny always strove to please. He found it made his way easy, not only socially but also in this new work of his. When Corbin's employees found that Johnny was really trying to improve conditions for them they came to him willingly with their problems. They made it easy for him to effect the changes he thought should be made. And gradually, without friction or discord, he completed the reorganization of the employment methods of Corbin's factories. While he was engaged in this work he saw an opportunity to make himself valuable as an assistant to Mr. Corbin himself. Johnny believed in taking advantage of all his opportunities. Nor did he confine himself exclusively to business opportunities.

One evening Mr. Corbin entered his library and found Johnny seated before the fireplace. Caroline sat beside him, her arm across his shoulders, her cheek resting against his cheek.

Mr. Corbin stood in the doorway for a moment watching them.

"I suppose you figured it out scientifically," he said.

"Absolutely!" Caroline replied without changing her position. "We have decided we are enough alike so we'll always understand each other. And we are different enough so one will never bore the other."

"It certainly pays to be scientific about such a matter," Johnny added. "So we've made quite a scientific study of each other. We find we both have wide, round heads. We both are willing to take a reasonable risk. We're not reckless, you understand, but neither are we too darned conservative. And Caroline's head is higher proportionately than mine. That indicates she is more of an idealist than I am."

"The books say that a head like Johnny's indicates a limited amount of cleverness and a degree of low cunning and shrewdness," Caroline interrupted, teasing Johnny.

"It might indicate that to an inexperienced observer," Johnny admitted. "But in combination with my many redeeming qualities it indicates an unusual degree of practical common sense and business ability."

"Modesty is one of his redeeming qualities," Caroline explained to her father.

"Our foreheads are convex," Johnny continued hastily. "Convex foreheads indicate executive ability; keen perceptions and all that sort of thing. That is why we were able to make up our minds so promptly about each other.

"And Caroline's nose is plane—p-l-a-n-e, while mine is slightly convex. We are both glad because of this. It indicates that she will be willing to yield her opinion to mine in matters of action, business affairs—all the workaday things a man should naturally decide.

"Our mouths are convex, though of different degrees of convexity. Such mouths indicate generosity—controlled generosity of course. Sometimes," Johnny hastened to add when he saw Caroline intended to comment on his statement, "sometimes a convex mouth indicates impulsiveness. But that does not apply to either of us.

"Another happy fact is that our chins are not the same. Caroline has a concave chin. Her chin indicates an appalling degree of perseverance, persistence, determination."

"Knowing that, are you still willing to take a chance?" Caroline's father asked.

"No chance at all," Johnny said. "Because my chin isn't concave. So in matters controlled by the chin I'll always be willing to let Caroline have her own way."

"Isn't it just wonderful?" Caroline added happily. "We'll always get along together perfectly."

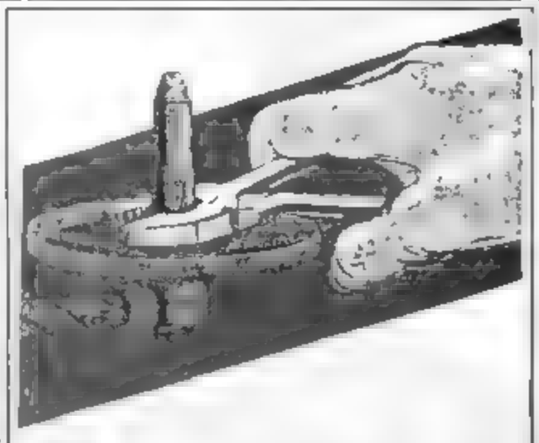
"It's a good thing for me your mother knew nothing of such a system when I was courting her," Caroline's father said. He drew a chair up beside them and sat for a few moments gazing into the flames.

"This younger generation!" he mused. "The way you two young ones talk seems absolutely cold-blooded."

"Oh, but Johnny isn't a bit cold-blooded," Caroline said, giving Johnny an affectionate squeeze.

One evening Johnny Porter, a vice president of the Corbin Manufacturing Company, stood with his wife in the wide entrance of Seigelman's dining room.

Seigelman hurried forward to greet him. He led the way to the smaller room reserved for special guests and special occasions. He ordered for them the kind of dinner that has made his restaurant famous. And when the dinner was served



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Johnny insisted that he join them. Their talk was immediately of the old boss.

"For three years it has been a humiliation to me to remember I was bluffed into letting you go," Seigelman said. Johnny reached and patted him on the arm.

"Don't hold it against yourself," he said. "You did the only wise thing."

"That fat old man!" Seigelman exclaimed. "Have you heard? He is going to be a candidate at the next election. He wants to go to the Senate."

Johnny nodded.

"So I've heard," he said. "How strong is Engel?" he asked.

"Engel is strong," Seigelman said. "Almost as strong as Moran. And he is with Moran," he warned. "He will surely throw all his strength for Moran at the election."

"Engel can be reached," Johnny said confidently. "But there is no hurry. We have a year to frame this thing. I'm with the Corbin company now," he added. "We are going to build a plant here. I'll be here most of the time during the next couple of years."

Not long after this talk with Seigelman Johnny arranged for a meeting with ex-Congressman Bigelow. He dined with Bigelow at Seigelman's. Diplomatically he led the talk into personal channels. He spoke of Bigelow's voluntary retirement to private life. Then, bluntly, to catch the man off his guard, he asked: "Have you ever been told who framed that raid on the apartment building where you happened to be one night?"

"It was not a prearranged occurrence," Bigelow answered with quiet dignity. "When a man charged with the high honors of a public trust becomes subject to the ordinary temptations of the flesh there is a destiny that reveals his unfitness for his trust."

Johnny checked his impulse to smile. And yet he was satisfied that his analysis of the man had been correct. He knew Bigelow had demonstrated ability, integrity in public matters.

"Listen," Johnny said. "That destiny business sounds good, but in mundane affairs usually some very human agency does the revealing. Moran sent for me one night. We met here in this same room. He told me you were losing your sense of proportion; that you were no longer valuable to your party. You get it? He meant you had outgrown him; that he could no longer handle you. Well, Moran planned that raid."

Bigelow looked at Johnny incredulously.

"It can't be possible!" he said. "Why, Moran is still my friend! We had differed on matters of political policy ——" He paused, debating this new thought.

"I had a hand in it," Johnny told Bigelow. "I see things differently from what I did then. I feel I owe you something." Johnny leaned forward as he spoke and his lips were drawn back in a hard line; his chin was thrust forward belligerently. "That old fat boss!" he said. "He's been buying men politically, pulling down the men who opposed him for twenty years.

"He thinks he holds this legislature in his hand. He thinks he can elect himself to the Senate—and now I am going to pull him down."

"He can do it," Bigelow said. "He can elect himself—he and Engel together."

"But Engel will not be with him at the decisive vote."

"You don't know Moran," Bigelow said. "This is the first time he has ever wanted a public office. Now he will buy his election rather than be defeated."

"Just so," Johnny said. "That is the thing I intend he shall do."

"And what do you want of me?" Bigelow asked.

"I want you to be a candidate. I want you to oppose Moran."

"No!" Bigelow said flatly. "I shall be no man's candidate again."

"I want you to be no man's candidate," Johnny told him. "I want you to be free to represent this state and the people of this state according to the dictates of your own intelligence and convictions."

"I will consider the possibilities of the situation," Bigelow decided.

"You'll find an unexpected host of supporters," Johnny told him.

The legislature of the state met. It was conceded that Moran and Engel would control the session; that Bigelow would not be a real factor. Then came the report that Engel had deliberately split with Moran; that he was insisting upon the appointment of one of Moran's enemies, Cal Parkhurst, to a very desirable political position. The situation became tense. If Engel decided to throw his strength to Bigelow it meant that the old boss would be defeated; that Engel and Bigelow would control the state machine.

From a point of vantage in the gallery Johnny watched the situation develop. Bigelow's lieutenants and Engel's were constantly beside him.

Moran, given the privilege of the floor, managed for several days to prevent a vote. He drew upon every resource at his command and fought with all the skill and cunning of his long experience in the political arena. And then the word spread from the capital throughout the state that in spite of Engel's and Bigelow's strength the fat old boss again controlled.

It was then that Moran sent for Johnny.

"Say to Moran that when he wants to see me he'll find me at my hotel," Johnny told the messenger. "And tell him this—this is the important thing—tell him I'm going to let him win by four votes—exactly four."

It was this message that brought Moran to Johnny's hotel. The old boss eased himself into the one comfortable chair in Johnny's room. He seemed gray and worn, but the cold, unwavering blue eyes revealed the indomitable, unbeaten spirit of the old fighter.

"Well, boy," he said, "you've given me a close call. Now, what is it you want of me?"

"You had me run out of the state once," Johnny reminded him.

"That was a mistake," Moran admitted. "I underestimated your ability. I should have kept you with me. You've just given me the closest call I've ever had."

"Yes," Johnny told him. "I'm letting you win by four votes."

It was not simulated the sneer in the old boss' words as he replied.

"You let me have them!" he exclaimed. "The hell you say!"

"Yes," Johnny repeated. "I let you have them. I could take them away from you now if I cared to."

"Try it!" Moran challenged. His face suffused with a flush of anger and the great layers of fat quivered as the old boss rose from his chair and stalked from the room.

Moran was elected with four votes to spare.

Bigelow gave formal notice that he would contest the election. The contest dragged along without apparent results. But there were many unpleasant rumors afloat.

Moran went to Washington. And then, when the eyes of the nation were upon him, the record of the session of the legislature by which he was elected was made public. In the stress of that hour when he had faced overwhelming defeat Moran had done the thing Johnny had known he would do. He had bought the votes he needed. He had bought them not with the promise of political preferment or gift of office, but by the crude medium of money. The record of each vote so purchased was a record proved by unimpeachable evidence when it was submitted for the consideration of the Senate.

The fat old boss returned to his home, discredited, despised, broken.

Johnny unexpectedly found the political leadership of the state thrust upon him.

Only Johnny and his wife knew why he had been so sure he could reach the old boss.

"Johnny," Caroline had said one day, "I had a chance to size up Mr. Moran to-day."

"Yes, dear," Johnny answered sweetly. But he eyed her suspiciously. "What did you learn?"

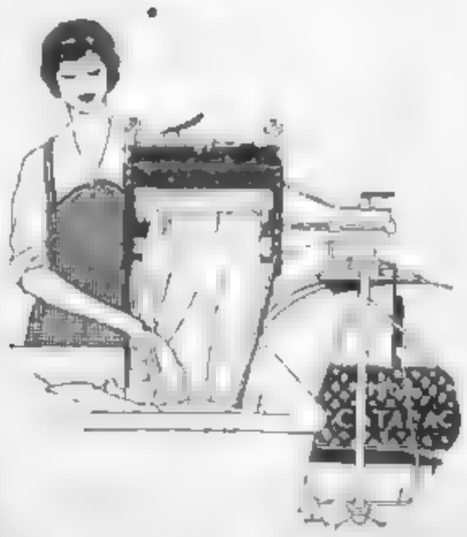
"Why, that fat old reprobate is of exactly the same type as you are," Caroline said as if doubting the evidence of her own analysis. "He doesn't look a bit like you, but his head has the same relative proportions, and his features—even his lips and chin—are like yours."

"Don't say any more!" Johnny pleaded. "You know too much about me now.

"I wonder," he continued, musing, "if when I come face to face with some great crisis I shall do as that old man did. I wonder if I shall at such a time allow my impulses, my innate tendencies to control me."

"Not if I'm sticking round, keeping my eye on you," Caroline assured him with conviction.

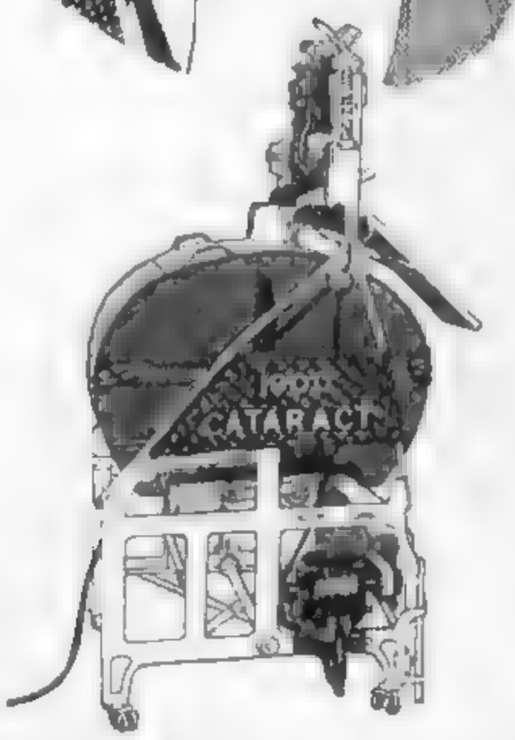
1—Just connect it with the electric light, and pull back the lever



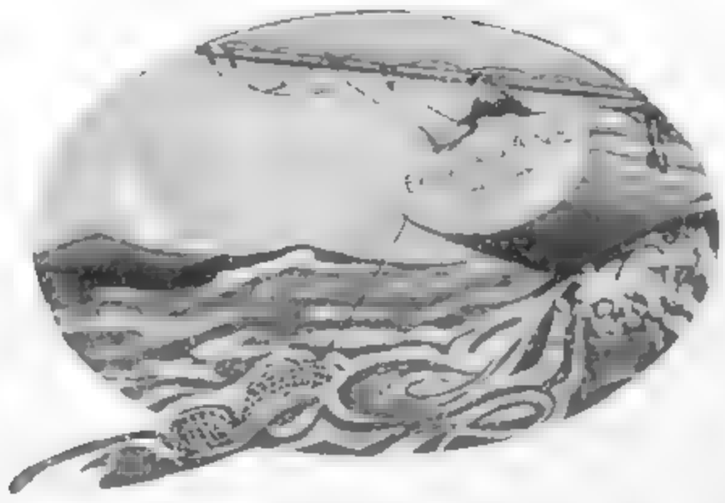
2—The swinging wringer is reversible. No moving of the washer.

3—After you start the washer, you need not bother any more about it

4—No heavy cylinders in the tub to lift out and clean. No parts to rub against the clothes.



5—The tub comes in two sizes, one holding 8 sheets or the equivalent, and the other holding 12.



There was once a lazy sailor. He loved to lie indolently on the deck, and watch the sparkle of the sun upon the water. He thrilled to the wide, clean sweep of the sea, and the lurch and dip of the boat. One of his pet aversions was washing clothes. One day he secured an old net, and tied it about his clothes, fastening the net to the stern of the moving boat, and dragging it through the water. When he pulled up the net, his clothes were clean—It is not the rubbing of the clothes that cleans them. ***IT IS THE ACTION OF THE WATER AS IT IS FORCED TIME AFTER TIME THROUGH THE FABRIC.*** *This is the principle on which the 1900 Cataract washing machine has been built. It cleanses the clothes by forcing water back and forth through the material.*

1900 CATARACT WASHER

The Figure 8 Movement

With a 1900 Cataract Washer, the water is forced through the clothes *four times* as often as in the ordinary washing machine, therefore it does the work faster than any other. The 1900 Cataract Washer forces the water through the clothes in a figure 8 movement. This forcing of the hot, sudsy water through the clothes in a figure 8 movement is an *exclusive* feature. It is the magic movement which makes the 1900 Cataract Washer the perfect washing machine!

The Clothes do not Rub

You won't find any parts in the 1900 Washer tub to rub the clothes. After you have finished your wash, you will find no lint in the tub. That is because the water is forced through the clothes by the *movement of the tub*, not by the action of any part of the tub. The burnished copper tub, well lined and rust-proof, has *no heavy cylinders to lift out and clean.*

The Swinging Wringer

You don't have to move your 1900 Washer when you are ready to wring your clothes. You can swing the wringer from the washer, first to the rinse water, then to the bluing water, and then over to the clothes basket. And the wringer is reversible—the wet clothes can be run through in either direction.

Less Than 2c an Hour to Operate

Your entire wash can be finished in a 1900 Cataract Washer at a cost of less than 2c an hour! A tubful of clothes can be washed in eight to ten minutes. The 1900 comes in two sizes—holding the equivalent of eight or twelve sheets.

The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 motion.

You Can Save Money

A 1900 Cataract Washer saves *money*—and *time.* You save laundry bills—many of the clothes you would ordinarily send to a laundry can be washed in your 1900—and you save the wages you would have to pay a laundress. When you wash your clothes at home, you have the comforting knowledge that they are not being washed in the same water with other people's. And you don't have to use strong acids!

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Just connect the washer with the electric light socket or plug—and pull back the lever. Off it starts! It is so simple and easy to work, you can let anyone operate it. Nothing complicated, nothing to get out of order.

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Prove to yourself the saving in time, money, and effort a 1900 Cataract Washing Machine will mean. We have a 1900 dealer in your town. He will be glad to put a 1900 Washer in your home for a free trial. When you have proved what it will do, you may start paying for it on terms that will be arranged to your satisfaction. If you are not satisfied with the 1900 Cataract Washer you can send it back! *You are obligated in no way whatever.*

Right now, fill out the coupon below and send it to us for complete details of this plan, and the name of the 1900 dealer nearest you.

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THE new Grant Six, now being exhibited by Grant dealers, is the finished product of a company which has built over fifty thousand Grant Sixes.

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Those who have examined the chassis of the new Grant Six critically declare that it is positively unrivaled in simplicity and staunchness of construction.

They say, also, that the refinement of details surpasses anything men are accustomed to in a car of its price. Even oilless bushings (eliminating dope cups) are used for both front and rear springs—a feature heretofore exclusive with the highest priced machines

And a Kellogg Power tire pump and Bovee Motometer are regular equipment. You will not find both these advantages in any other car listed below $2000

Seldom has any new model evoked more sincere enthusiasm. Never has a new model more fully deserved the splendid tribute paid its power, its beauty, its completeness and its easy riding qualities.

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Five-Passenger Touring Car $1495
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Prices of an unusually beautiful line of enclosed models including a Five-Passenger, Four Door Sedan and Four-Passenger Coupé to be announced later

GRANT MOTOR CAR CORPORATION · CLEVELAND

THE PEDDLER

(Continued from Page 5)

He lifted the front of his béret with a smile, turned smartly on his heel and walked back to his truck, and as he moved away they caught the lilt of his little song:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

James stepped inside the house and clapped his hands, at which Chang, the Chinese butler, appeared.

"Follow that truck round the house," said James. "See him out of the grounds, and if he smashes the borders or rides down a tree or knocks over a gatepost come and tell me."

Diana remained upon the veranda, watching the peddler curiously. He started his motor, at which a small dog sitting upon the seat began to yap expectantly. It looked to Diana like a cross between a dachshund and a French poodle, if one can imagine such a combination at this epoch, and its shrill voice roused a riot in the kennels, which swelled the general uproar. Diana went back into the house wearing a crooked smile.

"That was a queer type," said she to James. "Did you notice the little French nursery rime he was singing?"

"Yes. Probably some casual off a transport."

"Why casual?"

"His cheek and sloppy way of saluting. Also the fact of his having money enough to set up in business with that perambulating junkshop."

The outrageous racket began again to awaken furious human echoes from the upper stories of the house, where the incensed brethren, roused from their beauty sleep, flung open their windows and roared out imprecations. Even paterfamilias lent his voice to these. Yells filled the place and were flung back from stable and garage, but it is impossible that any of them could have reached the peddler's ears, the clamor of his vehicle insuring him against the pain of listening to indignant reproach when under way. He passed round the house and thundered down the drive, a roaring medley of motor and exhaust, with crashing gears, loose merchandise banging against the walls of his house inside and drumming without and, above all, the shrill pipings of his little dog—and so he made safely the passage of the gates, and the diapason of noise dissolved gradually in the distance.

All of this had taken valuable time. The car had been brought to the door, but James in an ugly humor was perversely deaf to Diana's entreaties for haste. He got himself hatted and coated and caned, then remembered some papers he had overlooked, then decided on another matinal drink, and despite his sister's angry protests went back for that. They had a run of six miles ahead to the station at which the express stopped, most of this over bad roads where the frost was coming out of the ground.

Ready at last, James, as if desiring further to madden his sister, decided to drive. He plucked her away from the wheel gently enough but equally firmly, and slid under it himself. Then he took it suddenly into his head that as haste was imperative she had better stay at home and let the chauffeur go with him to bring back the car, which was a light roadster and, through some crankiness of James about tire wear, not equipped with chains.

This naturally started a fresh wrangle.

"Oh! Get along!" cried Diana furiously. "I'm going to see that you don't break your silly drunken neck."

"You are enough to drive anyone to drink," said James. "Will you get out or must I chuck you out?"

"Shut up and start if you want to get that train!" cried Diana. "Saunders has beat it for the garage. He's got some sense."

"More than one can say for you," growled James, and started with a jerk, bounded to the gates, skidded out onto the greasy road and slammed into full speed ahead.

They tore over the road at an unhallowed pace, and just before reaching the top of the dangerous descent known as Oak Hill overtook the peddler's big sky-blue van, which was rocking and swaying and clanging along like the good ship Bolivar of Kipling's poem. This occasioned another delay as it mopped up all the road, while it took their horn some time to pierce its frightful din. Then it shifted over with a deliberation that roused James to frenzy, and he shot past vociferating ill words which nobody could hear.

This was the bad part of the road about which Diana had warned her brother, and one to be approached with caution at all times, for the steep and winding descent was cut in the side of a gorge, not very deep but precipitous. On the left the ground rose steeply, while on the right it dropped sheer for about fifty or sixty feet. The place was thickly wooded with very big white oaks, the upper branches of these sawed off where they impinged upon the road, those still higher springing over it to form an arboreal arch.

But James did not approach with caution. He had by this time worked himself into the characteristic Kirkland rage over his errand, the peddler and Diana's caustic admonitions, while the parting drink was now permeating his system to the damage of what little prudence it could boast under the most propitious circumstances.

He took the top of the hill as though he had decided to ignore its windings and go cross lots to the bottom by the airplane route, and this in fact he almost did. At the first bend, discovering his error, he tried to brake. The car was light, with no chains, and no weight in the rear. It took a fearful skid, checked, then gently left the road as though deciding to climb a tree, and this by some strange freak of destiny it practically accomplished. For the heavy barricade of posts and planks yielded slowly under the thrust of its forward part, and the machine quite out of hand slid forward on this, which, upheld by the jutting stump of an oak branch, furnished a sort of scaffold on which the car came to rest, suspended in mid-air about forty feet above the foot of the tree. And so nicely was it balanced that as James reached forward to cut off his current it rocked gently from side to side.

The slightest move would have been fatal, destroyed their equilibrium, precipitated them into the abyss, the car on top of them. They realized this just as one realizes that to step a little to one side of a light skiff will mean to get a ducking. Slowly, scarcely daring even as much as that, James turned his ashen face to Diana.

"Don't budge," said he sepulchrally. "Don't bat an eyelash."

Diana did not answer. She could look straight down and see the loose stones and bushes beneath. Some of the bank slid off and went rattling down and their hearts stopped pumping. It seemed to them that a falling acorn from the higher branches of the great tree would be enough to topple them over. But it was springtime and there were no acorns. They did not know what moment the bank might cave under the weight of their hind wheels or the stump supporting them give way.

And so they sat like two graven figures, waiting respectfully on the will of Nemesis, not daring to look back, dreading to speak, scarcely venturing to breathe.

Then James boomed cavernously: "So help me, Di, if we get out of this alive I'll never take another drink!"

With eyes fixed to the front Diana answered: "I don't quite see how we are going to get out of it alive, James, do you?"

It is astonishing that they could speak at all, expecting as they did to go crashing down to death and mutilation. But it must be remembered that the Kirklands were folks of strong fiber, given all their lives to the practice of dangerous sports, and that the brothers of the family had recently returned from war, James and William from the Front, the twins from the chasing of submarines and sweeping of mines on the coast of France.

"Will you forgive me, Di?"

"Shut up, James."

It was at this terrible moment that they first took note of a stupendous clamor approaching them. James set his teeth, and his heart seemed to hang balanced like the car, for he realized that even a mild vibration, to say nothing of the jolt and jar of the big heavy-laden truck, would spell their doom. His head turned stiffly, and chin on shoulder he saw the great van loom up over the crest of the hill not fifty yards away and the peddler rise suddenly to his feet. At the same instant the van swerved, effectually to block the road for all traffic, and its clangor ceased.

Trailmobile

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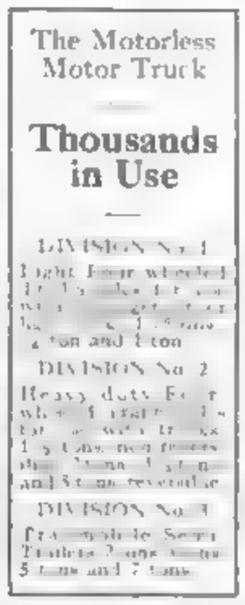

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Wheat raisers with a Trailmobile can profitably haul their own and neighbors' grain to distant markets, often getting better prices. They can also serve merchants and others. The type Trailmobile shown here takes the standard farm wagon, holding 60 bushels of grain, and can be drawn by a passenger car.

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Then followed some swift action which James watched as through a mist. He saw the peddler leap down, run back and plunge into the rear of the truck, almost instantly to emerge with a coil of soft rope—Italian hemp, made expressly for the mainsheet of sailing racing craft. He snatched a block from the side of the van and attached it to the end of the rope as he ran toward them.

"Don't move!" he cried, not excitedly but with a certain buoyant cheer. "You're all right if you keep perfectly still." He dropped the coil on the road and quickly caught up a smaller one. "I'll have you out of there before you can say 'knife,' as our English Allies graphically express one's going some."

Pattering a steady stream of nonsense in his curious lilting voice, he tossed the coil deftly over a limb above his head, caught a running turn, hauled it taut, and James, watching his reflection in the mirror, saw him go up hand over hand with an ease which told of tremendous muscular activity. He drew his body across the bough, got astride it, loosed his rope and swarmed along until directly over their heads. Here he gathered in the line, caught two bights in its ends, dropped one over each of them, drew taut and took a turn leading the line at an angle which brought it over the rear of the car.

"Now get up as gently as you can," said the peddler, "and crawl aft as though you were walking on eggs. You can't fall."

With a feeling of heaven-sent security they obeyed his instructions. "See! Saw! Marjory Daw," sang the peddler, and as they climbed over the back seat, the car swaying gently under them, he slacked his line a little. "Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree top —— Now loose the bights round you and swing down onto the road. Easy does it! *Voilà!*"

Their feet touched firm ground. Diana's strong knees buckled under her and she might have fallen if James had not caught her under the arms and carried her across to the bank, where she sank down and covered her face with her hands. The peddler swarmed back along the bough, grabbed two parts of the rope and slid down.

"Now to save the pretty wagon," said he. "If you'll kindly lend me a hand, sir, I'll have her out in no time."

"Oh, hang the car!" said James unsteadily. "There's nothing you can possibly do with that." He looked under it and shuddered. "The least tug and she'll topple over."

"We shall take measures to keep her on an even keel," said the peddler. "One of my tackles rigged from her forward part and carried to a chain strop in the fork of the tree will prevent her capsizing and at the same time neutralize her gravitation. Then you may catch a turn with the running end and slack handsomely while I haul her astern."

"But, good Lord, man!" cried James, who was himself no poor mechanic, "you can't expect to haul her astern single-handed."

"Ah, sir," said the peddler reproachfully, "if only you had consented to make a brief inspection of my splendid stock in trade you would feel differently about it."

"All the same," said James doggedly, "you'll never be able to manage it. Bet you what you like."

A gleam shone in the clear gray eyes of the peddler. They rested for a moment on Diana, who had dropped her hands and was staring at him in a fascinated way. He prattled on in his blithe, cheery voice.

"What time is it, sir?" he asked.

James glanced at his watch. "Five minutes past nine," he answered.

"Very well, sir. My sporting instincts forbid me to bet on a sure thing, but if at twenty-five minutes past nine your truant car is not safely wedded to the road I will waive all salvage claims. On the contrary, if her return to it is safely effected within that time you may purchase from me at ten per cent below the catalogue price such mechanical devices as I shall have occasion to employ in her rescue."

"You're on," said James, smiling for the first time that day. "More than that, I'll promise you my entire trade."

"They're off!"

The peddler ran swiftly up the road to his rolling store, returning with a short length of galvanized chain, a coil of new rope and two heavy three-sheaved blocks.

What immediately followed was for James a rapid course in applied mechanics. The peddler rigged his tackle with incredible swiftness, swarmed up on the limb overhead, passed the chain strop through the fork of the tree, hooked on the tackle and overhauled it. Then, with James holding the running end, he stepped on the lower block and slipped down beside the car, to the chassis of which he rigged a bridle with another short piece of chain. Hooking a block to this he directed James to haul taut and catch a turn round a tree on the opposite side of the road.

The car thus suspended could neither drop nor capsize, the operation of securing it having taken just twelve minutes. The peddler had hurried back to his truck for additional gear when there came the sound of a motor mounting the hill and a moment later a big limousine arrived on the scene of operations and stopped. Its occupants, a gentleman past middle age and a young and pretty girl, got out upon the road.

"Merciful heavens, James!" cried the gentleman, "were you two aboard when your boat started to climb that tree?"

"We were very much aboard, sir," James answered; "and I don't think that I shall ever be the same man again."

"You certainly will not, thank God, if you keep your promise," said Diana.

The accident was quickly explained, and while they were talking the peddler hurried back laden with another coil of rope and dragging a peculiar-looking mechanical device.

"We've made a bet, Mr. Metcalf," said James. "He says he can haul the car back on the road single-handed while I slack away, and I say that he can't."

"You win, James," said Mr. Metcalf. "It can't be done."

His chauffeur nodded with conviction.

"Better rig a tackle on her and make fast to our front axle," said he. "Then I can back down and haul her in."

"Then if she fell you would follow her down, brother," said the peddler. "In that case I should lose my bet and forfeit a sale."

Working quickly he secured his apparatus to the tree about which James had taken his turn, and attached to the rear axle of the car a purchase which was a part of his compact and queer-looking contrivance. Then seizing the handle of this he started briskly to walk it round.

"What the deuce is that thing?" asked Mr. Metcalf.

"That, sir," said the peddler, "is something which no farmer or country gentleman or owner of small boats can afford to be without. It is known as the Samson One-Man Stump Puller. It will jerk out any ordinary-size stump as one might pluck a loosened milk tooth from the gum of his little boy. An able-bodied man can clear an acre a day, and it will also serve as a windlass to haul up your launch on an impromptu set of ways. A safe, a piano or billiard table might be readily installed with the Samson One-Man Stump Puller properly rigged." He glanced at the car, which was tugging at its suspending tackle. "She starts, she moves, she seems to feel—the One-Man Samson at her keel! Likewise, 'Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum,' when but one man of the crew alive can do the work of seventy-five—thanks to the One-Man Stump Puller at ten per cent below the catalogue price, which will presently be the property of —— What time is it, sir?" he asked of James.

"Twenty-three minutes past ——"

"—— of this gentleman. Slack handsomely, sir, if you please. She is coming straight as a homing dove, though all her headway is sternway, as the Irish skipper said."

He began to run round a little faster and the car moved steadily back onto the road, while the excited spectators cheered with laughter and delight. The forward end sagged a little over the brink.

"Let go, sir," said the peddler. "It would not matter if she were at the bottom of the ravine, the Samson One-Man Stump Puller could snake her up by the tail. What time is it, sir?"

"Nine twenty-four," said James.

For thirty seconds the peddler sprinted like a dog in a fit. The front wheels of the car rolled up over the edge and onto terra firma.

"Throw on your brake, sir!" he cried.

As James did so the peddler released his hold, staggered back and sat down suddenly upon the bank, the spectators shrieking with delight. Diana was perhaps the only one to appreciate how this extraordinary personality had, as though changing a lyric masque, transformed tragedy into comedy.

James looked at his watch.

"You had at least ten seconds to spare," said he. "You win, but you needn't think I'm going to let you off with the purchase of this loose gear and that extraordinary little contraption. You have saved my life, which is of negative value; that of my sister, which is priceless; and a perfectly good new car. I will take your whole stock in trade and then some."

The peddler shook his head.

"No can do, sir," said he. "The personal service is only such as should be rendered by any traveler over the open road to another in distress. The salvage of the car has cost me nothing, and as for my stock in trade it would not be fair to the rest of the community to deprive it temporarily of the opportunity to purchase many indispensable articles of exceptional quality at a minimum price."

Mr. Metcalf's eyes twinkled.

"What is your name, young man?" he asked.

"Emory Clamp, sir, at your service." The peddler tugged at the front of his béret.

"Well, then, Clamp, if you are ever going over this part of the road about nightfall and want a place to 'rest your caravan,' just turn into the lane opposite my house and you'll find a nice spot beside the brook on the far side of my pasture lot. You can also inscribe me on your list of clients."

"I thank you, sir," said Clamp. "Besides my vocation of peddler I am also tinker and expert jack-of-all-trades, house mover, tree mender, specialist in the treatment of sick motors, whether on wheels or keels, and can boast some slight skill as a blacksmith." He turned to James. "And now, sir, if I can be of no further service to you we may settle our little account for the Samson and other gear, and I shall wend my way."

III

AS THE big truck volleyed and thundered on its course the peddler tugged at the silky ears of the little dog beside him and stared ahead with a face from which the mask of comedy had been for the moment removed.

His keen eyes missed no detail of the route he traveled, and presently passing the Metcalf estate they took most accurate note of each and every feature, the palatial house with its broad splendid terraces, pergola and sunken garden, and as much as could be seen of stables and garage. He remarked the lane which Mr. Metcalf had mentioned as leading to a snug parking place should his need for it arrive.

Holding noisily upon his way he passed through the town, where the sight of his equipment brought smiles to the faces of the populace and frowns to those of local shopkeepers, who saw in him an insidious competitor for trade. The peddler did not stop, but clanked and clattered down the main street, crossed the railroad track and climbed an easy ascent where the road led presently not far from the edge of the low cliffs. Here for a short stretch the view was extensive, and as though desiring to enjoy it he drew the van to the side of the road and stopped, then got down and walked to the cliff's edge, where he stood looking seaward meditatively.

He was thus idly occupied when there came the sound of a motor, and he looked back over the road which he had just traveled to see thereby approaching the car which he had so recently rescued, now driven by the girl, who was alone. The peddler was not greatly surprised, even when the girl, almost in the manner of one who keeps a rendezvous, turned in behind the truck, stopped her motor, got out and walked slowly in his direction. As she drew near he observed that her face was still very pale and her eyes brilliant as though from some suppressed emotion. Also it seemed to him that her walk showed a slight unsteadiness, as might have been expected of one who had recently passed through such a nerve-racking ordeal.

It was she who first spoke.

"I couldn't let you go without thanking you, Mr. Clamp," said she. "My brother made such an awkward mess of what he tried to say. He felt a great deal more than that. I couldn't speak myself, because I hadn't yet got myself together."

The peddler smiled.

"You are not yet quite back where you belong," said he; "and no wonder. An accident is one thing, but to have to sit for several minutes balanced as you were and waiting for the catastrophe to happen is quite another. You must be a young lady of tremendous nervous force to be able to drive your car so soon after the ordeal. I imagine that death holds slight terror for you. You believe with Epictetus—'I cannot escape death, but cannot I escape the dread of it?'" He motioned to a big flat rock. "You had better sit down."

Diana seated herself, but the peddler remained standing in front of her, his arms folded across his big chest, feet together, pose and expression rather that of one waiting to be catechized. A physiognomist would have said that he courted this, and he would have been right.

"I shall not try to thank you," began Diana, "because that would be superfluous. But I could not let you go away without

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Happy Hands

—never tired, or reddened by washday.

Her hands are soft and white—for BlueBird is doing the washing now. Her face is fresh and unwearied—for BlueBird has taken the burden of washday work.

Her time is *free* for the home and social duties that bring happiness—for BlueBird has the washing "on the line by nine."

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For all ordinary purposes, the pliable, rubber finger motor driven brush performs the right service in the right way. If the work at hand calls for more energetic treatment, a tufted bristle brush, also motor driven, may be easily and quickly substituted.

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Vacuum cleaning demands abundant and dependable power. The New Premier insures this vital feature by its use of the General Electric Motor—a motor that commands respect everywhere.

Our service department—**The Premier Service Co.**—maintains stations in the larger cities of the United States and Canada, thus insuring prompt and efficient service, should occasion require.

Here, then, is the electric cleaner every home should have. See it at your dealer's or write us and we will arrange for a demonstration in your own home. Also write for "Household Efficiency," a book by Mrs. Helen Ruggles that every woman should have.

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saying anything at all. Perhaps the best thing would be to tell you that you have rendered a greater service than you think by your courage and presence of mind."

"The presence of mind is merely experience," said the peddler, "and courage did not enter into it."

"Since you appear to know the ancient philosophers you may remember that Aristotle says: 'Experience and skill in their various particulars is thought to be a species of courage, whence Socrates also thought that courage was knowledge.'" She looked up at his face and laughed. "Your surprised expression is not very flattering. Father likes to have me read these essays to him. He has ruined his optic nerve by strong drink, and my brothers are trying their best to do the same. While we were sitting in the car waiting on death and mutilation James promised me that if we got out of it alive he would never touch another drop. Then you came and got us out alive."

"That is good to hear," said the peddler, "though of course my part of it was merely as an instrument of the All Good."

"All parts are merely instrumental, I suppose, but one cannot help admiring the instrument. What impressed me most was not your strength, or speed, or skill, but your chatter. I understood the reason of it as well as if you had said: 'I must occupy her mind because if she flops over in a faint the car will capsize and fall on top of them.' Do you remember what extraordinary things you said?"

"Not entirely."

Diana's deep violet eyes fixed themselves on his face. She leaned forward, resting an elbow on one knee, dropped her chin on her knuckles and appeared to concentrate in an undisguised effort to take his measure. The peddler withstood the examination with no visible embarrassment.

"In all your nonsense," said Diana, "you showed yourself to be a very erudite man. Another girl might not have found you out, but dad has a mania for philosophic essays and I have read him such a lot. Then I tutored with the boys when they were working off conditions in Greek and Latin. There's a good deal of it has stuck."

"A man may be a peddler and yet well read. Reading is in fact my principal recreation, and my taste is that of your honored parent. Health and a practical working philosophy are all that any man really needs. Besides, it is part of my stock in trade. The quickest way to get a customer is to amuse him. Following the advice of Aristophanes I get a good deal of business by lying on my back and staring at the clouds. 'Heavenly clouds who supply us with thought and argument and intelligence and humbug and circumlocution and ability to hoax, and comprehension.'"

He smiled, and Diana was conscious of a curious thrill such as she had never felt before in talking with any man. It confused her a little, and the high coloring driven from her face by the crisis through which she had passed suddenly returned.

"Why are you a peddler?" she asked.

He motioned to a schooner in the offing heading out for the Grand Banks.

"Why are those men cod-fishers? Because they like to earn their living that way and find it profitable. I like the open road and hope to find my calling profitable when I succeed in establishing a clientele. That van is not only my store but my home. I rig a tent from stanchions and ridgepole on the top."

"I wish that I could help you with your clientele."

"You can—by recommending me to your friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood. My goods are really first class, inexpensive, and I am a skilled artisan. I served an apprenticeship in a shipyard, where one learns to do a little bit of everything."

"But you appear to be well educated."

"A course in Tech."

Diana reflected for a moment.

"Have you a road map?" she asked.

The peddler nodded and drew one from his pocket.

"Give me your pencil," said Diana, "and I will mark the locations of the people I know, with their names. The story of what happened this morning is sure to get about and you will be well received. How often do you expect to make your rounds?"

"I have planned a circuit which I ought to cover about every fortnight. As I figure it, these big estates are almost always in need of something and the local stores are poorly stocked just now. This is a new venture of mine and I don't see why it should not succeed. I bought that army truck at a bargain and stocked it with about everything I could think of. It is amazing how much you can get in a thing like that."

Diana, busy with the map, did not answer. The peddler looked down on the lovely flushed face, the heavy black hair hastily rearranged and curling in fine wisps about the broad, white forehead. He took note of the straight, dark eyebrows, the long, thick fringe of black lashes which screened the violet eyes, the beautiful lines of neck and shoulders, and the capable but exquisite hand which held his fountain pen.

Something which was not commercial ambition was shining from his eyes as she looked up at him, thoughtfully tapping the penholder against her lips.

"Here are ten houses for you to visit," said she; "all big places where you ought to get good orders. I must go now."

She rose to her feet and held out her hand. The peddler took it, and as they stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes both were conscious of some new and unexperienced reaction, the sense of an unexpressed, undefined relation as of an agreement entered into, an understanding vague yet positive, almost a compact of friendship which, though it seemed to bind, did not embarrass or carry with it any sense of obligation. They were almost of a height, and as Diana's level gaze met that of the peddler they smiled without confusion, though the girl's color grew a little deeper.

"Thank you," said the peddler. "I feel as if you had started me on a successful business career."

"Well," said Diana, "you have undoubtedly prolonged my life. I'm not a coward, but I doubt if I could have sat tight much longer. It was not the fear of being killed; it was looking down and seeing myself smashed to smithereens. Good-by."

She turned and walked back to the car with a steady, swinging stride, got in, backed round, gave him a wave of the hand and drove away.

The peddler stood looking after her until she had disappeared round the bend, then turned on his heel and moved slowly toward his van. His face was meditative, and as he walked he hummed his little song:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

IV

ON THE veranda of a new and handsome country house directly on the shore of the bay two women and a man were taking their afternoon tea, served by a Filipino butler.

It is probable that in none of the rich and fashionable summer homes throughout that region could there have been found three more attractive or distinguished-looking people. Both of the women were very beautiful, while the man would have been considered anywhere handsome, well-born and of uncommonly interesting personality. But the trained physiognomist would have picked out certain marked defects, for though his forehead was broad, high and intellectual and the features individually good and well proportioned, there was still a certain suspicious lack of harmony in their arrangement.

The lustrous brown eyes were not quite on the same horizontal level. One nostril of the finely chiseled aquiline nose was distinctly larger than the other, while not even the well-kept mustache and closely trimmed Vandyke, which grew to the margin of the lips, could have hidden from skilled observation the sensuality and sinister cruelty of the mouth. The lips themselves were too red. The line of the front teeth had a curious upward concavity and the large size of the canines was disproportionate, like those found in simian species.

Nevertheless, almost anybody, particularly a woman, would have pronounced the man exceptionally handsome and magnetic, probably a member of European nobility—Russian, Polish or Hungarian. He was at this moment immaculately dressed in such a costume of country negligee as one associates with the guests of a French château, his clothes unquestionably of Parisian tailoring. He wore the red ribbon of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in his lapel, and the extraordinary feature of this decoration was the fact of its having been actually conferred upon him shortly before the close of the war. For this man, known generally as the Comte de Vallignac, had some years previously been the principal aid, one might almost say the secretary, of the most notorious and justly dreaded criminal of Europe, the fearful Chu-Chu le Tondeur—Chu-Chu the Shearer.

The two women were distinctly different in type. The elder, who appeared about thirty-two, was of an exotic, almost startling beauty, while the physical attractions of the younger were, in regard to her face, of such a baffling and subtle sort as to make her in some degree the more fascinating of the two. Both were exquisitely gowned with that simplicity only to be achieved by the master *couturier* and the mere expression of which to the experienced eye suggests at once not only art and beauty but an appalling inroad upon the bank balance. Both also possessed a certain grace and poise and manner of moving and speaking which bespoke an elegance impossible to affect and which in their cases was indeed the result of birth, education and lifelong association with cultivated people.

The conversation was in French, and any person who might have been present and did not understand this language could never have guessed from the polite and quiet diction with what virulent bitterness their speech was charged. This applied more particularly to what was being said by the man and the younger woman, who looked to be about twenty-four.

"One might stand being fooled by a Lépine or one of his ace agents like Larue or Merlin or even a brilliant renegade like that accursed Frank Clamart"—his face whitened a little, from hate or dread or both as he pronounced the name of the man who had broken up the old mob, scattered its members to the four quarters of the earth and in hand-to-hand encounter slaughtered the dreaded Chu-Chu, like the wild beast he was—"but with the Sultana actually in our hands and no one but ourselves so much as guessing that it was incased in that lump of enamel, an utter imbecile, a young American fool like this man Plunkett tears it away from us as one might snatch a sou from a child. It was enough to kill one of pure chagrin."

"I am not entirely sure that he was the fool you think," said the younger girl in a cool, limpid voice. "At any rate, what is one to do when covered with an automatic pistol in the hands of a fool one knows will not hesitate to shoot, especially when even if you manage to kill him the first shot is going to bring the police?"

"Augh-'h-'h!" snarled the man. "There were no police—he bluffed us. We were a pair of idiots. Now if instead of being Patricia and myself it had been you, Léontine, and Chu-Chu, he could never have managed it."

The older woman laughed.

"I'm not so sure, *mon ami*." Her voice was low-pitched, throaty and of that polyglot quality which tells of a familiarity with many tongues. "You know Frank Clamart did precisely the same thing with Chu-Chu and Ivan right in Ivan's own library, and poor Ivan was certainly more astute than any of us." She sighed. "Yet he was the first to go. I never regretted Chu-Chu. He was such a monster—*une bête féroce*."

"A consistent criminal has got to be a monster," said Patricia softly.

"That is what Chu-Chu always maintained. Well, after all, the situation is not so bad. The beauty of our position is that the police have actually no charge against any of us, while on the contrary we have all three our certificates of distinguished service—Stephan as a French officer; Patricia as a special agent of the Sûreté who did so much to suppress crime during the war; and I for my efforts as an organizer of Russian relief work and later as a nurse with the Red Cross. They would never dare interfere with us even if they knew where we are, which I doubt."

"At any rate," said Patricia, "we know that the Sultana went back to Madame d'Irancy and that the little fool refused to listen to Rosenthal's advice, either to sell it or lock it up in safe deposit. She swore to me herself that it was never going to leave her person."

"I wonder why Baron Rosenthal did not warn her against you," said Léontine.

"He did not dare."

"Nonsense! That old man dares anything. There was never enough fear in Rosenthal to make him step out of the way, and the odd part of it was that even in the old days, when we knew him to be our most dangerous enemy, nobody ever so much as thought of trying to silence him. The mere idea was rather like that of plugging Vesuvius or turning a fire hose on hell."

"Rosenthal had his suspicions," said Patricia, "but he was not sure. For one thing he learned that I had actually a good standing in the Sûreté, and he could not be certain but that I was playing a deep game and meant to make a mouthful of you others."

"*Diable!*" cried Stephan. "There have been moments when I have not been so sure of that myself."

"The chances are," said Patricia, "that Rosenthal got his information about us both by cable from Frank Clamart, but Clamart only suspected. Besides, the dear baron thinks that we have gone to Buenos Aires. Now he has gone back to France, and as the Marquise d'Irancy is going to spend the month of July with the Metcalfs we ought to be able to manage our coup before old Isidor is any the wiser."

"Also to pick up our expenses here in this millionaire community," said Stephan. "We were lucky to get such experts as Jean and Gustave. Francisco is a clever boy, too, and his sojourn in Bilibid Prison has developed caution and a pretty lively hatred."

"Once we meet the Metcalfs," said Léontine, "it should not be difficult to get the entrée. We must cultivate the Kirklands too. They are neighbors of the Metcalfs, and the second son, William, is said to be in love with Gwendolyn Metcalf."

"I think," said Patricia, "that we may soon be invited to the Kirklands'. I played golf yesterday with the eldest son, James, and he promised to bring his sister to call. By the time the Marquise d'Irancy comes we ought to be pretty well acquainted in the community, and when she learns that I am here she will probably ask Mrs. Metcalf to invite me to one of her week-end house parties. You and Stephan can take me in the car or in the boat and get presented."

"Speaking of the boat," said Stephan, "reminds me that I must get a new anchor and a length of chain cable. Jean may be a good safe expert, but he's a rotten poor mariner. When we went fishing yesterday he didn't make sure that the end of the chain was attached and it ran out before he could check it, so that we lost it and the anchor."

He cocked his head and appeared to listen.

"*Sapristi!* What is that? It sounds like a munition camion going over the road to Verdun just after it had been badly shelled."

From the distance came just such an uproar as he had described and which to the veteran promptly suggested the battlefield. There were clangings and bangings and bumpings and clashings punctuated by staccato reports. The trio stared at each other in astonishment. Dogs began to bark and the shrill voices of children rose in shouts of appreciation.

The little community was fairly populous, composed of costly villas within grounds of perhaps several acres, most of them rather narrow of frontage, but leading down in various lengths to the broken and picturesque shore. That rented for the season by the French family known to their neighbors as the Comte and Comtesse Stephan de Vallignac was not so far back from the avenue, the intervening space a stretch of well-kept lawn with scattered ornamental trees and shrubs.

The din augmented, and the rumble of the heavy truck jarred the house so that the windows rattled and the tea things clinked upon the glass tray fitted to the table top.

"*Bon dieu!*" cried Stephan, springing to his feet. "It makes me feel as though I were at the Front again."

"I rather like it," said Léontine, "and for that very reason. It reminds me of the few years in which I was honest for the sake of humanity instead of dishonest for my own."

Directly in front of the house the inferno ceased abruptly. Moved by curiosity all three rose and went through the house to the front veranda to ascertain the character of this turbulent Juggernaut. And as they did so there came drifting across the lawn an ancient nursery rime which fell pleasantly upon their alien ears:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

SANFORD'S

PREMIUM
WRITING FLUID
Writes a
Bright Blue
Changes to an everlasting black
NEVER FADES
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For $9.75
(except west of Rockies $10.75)

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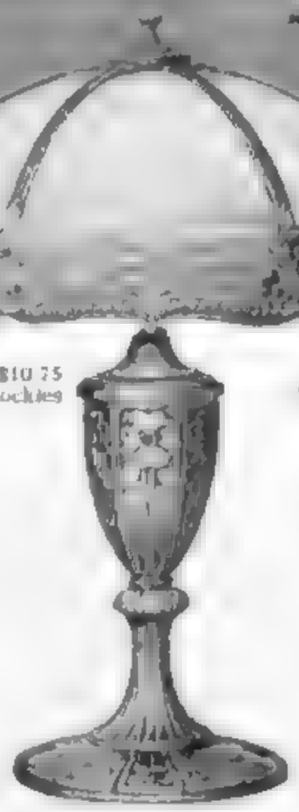

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22 in. high. Shade 16 in. diameter

The beauty of this lamp charms the eye, and its low price is a pleasant surprise to the pocket book.

See this lamp at any display room or order by mail from the nearest company who will send it express collect.

Pat. May 19, 1919

This price is made possible to you only because of the cooperative buying by large public service companies and consequent economies in manufacture.

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Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Co.	Baltimore, Md.	Philadelphia Electric Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Subsidiaries of Henry L. Doherty & Co.	In various cities	Potomac Electric Power Co.	Washington, D. C.
Eastern Shore Gas & Electric Co.	In various cities	Public Service Electric Co.	In various cities in New Jersey
Brooklyn Edison Co.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Public Service Co.	In various cities in Northern Illinois
Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston	Boston, Mass.	Sioux City Gas and Electric Co.	Sioux City, Iowa
The Electric Shop	Providence, R. I.	Utah Power & Light Co.	Salt Lake City
The Hartford Electric Light Co.	Hartford, Conn.	Union Electric Light & Power Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Indianapolis Light & Heat Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.	United Electric Light and Power Co.	New York City
Kansas City Light & Power Co.	Kansas City, Mo.	and electric light companies in other cities in the United States	
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MILLER LAMPS

Edward Miller & Company
MERIDEN CONNECTICUT

MILLER LAMPS

"It is a Frenchman. See the blue camion—a nomad."

Patricia's sharp eyes had discovered the miscellany of goods hanging from the side of the house.

"A *marchand ambulant*," said she. "Look, Stephan, here is your anchor and chain brought right to your door."

"*Tiens!* But you are right. That's not bad. An enterprising fellow. Let's go look at this *camion magasin*."

As they walked down the path they saw that the peddler had got down from his seat and appeared to be examining the motor. He laid his hand on the radiator, snatched it away and shook his head, stood for a moment humming his little air, then looked up and down the street obviously in search of the nearest water supply. Stephan, followed by the two others, went out upon the sidewalk.

"Your motor is heating?" he asked in French.

The peddler turned, looked at him with a merry smile, then at the ladies, tugged at his béret and shook his head.

"*Comprends pas, monsieur*," said he.

"But are you not French?" Stephan asked in English. "You were singing a French song. You have been to the war?"

"Not all the way, sir. I was in the transport service; chief carpenter's mate"

"That is being at the war, *mon ami*—what with mines and submarines and raiders. I see! The nursery song was taught you by some little French girl in Brest or La Pallice or Saint-Nazaire or Bordeaux."

The young man laughed.

"I see you know the ropes, sir," said he. "Now it's all over, and I've set up in business on my war pay. You don't happen to need anything for the house or grounds, sir—crockery, cutlery, lawn mower, hose, sprinklers, hammocks, deck chairs? All high-grade articles, sir, at ten per cent below store prices."

"Yes," said Stephan. "I need an anchor and a length of chain for my boat."

"Right-o, monsieur. How big a boat?"

"A forty-foot motor launch."

"Can do, monsieur. A seventy-five-pound anchor ought to hold her most times."

He stepped to the side of his van, where was suspended the article in question, its stock folded and lashed to the shank.

"Yes; get down then," said the peddler, and a little dog appeared to flow to the ground in an undulatory way, then frisk joyfully about. He ran to Léontine and sniffed at her skirts.

"Here, Torp," said the peddler. "Behave yourself!"

Several other articles were added to the purchase, when the peddler lifted the anchor to his shoulder and with the chain slung from the other, a part of it trailing behind him, followed Stephan to the boathouse, where his offer to rig it aboard being declined he asked and was given permission to replenish his water supply, which, however, did not appear greatly exhausted.

"She heats pretty quick for some reason," said he. "Can't be getting her oil like she ought to. This is my regular route, sir. I pass about every ten days, sometimes oftener when business is brisk, trying to build up a clientele with the summer folks. If there's anything you happen to need in no great hurry I'd be obliged if you'd hold your order. My custom is getting to be high class now, monsieur, all the big houses in the neighborhood—the Ansons, Brookeses, Raleighs, Metcalfs, Whites, Parkers, Kirklands, Jenkinses. I've got an order now to doctor the Kirklands' trees. Do odd jobs as well as peddle."

A swift glance passed between the three.

"Do you sell often to the Metcalfs?" said Stephan. "I'm surprised that these millionaires should patronize a peddler, no matter how excellent his wares."

"Rich folks like to save on a bill of goods as much as poor," said the peddler. "Besides, I'm sort of a privileged character from having helped 'em out on a job when they were in a hurry. Mr. Metcalf lets me park in his meadow when I pass that way."

"I suppose," said Stephan, "you must get all the gossip of the neighborhood."

The peddler's gray eyes twinkled.

"There's not much gets past me, monsieur," said he. "As the great Doctor Johnson defined my trade 'to peddle, to busy about trifles—to piddle.'" He laughed. "I try to stand well with the personnel, generally have a little trick in my pocket for the lady's maid or gardener's wife."

"Ah, my friend," said Stephan, "I fear you will be adding some other little songs to your repertoire. Stop when you pass again. We are newcomers and may be in need of something else. *Au revoir* and *bonne chance*."

The peddler answered politely and tugged at his béret, then started his motor and got back on his seat. He fired a few parting salutes from his exhaust and clattered on his way, the little dog Torp paralleling him upon the sidewalk, trotting in front, galloping behind.

Now, just as when he had left the pair whom he had rescued some weeks before, the jollity faded from his face, which grew strangely grim and thoughtful, and so remained until his next stop, which was at the Country Club, where he had established good relations with the steward. Here he sold a few bags of cement, some paint, two sickles and a lantern. While chatting with the steward he caught sight of William Kirkland playing golf with Miss Metcalf, and far out across the course a girlish figure which as he looked gave him a friendly wave.

The peddler made three more stops before arriving at the Metcalf place in the gloaming. He roared down the lane and crossed a meadow to the spot on the edge of the little brook where he had been given permission to park. Here he quickly made his preparations for the night, went up the ladder to the hurricane deck, where he rigged short iron awning stanchions, a gallows frame fore and aft to support the light ridgepole which held the awning and curtains, triced down snugly on the weather side. He brought up a cot, two folding deck chairs—why two, O peddler?—a yacht's stove, mess and cooking gear and the wherewithal to sup. Presently the water was boiling, the soup heating, and the eggs and bacon frying merrily. Torp meanwhile occupied himself in a muskrat hunt along the edge of the busy little stream. He knew that his own succulent veal bones thickened with rice were stewing somewhere on the roaring little blast stove.

In fair weather or foul the peddler was always very snug. True, when it rained the floor of his bedroom required mopping after the awning had been rigged, for the height of the van made it necessary to unship the stanchions when on the road lest they foul low boughs, wires, railroad bridges, and the like. But its rigging was a quick and simple task, and no matter how hard the storm or how high the wind, once up, the place was as tight as the cabin of a boat, and with a lantern slung at either end the peddler could pass his evening reading or writing or at any minor job which might be necessary.

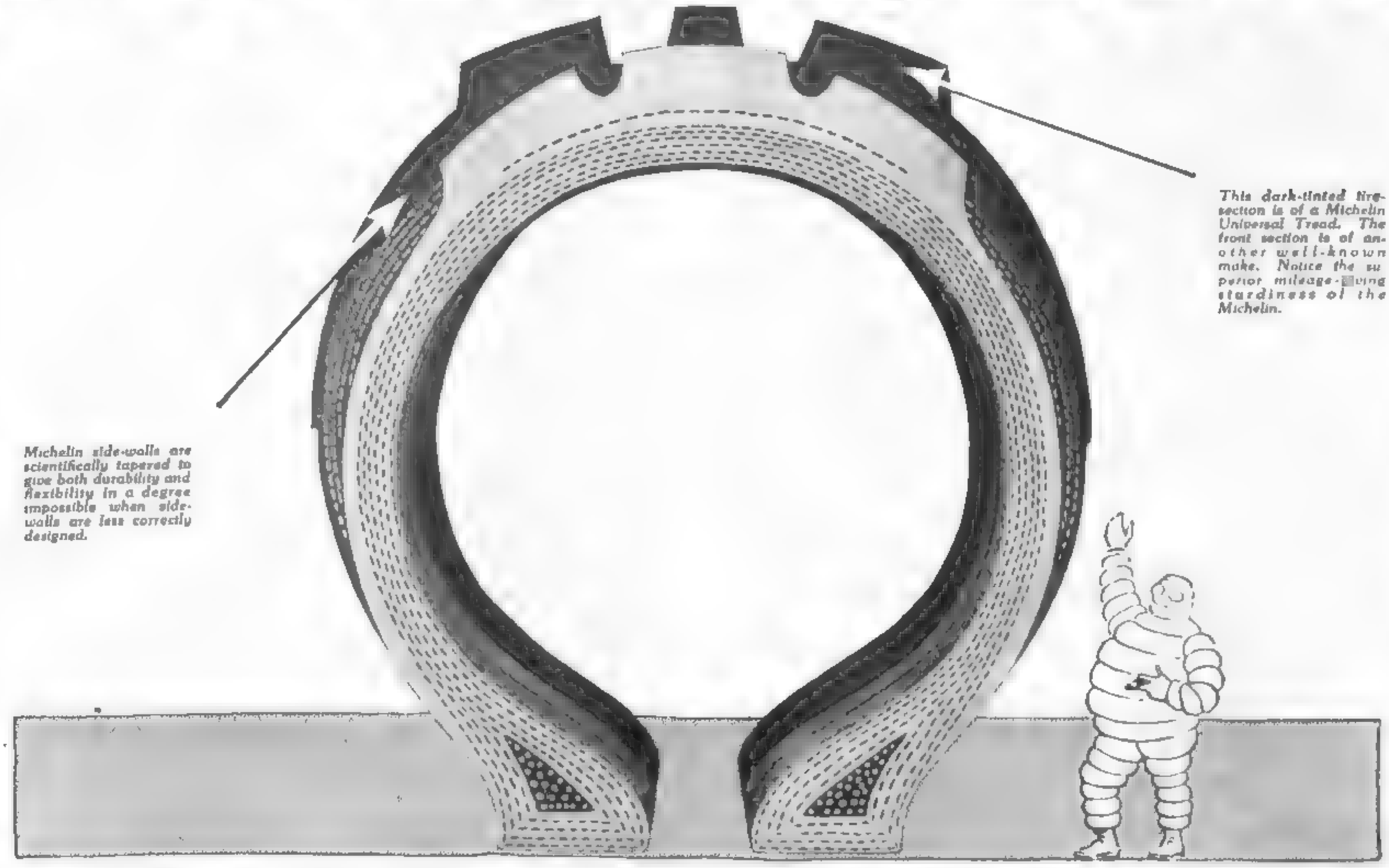
It is surprising that more people do not avail themselves of modern invention thus to pass a holiday. The noise of the machine was an unavoidable drawback in the peddler's case, due to a motor which had been roughly treated at soldier hands and the loose impedimenta clashing and clattering about. The roomy interior furnished ample living space, but was here stuffed with stock, the peddler inhabiting only the roof. A mobile camp, with the whole wide continent before one, the ample road furnishing at every mile no lack of charming and secluded spots for a brief sojourn. No crowded roadhouses with their bad service and extortionate prices, no bed or table linen of doubtful cleanliness, no trains to catch, no vulgar eyes to pry or disagreeable persons to encounter, and the perfect independence of such an outing with its unrestricted objective leaving the wanderer free to stray at will.

On fine nights such as this the peddler rigged but one side with curtains, for privacy and to break the wind. Now in this retired nook he left them up on the side of the Metcalf residence, of which he could see the lighted windows glowing through the trees, and his supper finished and mess gear washed and stowed he lighted his pipe and, flinging himself back in a folding deck chair, clasped his hands above his head and stared out across the hazy meadow bathed in the mellow light of the full moon and with a witch mist forming in filmy fragments close to the lush grass.

And as his eyes rested unfocused on the pale shimmering vapor they became suddenly alert at sight of a moving figure, vague and diaphanous as the mist itself and seeming to drift out from the lane, pause for a moment uncertainly, then like some ethereal creature of the night, furtive and curious, to glide in the direction of the van.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MICHELIN



This dark-tinted tire-section is of a Michelin Universal Tread. The front section is of another well-known make. Notice the superior mileage-giving sturdiness of the Michelin.

Michelin side-walls are scientifically tapered to give both durability and flexibility in a degree impossible when side-walls are less correctly designed.

The Super Sturdy Construction that Means Added Mileage —

For utmost durability, tires should be sturdy. It is most important to you to know that Michelin Universal Tread Casings excel in this as in other respects.

Not only are the best rubber and fabric used in Michelin Casings, but in addition there is more of each of these mileage-giving materials in Michelins than in other makes. You can prove this for yourself by having your dealer compare for you cross-sections of Michelin Casings with cross-sections of other tires.

In addition to superiority in quality and quantity of materials, Michelins also embody superiority of construction. The side-walls of Michelin Casings are scientifically tapered to give strength where strength is required and resiliency where flexibility is the essential. The tread is designed to give maximum durability and protection against skidding. The body of the tire is molded into a single wear-resisting, springy mass of live rubber and fabric.

Test Michelins on your car in comparison with other makes, and you will agree that Michelin superiority is actual and not merely claimed.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd., 782 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

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For Little Skin Hurts

New-Skin forms an antiseptic waterproof film that keeps out dirt and germs while the wound is healing.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

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OUR SPHERE OF INFLUENCE

(Continued from Page 30)

driven out, while the Greek population was reduced to about twenty-five hundred. So we have to-day a Trebizond—a city in ruins—with a population that is all but solidly Turk. And these Turks, fully armed, burning with fanatic Islamic zeal and consumed with a passion of hatred for all Christians, are merely waiting until some Power attempts to impose upon them an Armenian sovereignty. That Power, be it the United States or another, will want certain requisite rights of way regardless of the sacrifices other Powers may have to make in granting them.

Trebizond is necessary to an Armenia planned as that state is now being planned, but it can be conquered for Armenia only by a long-drawn-out process of pacification and education that must have for its object the reduction of racial prejudice to reasonable limits. And to realize the kind of Turk who will have to be dealt with in this process one has only to recall that during the massacres and deportations in Trebizond scores of Armenian children were buried alive up to their necks and their heads used as targets for rifle practice, while the Turkish authorities held public auctions at which Christians in groups—Greeks and Armenians alike—were sold to the highest bidder, the bidding being based on the value of the clothing and personal belongings the victims had on them or on the value of the property they were known to possess.

A majority of such persons were merely stripped and turned out to die of starvation and exposure, this method of extermination coming to be known after a while as "white murder." The Turks like it better than the red variety, but if you have never seen starvation you cannot know how horrible it is.

Varieties of Terms and Treaties

And lest we forget certain things that should be remembered let me add that at Trebizond and other points on the Black Sea the British have found copies of an order from Von Wagenheim, German Ambassador at Constantinople during this period, in which all German consuls are warned not to interfere with Turkish measures against the Christian populations.

So much for the possible Armenia of the future. The Armenia of to-day is one of the three South Caucasian states under temporary British military control, the two others being Georgia and Azerbaijan. Tiflis is the capital of Georgia and British general headquarters; while Baku is the center of Azerbaijanese activities.

Georgia and Azerbaijan declared their independence of Russia after the revolution of 1917, and at the same time, in October, the Russian Army of half a million men that had been holding the Caucasian Front suddenly dissolved and began to straggle back across the country and over the mountains toward home, creating the utmost confusion, indulging in Bolshevist demonstrations and imposing upon the people the necessity for feeding them and taking care of them on the way.

Whereupon a most extraordinary thing happened. The peoples of Transcaucasia actually pooled their interests and formed an anti-Bolshevist Transcaucasian federal government, each nation reserving the right to its own national council. The Russian constituent assembly from Transcaucasia summoned a Transcaucasian diet and in March, 1918, an all-Transcaucasian cabinet was formed under the leadership of the Georgian, Evgenii Gyegyechkori. This was a step in the right direction, but nothing came of it.

In the meantime the Armenians alone were standing between the new federation and the possibility of a Turkish invasion. It is said by their enemies—and they have few friends—that the Armenians are for the most part utterly worthless in either offensive or defensive warfare; but be that as it may, in January, 1918, General Andranik organized a force of twenty-two thousand men, mostly refugees from Turkish Armenia who had fought at Van and other places, and proceeded to take up a position on the line that has been held by the Great Russian Army of the Caucasus and to guard the stores that had been left behind when that army disbanded. It was a heroic and very determined little effort, but he was driven back when the Turks started north; and afterward when his position became hopeless, when the Turks had taken Kars and Batum and were headed for Tiflis, he marched with twelve thousand troops and some forty thousand refugees toward Persia, where he intended to join the British forces.

But this was as late as June, 1918, and many things had occurred. The Georgians, disregarding their new relationships, opened separate negotiations with Germany, and eventually the federation agreed to discuss peace terms with Turkey. A peace conference was held at Trebizond in March, but it was not successful and the war was resumed. The history of this period reads the way a pin-wheel looks when it is spinning round in the wind. There were declarations of independence every day or so, first from one source and then from another; nobody seemed to be able to agree with anybody else, and chaos was complete.

A new peace conference was called in April and Batum was chosen as the place where negotiations were to be entered into. But the fighting went merrily on. The Turks took Kars on the thirtieth of April and were advancing on Alexandropol when, on the eighteenth of May, a peace treaty was signed. Armenia, however, was not a party to it; only Georgia, Azerbaijan, Turkey and Germany. It recognized the independence of Transcaucasia—whatever that may have meant—stipulated the recognition of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, called for the surrender to Turkey of Kars, Batum and the Transcaucasian railroad, and for delivery into the hands of the Turks of General Andranik, the Armenian leader.

On the twentieth of May the Turks, who did not permit a little thing like a peace treaty to stand in their way and who took Alexandropol about the time the treaty was being signed, began to advance on Tiflis. They were stopped, however, and it began again to rain declarations of independence. It is said that on May twenty-sixth as many as thirty different declarations were solemnly issued by as many wholly unrelated and irresponsible parties, but so far as Georgia was concerned one of them took, and May twenty-sixth is now the Georgian Fourth of July.

I helped celebrate it in Tiflis this year, and a description of the celebration, if it were sufficiently minute, would serve better than anything I can think of to indicate the extraordinary character of the people. In any case, the gorgeousness of comic-opera choruses will never mean anything to me again. It was not merely that everybody wore the national costume; everybody wore his own individual national costume. Ethnographically the Caucasians make all other populations look homogeneous, and after Mr. Wilson had issued his encouraging statement about the right of peoples to self-determination each separate tribe rose up and began to assert itself.

Odd Remnants of Races

Under Russian rule they were eventually induced, after a struggle which lasted sixty years, to adhere separately to Russia, but they could never get together, and none of them will have anything to do with any of the immediate neighbors. What they need is the strong right arm of a determined mandatory. I do not know how many different tribes there are, but in one province there are as many as twenty-seven groups, each demanding the right to constitute itself a free republic and all fighting together like Kilkenny cats; which is not to be greatly regretted. The principle of self-determination may be all right, but one is sometimes pleased to observe among the results of its application a certain measure of self-extermination.

In the city of Tiflis—the metropolis of that section of the earth—there are specimen representatives of all the odd remnants of ancient races from far and near, and though none of them are Georgianized they would naturally take part in the gayety of a national celebration. Incidentally, on this particular occasion they were compelled to. Everybody was ordered to celebrate, and failure to fly the Georgian flag was made by governmental decree an offense punishable by a fine of three hundred rubles. Which is an example of the way these self-determiners without guidance and direction exercise democratic privilege.

The flag is black, white and magenta; and magenta is an extra-special kind of color. There was a great shortage of magenta bunting and every kind of fabric was exorbitantly expensive. Just the same, everybody had to have a flag, so everybody patched one together somehow, and the general effect when they were all unfurled was as original, to say the least, as anything I ever saw. The magenta is the dominating color in the flag and it came in every shade, from pale pink to Turkey red, while a lot of people had to compromise on heliotrope or imperial purple. And I was tremendously amused by the number of very small flags that were shown. They were intended for the most part, I think, to meet the order of the government while subtly calling attention to the price of fabrics. One I observed was not much larger than a postage stamp and it was pasted in the center of a very large window.

I thought to myself: "Some Greek or Armenian or Russian or Tartar or Iberian or Ossetian or Persian or Lesghian or other sticking out his tongue at the Georgian Government!" That was what it looked like.

A German army of occupation took possession of the Caucasus at the end of May, 1918—simultaneously with the Georgian declaration of independence—and practically all other foreigners took their departure, preferring to brave the dangers and discomforts of flight through Bolshevist Russia to Archangel or Vladivostok rather than remain in the Caucasus under German domination.

A Missing Piece in the Puzzle

The British, having fought in North Persia and Turkey, naturally assumed control in the Caucasus when the Germans were turned out by the general armistice and the first British officers arrived in Tiflis on November 27, 1918. In the meantime both the Turkish and German troops had been evacuated, and by degrees a small British force was moved in. This force was occupying the country when I was there, but was preparing to move out and make way for the Italians. Nobody knew why and there was a lot of whispering going on. Nobody knew either but that something would occur at any moment to change again the current of history. In any case I observed that the British were not in much of a hurry about getting away. They thought it would take them at least two months, and if it takes the British two months to move a division of troops they certainly have slowed down. One of the missing pieces in the jigsaw puzzle is the solution of this mystery, but I shall have some more to say about it later on.

And what was the United States doing all this time? Nothing officially, but unofficially we were taking care of the Armenians—or trying to. The United States had two young men who stayed on the job entirely alone and defied the Turks and Germans to do their worst. We were not at war with Turkey, but in the regular course of events, since they were aiding and abetting the Armenians, the Turks bombarded them and blockaded them and made things generally unpleasant for them.

These young men were Capt. J. O. Arrol—about twenty-five or twenty-six years old, I believe—and Capt. John E. Elder—in the neighborhood of twenty-three. Down in an enemy-surrounded Armenia they were cut off from all communication with the outside world and had to do all their work on faith that the Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief—since reorganized as the American Committee for Relief in the Near East—would be able to get a generous American public to back them up. They bought flour and other supplies wherever they were obtainable by drawing sight drafts on funds in New York, and succeeded in keeping a large part of the desperate population alive—just alive—for weary months, though many thousands died, because their hands were not sufficiently well filled to meet the heartbreaking demand. There was money enough; the American public had been very generous; it was food that was lacking. Too often the boys could get no food at all; or if they could get food they could get no transportation with which to distribute it in the outlying districts. And so it was that the

(Continued on Page 87)

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CREMEOIL Soap—through the agency of Nature's choicest oils, soothes while cleansing thoroughly, leaving the skin soft and delightfully refreshed.

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Libby's Corned Beef

Your grocer has Libby's Corned Beef or will gladly get it for you.

Know how good corned beef *can* be!

For dinner tonight—corned beef with steamed spinach!

A mighty good dish at any time; but doubly so when the corned beef is Libby's.

Libby's Corned Beef is *all meat*—so tender it literally falls apart on the tongue! So sweet, so "flavory" it is a real delicacy as well as a wholesome, satisfying food!

Prepared in Chicago, the center of the world's supply of the finest meats, Libby's Corned Beef is one of the earliest examples of the Libby ideal—to package each Libby food right where the finest of its kind is produced.

For dinner tonight – Libby's Corned Beef with spinach. Know how good corned beef *can* be.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 509 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby, of Canada, Ltd.
45 East Front St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

(Continued from Page 84)

thousands died while they doled out meager rations to the thousands who were saved.

At the same time we had a representative in Tiflis, a Russian woman whose name is Madame Plavsky. She is a refugee herself. During the years before the Russian revolution she was a volunteer nurse on the Russian front. She returned to Petrograd after the overthrow of the monarchy and lived through the tense anxiety of the bloodless revolution; then as a member of an imperial party attached to one of the women of the emperor's family she fled to the Caucasus, pursued by the threat of the Bolshevist Red Terror. By virtue of her position, her principles and her general character she became closely associated with the representatives of the American State Department who were at that time doing all the relief work that was being done in Georgia, and when the Germans came in and these representatives had to leave, our consul, Mr. Willoughby Smith, turned over to her all the funds he had in his possession with a simple request that she carry on and do everything she could. His faith was fully justified by the results she managed to achieve.

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Smyrna, Occupied by the Greeks

There were some orphanages already established, in which several thousand children—Armenian, Georgian, Russian, Tartar, and what not—were being cared for, and Madame Plavsky, knowing the people and the conditions better than any American could hope to without years of experience, and knowing also that the funds at her disposal would probably have to last until the end of the war, started out with a determination to organize industries and get the people to work. There was plenty of cotton and wool in the country, so she set up primitive factories in deserted buildings which she begged from their owners, and soon had thousands of men and women at work at handmade looms turning out cotton cloth, blankets and an undyed woolen material which had a ready sale not only to the public but to the different governments for use in clothing their motley armies. The system as she instituted it was simplicity reduced to the standard of the stone age, but through the darkest period she kept a majority of the needy at work, clothed hundreds of soldiers and civilians, furnished hospital beds and a homeless horde with blankets, and hundreds of children with warm though very linsey-woolsey and awkward-looking garments.

Race Rivalries

Incidentally, she kept her orphanages going—about three thousand children they have in them now—ran bakeries and distributed bread to all her people, conducted soup kitchens and found time to establish and to supervise the maintenance of three children's hospitals. These are all in good running order now and have been taken over, along with the mills and orphanages, by the American Committee for Relief in the Near East. The mills have been extended and regularized and have begun to turn out beautifully dyed and perfectly finished fabrics that would find a ready sale anywhere under normal conditions. It has developed into a permanent and very valuable industry and one likes to reflect that it was established in the midst of war with American relief funds that the conscience of our consul would not permit him to carry away from the suffering country, though to leave the money was to run a risk of its being confiscated by the enemy. All of which but serves to indicate the kind of thing we have done in this far-away corner of the earth and the kind of hold its peoples have upon us.

But it is not to be inferred that because of our philanthropic tendencies the Caucasian peoples would welcome us as a mandatory Power. As philanthropists we are welcome enough, but as director and supervisor of their political and economic interests the United States would have to thrust herself upon them. The Armenians want us, but their affection for us is due chiefly to their superior intelligence. They are clever enough to weigh against their disinclination to submit to regulation and tutelage the advantages to be derived from our interest in them. The others want neither us nor anybody else and they resent even a suggestion that they will be included in a confederation to be developed on a basis of common interest.

And it could not, as a matter of fact, be quite that kind of confederation. Each country's interests would of necessity be kept separate and inviolate, but the people find it difficult to believe this would be done. They are jealous of each other and suspicious of everybody else.

I have referred to the extraordinary number of distinct and generally hostile races that go to make up the population of this region, but for present purposes it is better to lose sight of all but the three main divisions: The Georgians, the Armenians and the Azerbaijanese. Each of these has set up a little republic for itself and each has an exalted idea of its own superiority and importance.

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The City of Tiflis

The Georgians are Greek-Oriental Catholics with a superficial kind of culture that is wholly Russian. They are pleasure-loving to an almost unique degree, delightfully courteous and hospitable, dashing and debonair in their social contacts, but languid, to say the least, in their attitude toward mere work. With a long period behind them of existence as an independent kingdom, and with a literature rich in legend and heroic story, they have retained through a century of Russian rule a strong national consciousness. But for practical purposes this consciousness amounts to little, since it expresses itself chiefly in bombast, while the politicians make use of it as a background for their too often questionable enterprises. I am quoting both British officers and an American representative of the peace conference at Tiflis when I say that "inefficiency, lack of discipline, venality and embezzlement are vices common to governmental officials"; and the same thing might be written, with modification or supplement, about either the Armenian or the Azerbaijanese Government.

Born Martyrs

The Armenians are Gregorians and claim to be among the first of the Christian peoples; in fact, they believe their church to have been founded by Christ Himself, who came down from heaven and directed St. Gregory in the actual details of its establishment, while their ancestors received the gospel from the first of the apostles. They have been dominated by their church from time immemorial and their history is one long-drawn-out record of what might be described as pugnacious martyrdom. It is a mistake to think of them as meek and lowly victims.

They are the most stubbornly nationalistic and separatistic race on earth. They are intelligent, industrious, ambitious, and sometimes curiously unscrupulous. But they manage to cover the traces of their own misdeeds and to keep focused upon

(Continued on Page 89)

Sing Stasny Songs
Lullaby Land
Words by FRANK DAVIS
Solo or Duett
Music by MAX PRIVAL
CHORUS Tenderly
When the night time came a - steal ing In the long long ago
go. — Moth er arms would ca - ress me, While she
sang sweet and low — Rock a - bye, rock - a - bye, my own gel
child That mel - o - dy was so grand, — Ba - by
days were full of sunshine Back in Lull - a - by land land
Copyright by A J Stasny Music Co
Lullaby Land
MY GAL
My Gal
(She Has Some Wonderful Ways)
Moderate
and BUD COOPER
Copyright by A J Stasny Music Co

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"Can You Imagine?"
"Evening"
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"Rose Dreams" (Voc. or Inst.)
"Jazzin' the Blues Away"
"Somebody Misses Somebody's Kisses"
"Just You"
"I'm Not Jealous"
"Bangalore"
"It's Never Too Late to Be Sorry"
"Sweetheart Land"

Get them from your dealer for your TALKING MACHINE

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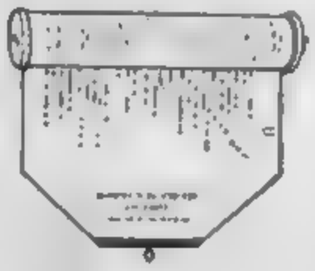

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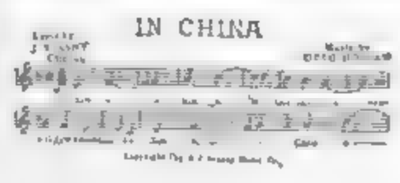
"Girl of Mine" is a ballad that hits everybody just right. It has just the right amount of sentiment, just the right amount of catchiness, just the right swing. Easy to sing, hard to forget. Buy it for your piano today.



"In China"

"In China" whisks you away in fancy to the perfumed Orient. You think of silk-clad mandarins, of almond eyes and tiny shoes. You'll never forget its haunting Eastern melody.

(Continued from Page 87)

themselves the sometimes wearied, perhaps, but nearly always respectful attention of the world.

They have been doing this in recent years by means of propaganda carried out through a secret political organization called the Dashnaksoutoun, or, more briefly, the Dashnak, which is a word more or less equivalent to the English word "bond." The Dashnak was founded in 1890 for the secret purpose of working for the liberation of the Turkish Armenians, and its activities have been altogether extraordinary. These were confined up to 1902 to the dissemination within the Turkish Army of seditious sentiments designed to undermine the strength of the Ottoman Empire; but in 1902 the society adopted a broader outlook and launched a scheme for bringing itself into immediate contact with the diplomatic representatives of the great Powers, with an idea of gaining their support for the project of Armenian independence.

Many persons ask, and with reasonable excuse for asking, why it is that the world is deluged with accurate, detailed and timely accounts of Armenian tragedies while nothing is ever heard about the sufferings of the Greeks in similar manner, in almost equal measure and under similar circumstances; also, why nobody ever attempts to present a Turkish version of Turkey's interior problems. The Dashnaksoutoun could reveal the source of Armenian publicity, and the answer as regards the Greeks and Turks is that neither race has a genius for organized propaganda.

When the Dashnak began to seek the support of the representatives of the Powers it reckoned without the strength and the inevitable wrath of Russia, and suffered a temporary check through the arrest and imprisonment of its ablest leaders. But it was sufficiently well organized to carry on to some extent and to retaliate by means of a campaign against Russian officials in the Caucasus and active participation in the Russian Revolution of 1905. The work of the society has always been subtle and sufficiently artful to keep the authorities, both Russian and Turkish, in a state of extreme nervousness, but throughout its history it has maintained that its sole purpose was to free the Armenian race from political and spiritual oppression.

The Power of the Dashnak

Its opponents—now including a constantly increasing number of the best Armenians—acknowledge it as a natural outcome of persecution and governmental iniquity, but deplore its methods. But up to the present this opposition is in a hopeless minority. The so-called republican government is completely controlled by the society, which has developed into the dominating political party. It includes the greater number of what are known as "the intellectuals" and the men who control the economic resources of the country, and in the only general election that has been held its candidates won by an overwhelming majority—a victory that was gained, it is said, through a free exercise of terrorism rather than by moral and patriotic argument.

The really upright and unquestionably sincere Armenians genuinely desire an American mandate as promising a civilizing influence and an end of the situation that is attributed to the Dashnak.

A Generous Tartar Gentleman

And now for a glance at the Azerbaijanese. Did you know there was such a people as the Azerbaijanese? The very music of their name should commend them to one's sympathetic consideration. Besides they are a very nice and a very picturesque people. They are of pure Tartar stock and are influenced by religious beliefs that make them interesting neighbors for any Christians. They murder and rob and run amuck generally with a sweet simplicity of faith that they are paving a way for themselves to an eternal paradise, but withal they are more amenable to reason than some other kinds of enthusiasts one could name, and they give themselves away every once in a while by a display of broadmindedness and practical generosity that makes one wish that the white men's burden might be largely composed of fanatic Mohammedans.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Mother, Wife and Little Son of Rev. D. Andreasian, Protestant Pastor in the Port Said Armenian Refugee Camp

When Madame Plavsky was engaged in tiding the American relief organization over the period of German occupation in the Caucasus her funds once ran down to the vanishing point and she was in despair. She had some two thousand children and goodness knows how many thousands of adult amateur millworkers on her hands, and however efficient she might be, she could hardly hope to make her institutions self-supporting. There were a great many rich Armenians in Tiflis, some of them very rich. In fact, nearly all the rich men in Georgia are Armenians. But did any of them offer to come to Madame Plavsky's assistance? No, not with so much as a kopeck, though most of the people she was working for were refugees from Turkish Armenia.

She was coming face to face with the possibility of having to close her mills and bakeries and soup kitchens and turn her orphans into the street when a Tartar gentleman, one of the despised Islamic tribe, came to her and said: "Madame, I hear you are in difficulties. I have little reason to love the people you are working for, but after all they are human and they are helpless and hopeless. I would not see you fail for lack of funds and I wish to place at your disposal a million rubles. We will call it a loan and perhaps when the Americans return they will pay it back to me, knowing that I do not desire to save the lives of Armenians."

Madame Plavsky had never seen the man before, but needless to say she accepted the million rubles, and the situation was saved. The incident serves to throw a light on the Tartar character, which is not so much a high light as a general illumination. They are like that; and again they are like almost anything else you might happen to be able to imagine.

They found it very easy to lend themselves to a scheme which had for its object the fulfillment of the Turkish desire to see the end of the hapless and hated Armenian race. It is difficult to believe that all this is history actually in the making. In a prison in Constantinople to-day there are a

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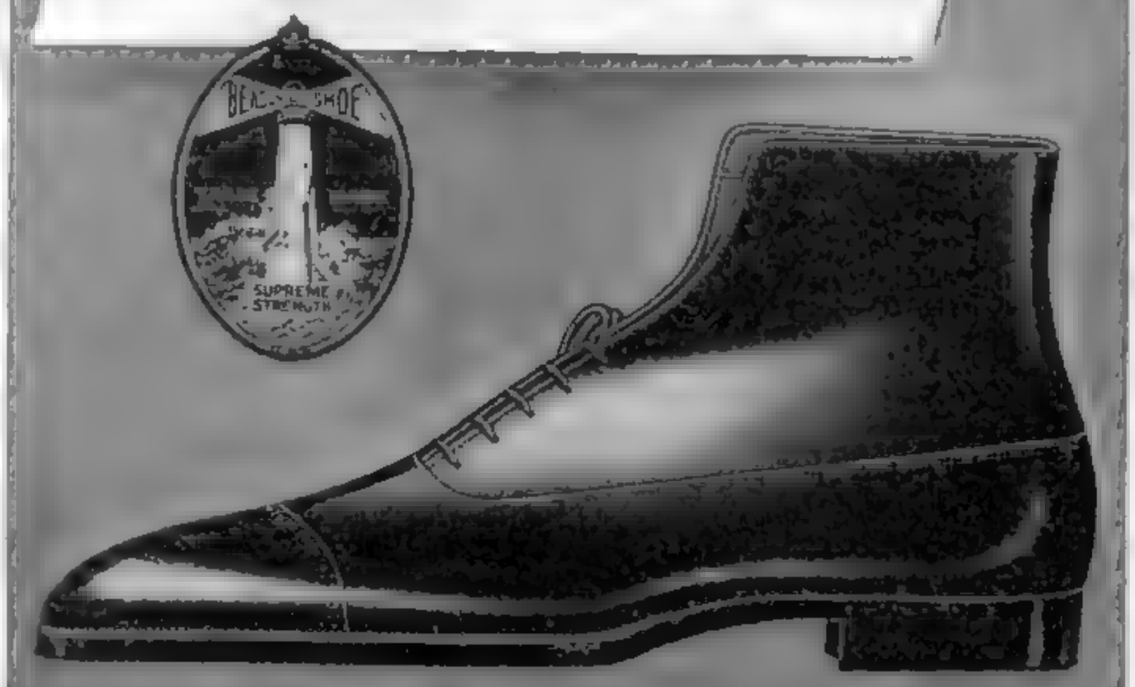

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number of once highly placed and influential Turks who were not interfered with in their nefarious activities until near the end of April of this year of peace 1919. Up to that time the Turks were left in possession of the district of Kars, and from that point of easy convenience they proceeded to attach themselves to the Tartars by the far-reaching and persuasive influence of pan-Islamic sentiment.

It was through their connivance and by means of the able direction of their agents who were scattered throughout the whole Transcaucasian territory that the Azerbaijanese—on a basis of self-determination justified by an assertion that they were in a majority in the population—laid claim to a strip of territory through the very heart of the Armenian province, the object being to encircle the Armenians by Mohammedan tribes and cut them off from all contact with the Christian world and eventually to complete their extermination by a process of white murder that would have the appearance of being unavoidable. There was much whispered talk about the mysterious ring, and those who were engaged in the work of ministering to the needs of the homeless horde of Armenians were constantly encountering curiously hampering obstacles and difficulties that nobody could explain and for which nobody seemed to be responsible.

The British military authorities finally recognizing the rapidly increasing danger of successful pan-Islamic organization went straight at the sources of it, arrested the governor of Kars and all his satellites and hurried them down to Constantinople, where they were lodged in the innermost seclusion of a military prison. Whereupon the Turks fled from Kars back across the frontier, carrying with them every ounce of food and every movable article, and the British took possession of the district. They handed the administration of its civil affairs over to the Armenian Government, and then began a fearful movement of a vast and empty-handed throng of refugees back into the emptied and denuded land. I was there and saw some of this movement—which was like nothing the sun ever shone on before.

In the meantime there was war in progress on all the borders. There were boundary disputes between the Azerbaijanese and the Georgians, between the Georgians and the Armenians, and between the Armenians and the Azerbaijanese.

One Railway for Three Peoples

I have referred to the facts that there is but one line of railway, that it connects with the only outlet to the seas, and that its ownership is divided between the three peoples whose new boundaries it crosses. Each of the states possesses a certain amount of rolling stock, and though if it were pooled this rolling stock would not be sufficient by about eighty per cent to meet the common economic needs of the peoples, withheld from general circulation its usefulness is reduced to practically nothing. For a long time the Azerbaijanese would not permit any of their engines or cars to cross the Georgian border, the Georgians would not send trains into Azerbaijan or Armenia, nor would the Armenians send trains into Georgia. You see, capturings was keepings and the result was a complete paralysis of traffic.

You will begin to hear a lot one of these days about the inefficiency of the American relief committee; about how it allowed thousands of people to die of starvation after the American public had poured millions of dollars into its coffers, and when American food was within easy reach. But when they begin to talk to you about this your wrath will probably cool if you are able to remember that this state of affairs existed on the one and only railroad and if you will take into consideration the fact that no other means of transport were available until along about the first of July, when a consignment of American motor trucks was landed at Batum.

What Would a Mandate Mean?

As late as the end of April if you wished to get down into Armenia it was necessary to go from Tiflis to the border on a Georgian train, gather your effects together and walk across to an Armenian train, which might or might not be there; and as for moving foodstuffs and other commodities there might as well have been no railroad at all. But in view of the fearful conditions existing in Armenia the British made a temporary adjustment of the difficulty by persuading the three governments to consent to the establishment of a board of railway control under British direction and guaranty, at the same time getting a suspension of hostilities and an agreement by all parties that it would be better to refer their differences with regard to boundary lines to the Peace Conference. This agreement, however, was hardly a sufficient warrant of tranquillity, so neutral zones were fixed between the three countries and occupied by British troops.

About this time American food supplies began to come into the harbor of Batum, and an arrangement was made which will enable the food and relief administrations to distribute in the three countries about six thousand tons of flour a month. This is not enough, but it is all that can be handled under the present traffic conditions. The motor trucks will add a certain amount of tonnage, and throughout the whole area there are fairly good highways, while connecting the main centers of population there are magnificent Russian military roads. Nowhere does the year's planting exceed ten per cent of the necessity, so we must look forward to feeding these people at least another year and perhaps longer. It all depends on how quickly they can be settled under such forms of government as will stimulate their ambition and encourage industry.

And I must not make the mistake of conveying an impression that a formidable military establishment would be required to make any strong Power's mandate in these countries effective. Most Americans, I find, associate the idea of a mandate with visions of a vast expenditure in man power and other national resources and

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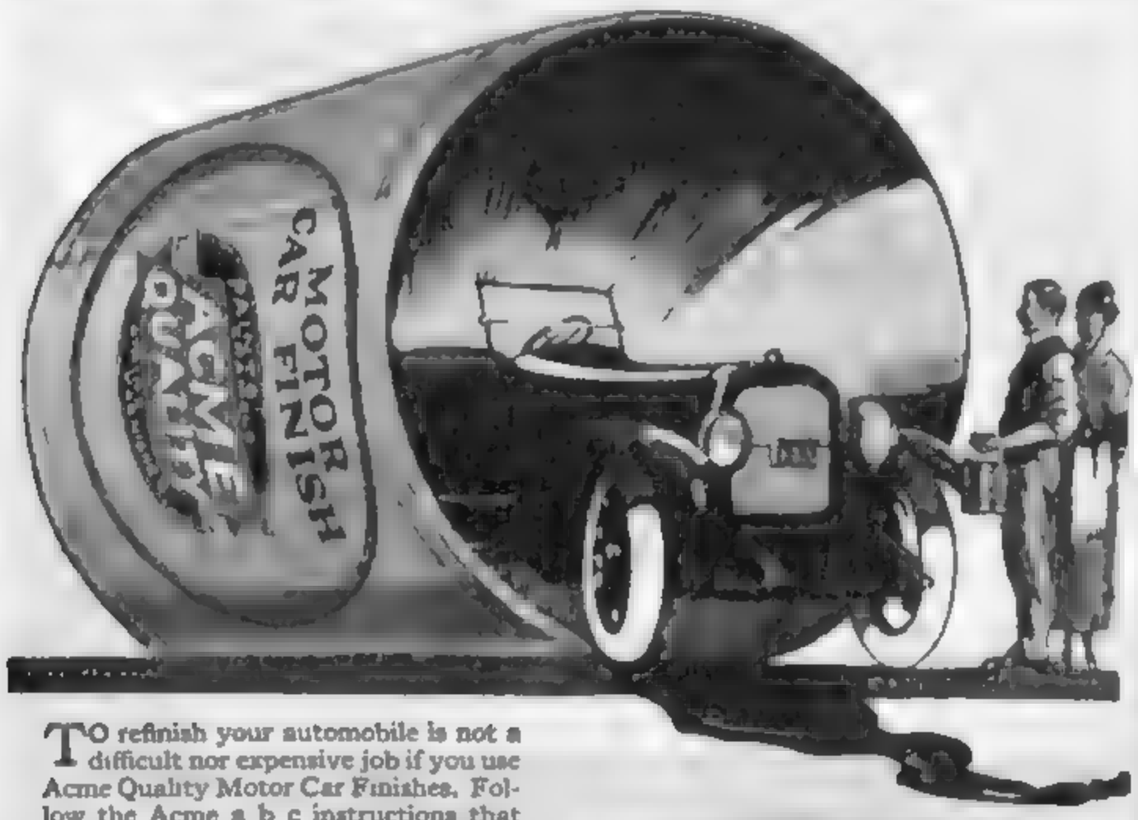

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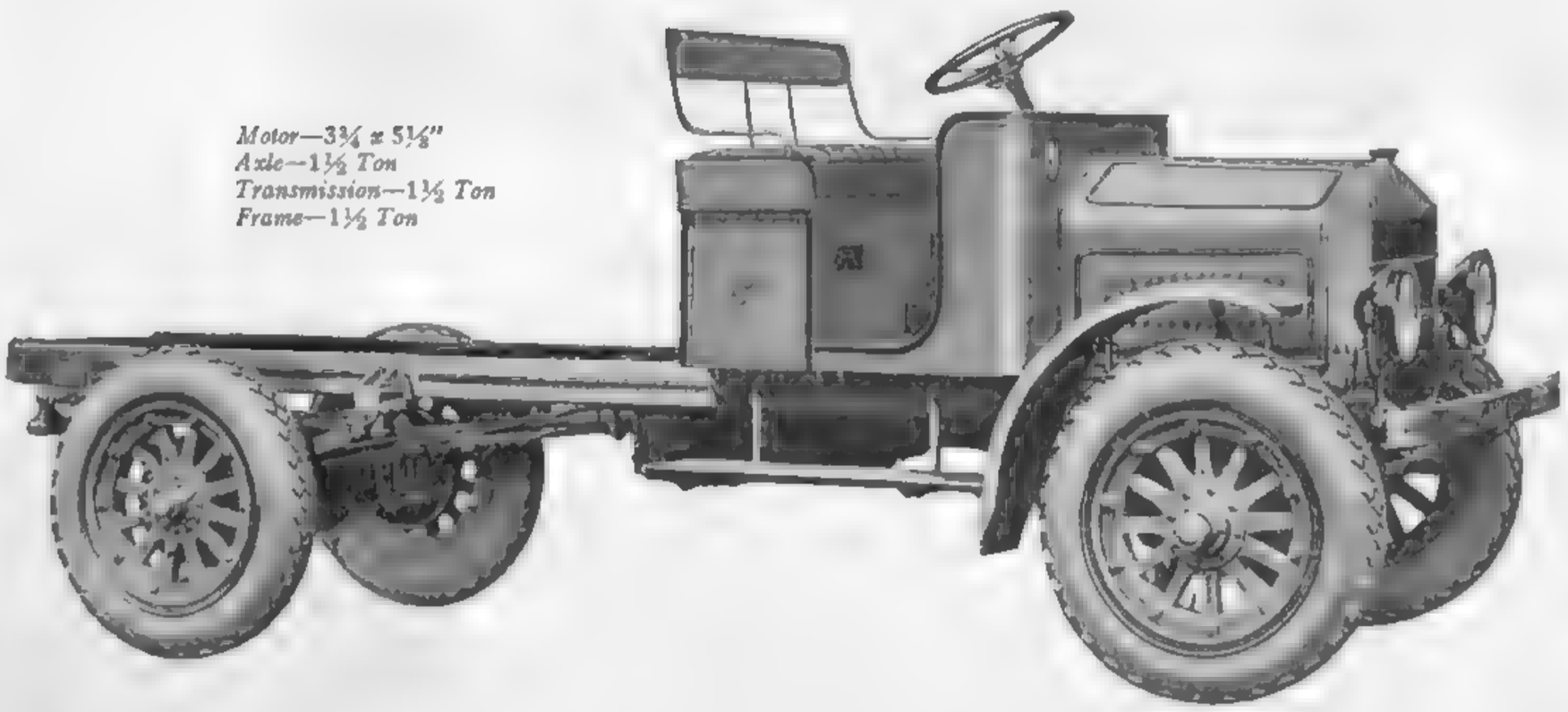

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(Continued from Page 90)

seem to think that our acceptance of any such responsibility would entail the maintenance of a larger army than we believe to be normally necessary or consistent with our general character. But the incidental military feature of such an adventure as this would be to us is not among the things to worry about. The supposition that we should have to fight our way to success in a mandatory enterprise presupposes rebellion against our authority, and such an event is hardly among the possibilities.

A temporary military occupation would be necessary no doubt, but it would need to be strong only in what would stand behind it; a mighty threat, if you like, but surely an effective one considering the demonstration we have recently given of our will and our ability to keep our promises and carry out our purposes. The immediate business of a small army of occupation would be to keep the various peoples at peace with each other until they had settled down to an agreement in a new and better order of things, and to organize and train bodies of native troops and constabulary. And for that sort of thing our American men are especially well equipped. They have the right character for it, to begin with, and during the past twenty years we have been maintaining in our Philippine protectorate a great school in which many soldiers, men as well as officers, have received the essential training.

In his report to his government on the subject of military necessities a high ranking British officer, assuming that England would continue to direct affairs in the Caucasus and Turkish Armenia, says that five thousand men would be sufficient and that these could be replaced by native forces commanded by British officers within six months. This may be slightly optimistic, but the man whose opinion it is is a highly competent authority who has made a thorough study of the situation. Though his judgment, of course, was based on a supposition that any definite arrangement made would be made on terms of peace, signed, sealed and accepted by all parties, including the Turks.

Armenia's First Requisite

But to get back to merely economic matters: If we should accept the responsibility for Armenia's future we should be dependent for a number of years on the port of Batum. That is the first thing to remember. We should have to move in troops—many or few—and the supplies for their maintenance; then, after providing for the immediate necessities of the people, we naturally would institute, with as little delay as possible, projects for the development of the country that would call for great quantities of materials of all kinds. The first requisite to successful operations would be an extension of the traffic capacity of the railroad on all its divisions, and this could be done only by loans or credits made or granted in the United States.

It is generally supposed that the Italians have already made arrangements whereby they assume control in the Caucasus when the British withdraw, but, as I have said, there is a curious element of mystery in their present movements. An advance mission of Italian officers came into the country when I was there and was thought to be engaged in making an investigation of the possibilities; but whether or not a definite deal had been made was among the secrets that were locked in a few breasts only, and everybody pretended to be swamped in bewilderment. The Italians, however, are quite frank with regard to their motives.

They say that the natural resources of the Caucasus, or some such region, are necessary to their own economic development, and there is every reason to believe that in transferring their authority the British are making use of the vast oil interests of Baku to compromise some difference with this bitterly dissatisfied ally.

The Oil Muddle at Batum

These oil interests are said to be controlled to a great extent at present by Germans who work through the agency of Tartars posing as proprietors; but whoever controls or owns them is reaping little benefit from them nowadays. There is a single pipe line which connects Baku with Batum and in normal times under the Russian Government there was a steady flow of the product across to the great storage tanks at Batum, which has long been one of the most important oil ports in the world. But the amateur governments of Azerbaijan and Georgia have imposed upon the industry such heavy export and transit charges that it is no longer profitable. There is in storage at Baku some twelve hundred million gallons of oil, and because the storage capacity is exhausted and it is not possible to operate the wells there are thousands of men in the oil region out of employment and suffering the direst distress, while oil-burning ships of the American food fleet carry into Batum enough fuel to get them back to Gibraltar because the price of oil at Batum is prohibitive. It is all an extraordinary muddle that will take some straightening out even by an unhindered and unhampered mandatory Power.

The natural resources of Armenia include valuable salt and copper mines, and there are large deposits of iron and silver that have never been touched. Also, the country can be made to produce great quantities of cotton and wool, and it embraces large areas of excellent rice land. Railroads and highways will have to be built, especially in the one-time Turkish province, and there are tremendous areas to be reclaimed by irrigation.

I have said that the country is minus even a prospect of the kind of material benefit that is required by most peoples as a basis for altruistic endeavor, but assuming that the task of directing its destinies devolves upon us we might be able to dampen

Armenians Attending Mass in the Port Said Armenian Refugee Camp

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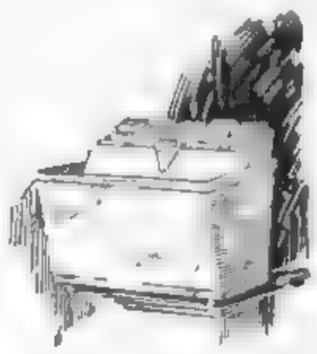

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the ardor of the idealists to some extent, and then, if we could induce ourselves to insist upon laws that would encourage rather than intimidate capital, we might get a little developing done by private interests, to the everlasting benefit of everybody concerned.

The Armenians on the whole are agriculturists by preference, but under Russian domination no Armenian was ever allowed to own a sufficient acreage to yield him a living, so he turned as a rule to trade or industry. In Russian Armenia the old government encouraged Russian immigration by offering to each Russian peasant who would consent to settle in the province twenty-seven acres of land, but the Armenian was not permitted even to buy more than one acre, the consequence being that the country in tremendous sections is wholly uncultivated.

It is recorded that under Russian sovereignty the only one of the three Transcaucasian provinces that was not run at a loss was Azerbaijan, and this only by virtue of the tremendous wealth in oil at Baku. The Armenians say that as regards their own province the loss was attributable to nothing but Russian maladministration. A German-Russian—Count Tisenhausen—was governor of Erivan for twenty-two years, and at the end of this long period he openly stated that he had never undertaken anything in the way of public improvement. He regarded the people as being capable of nothing, but this opinion does not square with the reputation the Armenians have for industry and intelligence.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Volunteers From the Refugees, Formed Into a Battalion, Being Trained by French Sailors

Reasons Against a Joint Mandate

The proposition one heard most about in the early years of the war provided for a joint Allied protectorate in Turkey and the internationalization of the straits. But the impossibility of such an arrangement is obvious. In the first place Turkey is bankrupt, and the only country that can provide the wherewith for her rehabilitation is the United States. The United States might do this as a party to a joint mandate, but as a result the American people would almost inevitably be subjected to such irritations as would endanger their relationship with their colleagues. We are generally credited, I believe, with having entered the arena of world politics with unselfish aims and high principles, but the very nature of these aims and principles, backed as they are by extraordinary material power, rouses the jealousy of other peoples as nothing else could. Reports are subtly circulated to the effect that our relief expeditions are in reality nothing but parties sent out in philanthropic guise to survey commercial possibilities. Then, too, the responsibility for the military occupation of certain sections of Turkey has been laid at our door, on the theory that these relief parties create disturbances and require protection. Such falsehoods are absurd, to be sure, but if the people can be made to believe them they can be trusted not to self-determine too strenuously in favor of an American mandate.

In the meantime we are not permitted to express ourselves or to circulate any kind of American sentiment through the native press. The newspapers are controlled by a board of censors on which there is no American representation, and as late as the twenty-seventh of May a notice was sent to all of them which reads: "The Interallied Press Censorship has notified you several times before that the only official agencies recognized are the Italian Agency and the Turkey-Havas-Reuter Agency. You may, nevertheless, from time to time print in your newspaper news provided by the French High Commission under the initials H. C. F. In every case it is rigidly forbidden to publish material provided by Russian or American agencies."

As a result of this lockout our naval mission issues a daily typewritten news bulletin and sends copies of it to a selected number of persons. It is said that this is the only news sheet in Constantinople that anybody respects, and since the copies are passed from hand to hand it gets a fairly wide circulation, but, of course, it does not reach the general population that is reached by the regular newspapers.

No Turk who is in favor of an American mandate is permitted to publish his views. The average Turk prefers the United States to any other Power, because he believes in our ability to discharge high moral obligations without regard to our material interests. He has seen practical demonstrations of it not only in our manner of dealing with the problems we had to solve in the Philippine Islands but in our philanthropic work in his own country. He can spread his beliefs among his own people, however, only by whisperings or secret processes.

As I began by saying, the Powers have blocked out for our benefit—or contemplate doing so—a shut-in Armenia, and whatever they may pretend in Paris that is all they will willingly permit us to control. And the difficulty is that our mandate in Armenia is almost a *fait accompli*. We are there as the savior and only friend of a ravaged and desolated people who would be entirely helpless without us and who unfortunately are not able to distinguish between official aid and temporary measures of relief made possible by private American benevolence. They regard us as being permanently installed as their leader and benefactor, not through any private agency but as a world Power, and to desert them now or hand them over to some other Power less interested in their welfare and less able to promote it would be to involve ourselves in grave embarrassment.

PHOTOS BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

School Children at Recess in the Afternoon Going to Get Their Little Loaf of Bread. Above—The Older Girls of the Port Said Armenian Refugee Camp Organized Into Sewing and Embroidery Classes

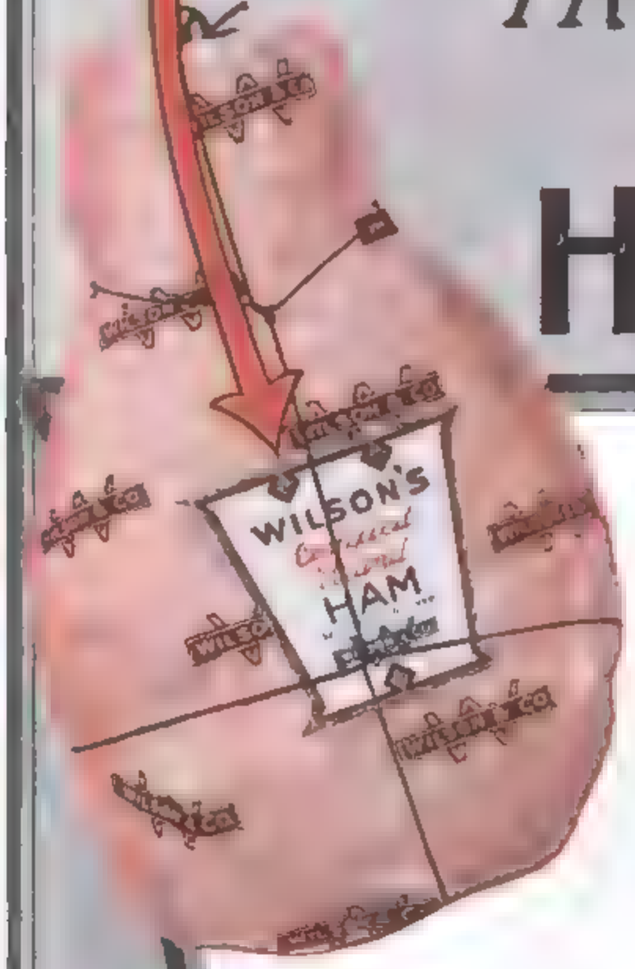
Protecting America's Other Cheek

Even so, I am among those who believe it is about time for us to begin to give first consideration to our own interests—not consequently neglecting the interests of others—and I can think of nothing that would so jeopardize our future as the acceptance of a trust with such limitations as would make the practical execution of it impossible. We should have no serious difficulties with our peoples in trust, but with any Power placed in a position to hamper and hinder us we should inevitably clash. That is the danger that neither we nor our friends can afford to risk.

It is only necessary that you get out your map and look it over. If you have any regard for your country's other cheek—which, in view of the position we have acquired in the world, must often enough be turned in future years—you will be convinced that any responsibility in the Near East that we may consent to accept as ours must be somewhat all-embracing as regards the gates of the Eastern citadel and the indispensable lines of communication with such interior bases of operation as would be established for us. A wider and more hopeful vision would include as much of Asiatic Turkey as the Powers could be induced to free from foreign aggression and dedicate to the future welfare of Turkey's own peoples.

WILSON'S *Certified*

The label which guarantees the finest quality in Ham *and* Bacon



WHEN you see the Wilson Certified label on hams or bacon you may know that the dealer is one who looks to the future. He appreciates the fact that increasing trade and lasting reputation rest on *known quality*. He knows what the Wilson label guarantees to his customers and to himself.

• • •

PLUMP, well-fed porkers, approved by expert inspectors, are chosen for these superior products. The ham is carefully trimmed so that it has just enough juicy fat to round out the quality of the choice, tender meat. The bacon is selected from the most desirable section of the side, where the proportion of lean and fat is such as to slice into the most satisfactory portions.

Your own mother could not show more *respect* than we do in the carefulness and thoughtfulness with which we give our Certified Ham and Bacon our patient, slow curing and hickory-smoking.

THE result is that Certified Ham and Bacon cook with a rich aroma, and have a toothsome flavor and a quality that makes you proud to serve them to your family and guests.

Ask your dealer for Wilson's Certified Ham and Bacon. If he cannot supply you, kindly give us his name; we can stock him at once as our distribution is national.

"Wilson's Meat Cookery" Free — This valuable and instructive book, illustrated in colors, helps you to buy meats and plan meals economically and enjoyably. Address Dept. 938, Chicago.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

Styleplus Wee

Trade Mark Registered

This has been an established plan of ours since before the war and was continued during the war, in spite of conditions and limitations. Naturally, Styleplus Week means more to you now because all limitations have been removed.

It is the time when every Styleplus merchant is glad to make a special showing of Styleplus Clothes, and explain their distinctive style and quality points. It is a policy, not a "stunt," because we find that it pays us and our merchants to take the public into our confidence. It is the time when you can see the line in a variety of fabrics and models—an almost unlimited number, new and stylish.

It is the time when made these clothes famo the same deal to all. guaranteed.

Styleplus Week is a values are more attracti Get *your* Styleplus now.

Henry Sonnebo

you can get acquainted with the quality and style that have
us. You remember Styleplus known prices with confidence—
Each grade is a Styleplus standard, at a known price, quality

impressive nationwide demonstration that the famous Styleplus
than ever this Fall. Use Styleplus Week to your advantage.
"The sleeve ticket tells the price."

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Styleplus Clothes
$30-$35-$40-$45
And a limited assortment at $25

Mints
Wintergreens
Cloves
Sweet Birches
Licorice

Beech-Nut Mints

HANDY! Handy little oval candies that melt lingeringly on the tongue—wonderfully smooth—made from pure sugar, sifted through silk, and blended with pure, *natural* flavor. ¶Handy to ease that sweet-craving spot. Handy when mouth and throat want refreshing. Handy when you simply must "munch" something. Handy while you're motoring—walking—or just loafing. Handy for that between-meals gnawing. ¶Handy to find. Handy to carry. Compact little packets that you whisk off a candy counter and tuck smoothly into pocket or purse. (Try it at the next one.) *Your* flavor—Mint, Wintergreen, Sweet Birch, Clove or Licorice.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY *"Foods of Finest Flavor"* CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

WANDERING STARS

(Continued from Page 9)

steers muzzled forth as if to charge on him and to remind him that Mr. Murtrie had made his money in something connected with the leather business.

Dapper, efficient and cool in his white uniform the butler came again into Mr. Stolland'sreflections. Thistimehis hickorynut face was a study in diplomatic apology.

"Mr. Murtrie is very sorry, sir ——" he began, and finished with just the proper bow to express Mr. Murtrie's sorrow at being unable to welcome so desirable a guest.

"I'm sorry too," declared Mr. Stolland, coming stiffly to a stand. After all he was somebody in the world. "I'm afraid there's been some mistake."

The butler smiled soothingly, which acted as an assurance that Mr. Stolland had been right in his surmise.

"Then he wasn't expecting me?" insisted the minister, not to be dismissed so easily.

"He's stopped seeing visitors, Mr. Stolland. He has given orders that no one is to call but the doctor."

Stolland turned testily toward the door. What was this all about? Why didn't Murtrie say he wasn't at home in the first place? What sort of a trick had the village been putting up on him? He had an unworthy impulse to give the efficient man a parting kick as he stooped in the act of unbolting the great jail-like door.

The lock clicked belligerently, the heavy timbers were swinging back to speed Mr. Stolland on his way and Mr. Stolland had just put on his hat with the idea of consoling himself by telling it all in his own way to Archie Crane when a thin, tormented voice, grating like the lock of a prison door, hailed him from inside:

"Hey there! Did you want to see me?"

Stolland turned and beheld the specter of a man outlined against the light tan portières—the apparition might have sifted through the mesh of the curtains for all that it contained of material bulk. He was the thinnest man Stolland had ever seen; a red dressing gown flapping from his fleshless shoulders, he stood like a tall mast shrouded in a fantastic sail. The skin, tightly drawn over a high-bridged nose, the rounded skull, thin lips and enormous fever-bright eyes gave to the face an air of aristocracy which was belied by the harsh repetition:

"Are you deaf? Did you want to see me?"

"If you're Mr. Murtrie I do," replied the clergyman with all the dignity at his command. "I'm Mr. Stolland, the visiting pastor at Mr. Stevens' church."

"And you thought this was a sort of halfway house for visiting pastors?" The little turkey neck fluttered to a disagreeable laugh.

"I thought nothing of the kind. Good day, sir."

Fuming now, the minister was about to stamp away, but a curious coughing groan arrested his flight. Mr. Murtrie, having taken a step, had stumbled into the arms of the efficient mulatto, who stood holding the polelike body, which now resembled a broken mast trailing its gaudy canvas. Stolland leaped forward and getting one of his full-blooded arms round the fleshless ribs began leading Mr. Murtrie back through the tan curtains.

It was a small, white-trimmed room into which they took their slow progress, the mulatto going ahead and saying in the chiding tone we use to reckless children:

"Be careful of that table, sir. Just a step this way now. Doctor Hazzard forbade your getting up to-day, sir. I'm afraid he'll hold me responsible ——"

"Shut up, Alexander!" The command came with surprising vigor as the sick man shook himself free of Mr. Stolland's embrace and laid a skeleton hand clutchingly on Alexander's shoulder.

"Now get out!" he snarled. "Get out and close that door behind you. And if you show up again till I call I'll—pick you up and throw you out of a window."

"Yes, sir," agreed Alexander, quite unmoved, though retreating as hastily as if Mr. Murtrie's genius lay in tossing great weights out of high towers.

Poor as had been his welcome, miserable as was his host, Stolland found himself laughing and would have felt embarrassed save for the understanding, thin-lipped grin which the invalid gave back to him as, with a feeble sigh, he stretched himself on a wicker couch and pulled a steamer rug over his bony knees.

"That might sound like a bluff—now," he creaked, his fevered eyes rolling toward the door through which Alexander had retreated. "But fifteen years ago I could have stood on that coon's feet and pulled his head off."

Mr. Stolland, who now saw the wisdom of putting an amiable word into the discussion, remarked upon his own feats as a shot putter in the days of '85.

"There's such a thing as being too strong," said the sick man with an uneasy cough.

This might have been a prelude to something more. But Murtrie closed his eyes and folded his hands over his contracted chest. The lowered lids were like transparent coverings over the eyeballs, which seemed to show blue through the skin; it gave Stolland the uneasy feeling of being watched by a dead man. For the look of death was no doubt on the pain-drawn mouth with its colorless lips, on the livid nostrils, which stretched piteously with every indrawn breath. A handsome trayful of silver dishes sat on a wicker table beside the couch. With all this brave show, however, it was plain to see that there had been nothing more substantial than milk toast. Several slices of the harmless mess swam in an etched tureen and another slice lay untouched in a Sèvres soup bowl.

Nicholas Murtrie opened his eyes, and Stolland was now sure that the man had been looking at him through his lids, for he at once took up the subject of the milk toast.

"Parson," he creaked, "will you do me a favor? Take that damned pap and put it over there—on top of the bookshelf where I can't see it. I do believe Doc Hazzard, if you'd let him alone, would turn me into a milk-fed Philadelphia capon."

When the favor had been granted and accomplished Murtrie said "Thanks," then lay still for a while. So long he lay that Stolland, thinking that nothing more was to come of his visit, was rising to go.

"What's your hurry?" creaked Murtrie. Then with something that would have seemed like humor in a face less ghastly: "Let's talk about eating. I'll tell you what I'd like to have right now. A mess of chicken, Spanish style, with corn fritters and a pint of Château Yquem. Pretty poor, what?"

One of the fevered eyes came down in a devilish sort of wink.

"I have no doubt it might do you good," suggested the clergyman, realizing that it could do him no harm now.

"Don't make me laugh, parson. It hurts me. Why, a spoonful of gruel lies on my stomach like the ruins of the Colosseum. But I love to think of hot rich things. It sort of makes me forget that I'm all hard inside like a frozen potato. Why, parson, I'm so thin that every time my stomach aches I think my back's broke."

A curious man, thought the Rev. William Horn Stolland, and was glad he had come. Murtrie lay flat as a fallen pole and glared speculatively at his visitor, then suddenly out of the silence he asked:

"On the level, parson, who sent you here?"

"A lady. She didn't give her name. She came to the church and said you had asked to see me. Naturally I was rather surprised when I got here and found ——"

"Somebody from the hotel?" Murtrie snapped him up in his little pinched voice.

"I never set eyes on her before. She was ——"

Stolland was preparing to launch forth on a detailed description of his guide through the forest, but Murtrie had lost interest. His head turned away, he seemed to be regarding the antics of a wild canary fluttering outside the window screen.

"I didn't think she'd do that," he said quietly, in the voice of one who is considering a new development in a case he has argued over and over with himself.

He stirred restlessly and again turned his burning eyes upon his visitor.

"We're both professional men," he drawled. "Your job's saving souls and mine's tanning hides."

Stolland winced at the sacrilege, but he held his peace and let the man go on.

"It's a part of your job to let on that when people die it's an excuse for flowers and language. A new face in heaven, and all that rot. Now look here, parson. I worked in the stockyards when I was a boy. I've seen cattle die by thousands—yes, and a few men too ——" He stopped a moment and sucked in his thin lips. "I think I know what death is. It's a chemical reaction—do you get me? Combustion. All there is to it. Nature releases the carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and so forth, for the use of the plants and the little birds and the damned vegetarians."

"And what becomes of the immortal soul?" asked Mr. Stolland, who though ranked as a liberal in his church could not but feel that here was a soul that must be snatched from the burning now or never.

"What becomes of the immortal shoe strings?" asked Murtrie, his teeth uncovering to a sneer.

"As a minister of the gospel, sir, I must feel a certain responsibility," said the clergyman, steeling himself to his plain duty. "And I can't stand passive while such things are being said by the lips of ——" He hesitated.

"A dying man. Why don't you say it?" challenged those lips.

Stolland nodded.

"Then you think I am dying?" asked Murtrie, but a change had come over his whole expression. His jaw fell like the jaw of a clean-picked skull and his thin hands began working inanely.

"Parson," he implored, a quaver having come into his voice as one of those talons stretched out greedily, "for God's sake stay by me and let me talk. I did want you to come. I lied when I said I didn't. Please don't go. Please don't turn me over for that quack Hazzard to torture again. Haven't I got enough—got enough—parson!"

It was the brainless supplication of a scared child.

"I shall stay, and gladly, Mr. Murtrie, as long as you want me," said Stolland, trying to look calm.

"Parson!" Murtrie's voice had again begun to rasp harshly, like a file on rusty iron, but he continued to hold the healthy hand in his desperate grip. "I'm going to say it now. I'll tell you what no man, woman or child ever knew or suspected. It's what a dying man tells—do you hear me?—to a priest."

"The offices of my church do not include confession," explained Stolland. "Possibly a Catholic priest or a High Church clergyman ——"

"What the hell do I care about brands and labels?" came the sickly snarl. "Sit down, Stolland. Does this conversation stay between us two?"

"I give you my sacred word," declared the clergyman solemnly.

"Then I want you to listen carefully. Draw up your chair and get it all." This came in a dry, executive tone. "If there's anything in confessions, get this. Put it in your holy censer and fumigate if you wish. I made my fortune suddenly. You know that, I suppose. I've always known a little about chemistry; not much. I can hire chemists. I began to clean up big money about 1899—you'll see it stamped on that big hide outside. The leather trade knows about Murtrie's Fluid; what it's made of you don't need to understand. It'll make leather cheaper and better and quicker than anything else discovered so far. They say I'm a pretty rich man, but that's exaggerated too. My money's going partly to a training school for negroes, partly to my servants—the bulk of what's left goes to a stinking old witch in St. Louis who happens to be my aunt. I've got to tell you this, Stolland—I've got to get into autobiography because—because ——"

He coughed miserably and sipped a mouthful of a brown liquid which had stood in an etched glass by his couch.

"I've always known hides and cattle. For a while I was foreman in a tannery. Not the sort of college education to turn a man into a vegetarian, what?" He grimaced at his own joke before he proceeded: "I always wanted to be a gentleman, so I held on to enough money to start a little shoe store in St. Louis, thinking that would be some more refined than tanning the leather or killing the cows. It was a mean business and I lost money every year—all the time making a sick calf of myself courting a girl in Jefferson, Missouri. Take my advice, parson, and never go courting a girl who lives in another town. It wastes time. Funny that I was ambitious in those days, but I was—fairly itching with it. And it made me sore to find myself going down and down. Then that man Mayhew was always spying on me, peering in like the old shaggy spider that he was. He was a devil, I tell you. There was something wormy about him too ——"

"Who was Mayhew?" prompted the confessor.

"A scientific vermin; he shouldn't have counted. Why do things like Mayhew count? Something you'd brush off your coat—faugh! He used to come round to the store, his dirty fingers and sickly beard stained with chemicals—I really believe he ate chemicals. His fad was leather, and he came to a shoe store the way a fly comes to meat. It seemed that he had been working on a tanning fluid that wouldn't work on anything but Mayhew's dirty hands. I used to call him Almost Got It.

"One day he showed me something which satisfied me that"—Murtrie looked cunningly, as if even now there might be danger in divulging a secret of the past—"well, it wouldn't help any to say what Mayhew had. But I gave him a room over my store, where he worked for half a year and drove away customers with his awful brews. He was like something out of a book—miserly and queer, but a perfect child about business. I knew enough about leather and enough about chemistry to see what Mayhew was getting at; and in the long waits when I sat round hoping somebody would come in and buy a pair of dime shoe strings I got a chance to think how I could put that fluid on the market if I had it. It sort of gnawed me all the time, that thought, which seemed to come with every whiff of Mayhew's amateur tannery upstairs.

"The funny thing is that I had faith in that stuff long before Mayhew did—or pretended to, at any rate. He was always broke, and it occurred to me that it wouldn't do any harm to let him get a little into my debt, then make an open-and-shut proposition. But what's the good of feeding rats? He borrowed from me fast enough, but I began to see plain as day that as soon as he was satisfied with what he had he'd peddle it to some rich concern and throw me flat. And the idea just gnawed.

"There was a drunken nigger named Neb Sawtree that Mayhew and I hired as a roustabout, working between our two places. It got so bad at last that I was on the point of bribing Neb to put his hand into Mayhew's rotten little iron safe and get out his papers long enough for me to read up on his formulas. But there wasn't a dishonest kink in Neb's wool, and it was lucky for me I never asked him."

The invalid stopped and considered, then in his dry voice began arguing over the old case of Nicholas Murtrie versus Conscience.

"By rights I already owned an equity in that fluid. Anybody but Mayhew would have recognized that. Didn't I advance money time and again to keep food in his belly? Why, the very chemicals he used during the last months of his experiment were bought out of my pocket.

"I'm a business man, parson. I've had the reputation of being smart as a steel trap; and I had every intention of making Mayhew pay back that loan with interest at a thousand per cent. But the very mention of partnership made the worm wriggle. Secretive devil! I suppose I was the only man in America, with the exception of poor old drunken Neb, who knew that Mayhew was alive; or cared."

Mr. Murtrie was now fussing with his pillow, so Mr. Stolland rose and adjusted it, which brought forth a grudging "Thanks!"

"Perhaps you're tiring yourself," suggested the minister.

"Who's the judge of that, you or I?" asked the sinner of his confessor.

Stolland was soon relieved to hear the sick man's voice coming dry and practical, as though he were discussing a stock report in which he had nothing to win or lose. An intellectual was Mr. Murtrie, despite his occasional crudities.

"It's funny the way I can lie here with half my stomach in the grave and discuss myself as though I were another man. Matter of fact I was another man in those days. They talk about a man's being made of

(Continued on Page 103)

Inserted photograph: Goodyear-Cord-equipped trucks belonging to the fleet of Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Company, Boston. Large photograph: Showing the condition of a Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire after seven months of continuous service on one of the trucks owned by this firm

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

How Pneumatics Have Improved This Extensive Delivery System

"OUR big Goodyear Pneumatics have been a very profitable investment. They have saved over 40% on gasoline, decidedly lowered repair costs, and will show a big economy in the longer life of our trucks. They have made us money in rendering possible an improved service to our customers and in the increased efficiency of our delivery men. And in mileage our records show Goodyear Tires superior to all others. The only set of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires that we have worn out were in use 13 months and traveled 13,972 miles. Another set still in use, has gone 11,825 miles."—L. W. Jouett, Manager of Retail Stores for Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Company, Wholesale and Retail Grocers, 55 Summer Street, Boston.

The city of Boston alone comprises a decidedly big delivery territory and, when neighboring towns are added, local delivery equipment must be equal to very hard daily hauling schedules.

For more than forty years the wholesale and retail grocery house of Cobb, Bates and Yerxa Company has been active in this district and, as business and territory have increased, the organization has advanced its delivery methods to keep pace.

So, today, residents of Greater Boston and environs see motor trucks, owned by this company and shod with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, hurrying fresh and delicate produce, as well as staples, to retail stores and consumers in all directions.

The company's steadily progressing adoption of Goodyear Cords has followed an extensive use of truck tires in general and Goodyear Truck Tires in particular, and the statement above gives the net of their experience as far as the delivery trucks are concerned.

While Goodyear Solid Tires still are used on trucks carrying the extremely dense, heavy loads and making the slower hauls between the freight depots and the wholesale house, the Goodyear Cords now are furnishing the basis of an improved delivery system.

The traction, cushioning and wider radius of action, on the pneumatics, all produce benefits which have a sizable monetary value that shows up on the books of the concern.

The C. B. & Y. trucks on the agile Goodyear Cords weave their way far more easily through the intricate Boston traffic; they cover many broken and rutted routes in good time; they operate on less gasoline; due to the resilient pneumatics, they show less sign of their exacting toil.

The only set of the powerful pneumatics, which has been removed, thus far, ran 13,972 miles and all the others have been demonstrating a similarly impressive toughness.

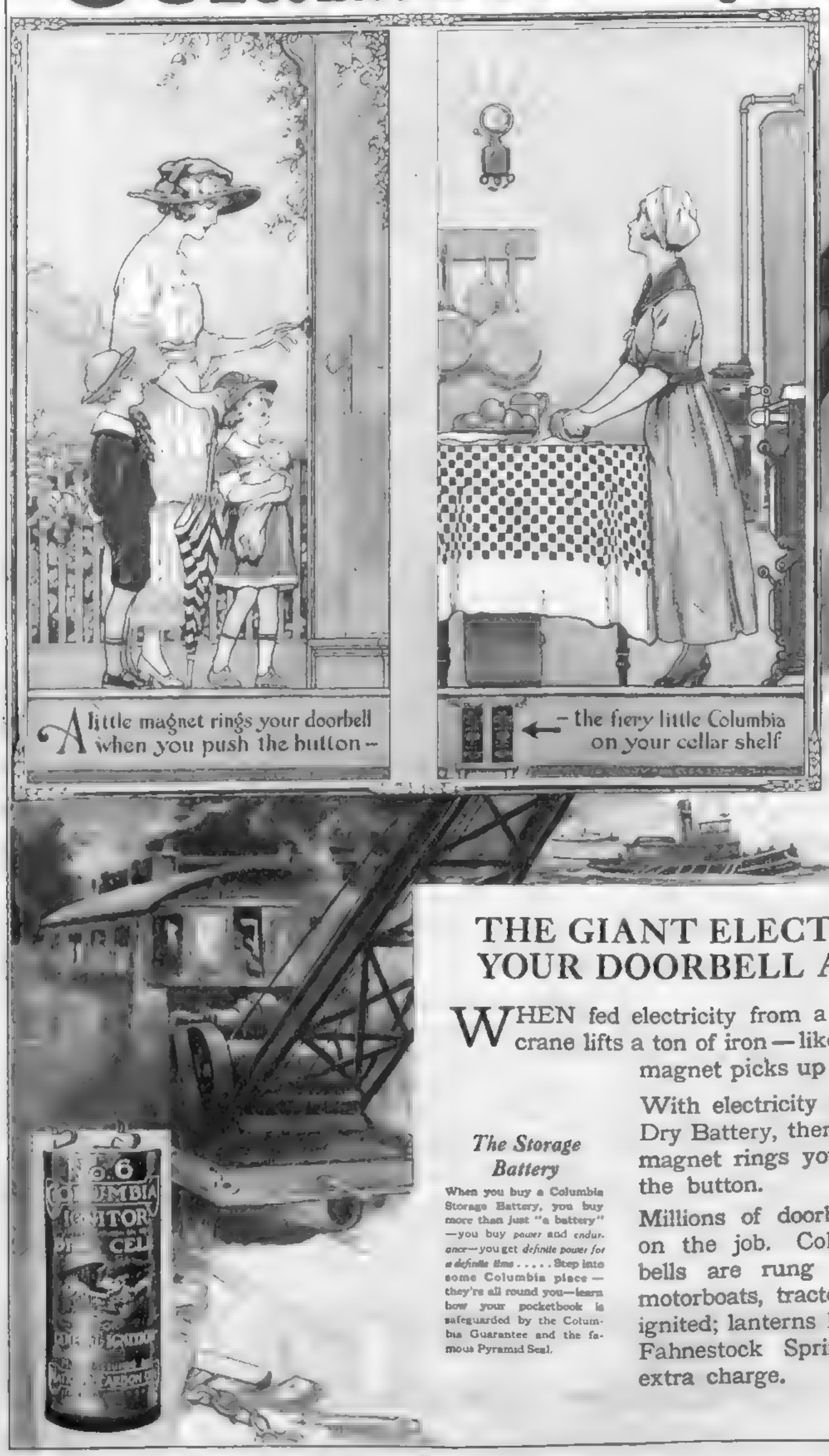
It has been experience very much like this, not only in American cities, but also in rural communities, which has brought the pneumatic principle and the big Goodyear Cords into simultaneous adoption for many classes of motor truck service.

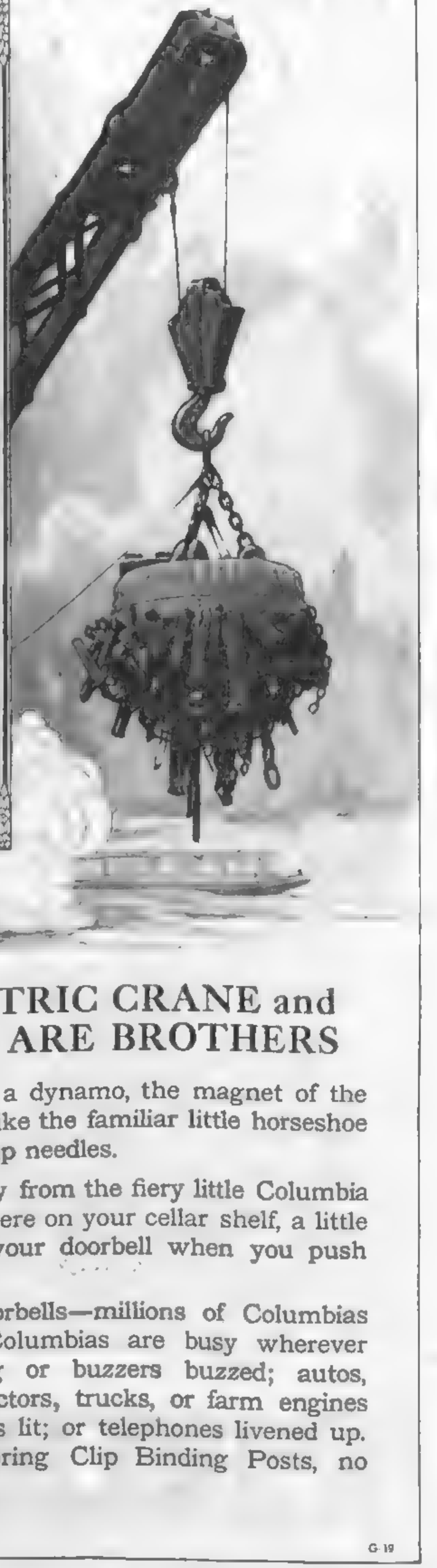
Such experience unquestionably is back of the fact that seventy-five per cent of all motor trucks, now factory-equipped with big pneumatics, are delivered on Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires and Goodyear Ideal Rims, the latter being supplied in both the detachable and demountable types.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

Columbia Dry and Storage Batteries





THE GIANT ELECTRIC CRANE and YOUR DOORBELL ARE BROTHERS

WHEN fed electricity from a dynamo, the magnet of the crane lifts a ton of iron—like the familiar little horseshoe magnet picks up needles.

With electricity from the fiery little Columbia Dry Battery, there on your cellar shelf, a little magnet rings your doorbell when you push the button.

Millions of doorbells—millions of Columbias on the job. Columbias are busy wherever bells are rung or buzzers buzzed; autos, motorboats, tractors, trucks, or farm engines ignited; lanterns lit; or telephones livened up. Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts, no extra charge.

The Storage Battery

When you buy a Columbia Storage Battery, you buy more than just "a battery"—you buy *power* and *endurance*—you get *definite power for a definite time* . . . . . Step into some Columbia place—they're all round you—learn how your pocketbook is safeguarded by the Columbia Guarantee and the famous Pyramid Seal.

G-19

(Continued from Page 99)

money. There's a good deal in that, don't you think, parson?"

"Money can cover a man like a golden cloak," said the spiritual adviser. "It might make him, as far as outward appearances go ——"

"Shucks! The difference between poor Murtrie and rich Murtrie is the difference between a man that's made and a man that's not. Poor Murtrie was, in a manner of speaking, the father of rich Murtrie; but father and son haven't spoken for years."

Murtrie again gave the grin of hangman's humor.

"But rich Murtrie was always struggling to be born. I knew that a million dollars—several of them, maybe—were right upstairs in those little strips of leather that Mayhew kept nailed to a bench in front of his window. Mayhew was crafty. It wasn't the craftiness of a grown man. It was the slyness of a spoiled child—who the devil ever took the trouble to spoil Mayhew, I wonder?

"I used to go into his laboratory under every possible pretext; and when I was there I would study and spy, putting two and two together. There was some one thing he added to the solution; it was simple as pie when I once found it out. But when he'd come to the important point in the experiment he'd turn to me with that sugary air of his and say, 'If you please, Mr. Murtrie,' which was a sign for me to get out. Once I bored a hole through the partition and tried to peek through. You see what Mayhew did?"

Murtrie pointed to a brownish withered scar over his left eye.

"I hated Mayhew. He actually haunted my dreams. Then a rotten fear got hold of me—suppose he'd sneak his formula away, sell it and never come back? It turned out that my hunch was right, for one afternoon he came down the stairs and into the shoe store looking like a scarecrow that had been made out of two broom handles and a feather duster. It was strange to see Mayhew so far away from his laboratory. He never went out, because he was ashamed of his clothes.

"'Murtrie,' says he, 'do you think you can loan me a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes?'

"'What do you want of clothes?' I asks, pretty well guessing what was up.

"'I was thinking of going out and talking a little business,' says he, and the smile on his potato-colored face as good as told me.

"'Go on upstairs,' I says. 'And when I get through with this customer I'll talk business with you.'

"The old lady who lived next door came in to buy a pair of heelless rubbers. While I was trying them on and she was deciding that she didn't want them Neb Sawtree, drunk as an owl, came floundering up to the door and stopped long enough to say that he was a bad nigger and hated work. I shoved him out and went back to the old lady, but she was so worried about Neb that she forgot all about the heelless rubbers.

"'Mr. Murtrie,' says she, 'you'd better get rid of that colored man. The neighborhood ain't safe with him going on like that, and he'll certainly kill somebody when he's in his liquor.'

"Just about then I heard a door bang and something fall halfway down the stairs. I knew what had happened. Neb had tried to get into the laboratory and Mayhew had shoved him out. It wasn't much out of the ordinary, but it scared the old lady so that she ran out and forgot her pocketbook.

"As soon as she was gone I went upstairs and found what had happened. Neb, dead drunk, was lying on the stairs like a wet roll of cloth. There was a cut under his eye where he had hit the rail, but I'd often seen Neb drunker and worse hurt. Anyhow, my business was with Mayhew, so I stepped over Neb and went up to the laboratory, where I opened the door without knocking."

Mr. Murtrie sat starkly up and the skin on his domelike forehead had gathered itself into a thousand fine wrinkles as again there came into his face that puzzled look of one reverting to a never-absent problem.

"I wonder what a nigger's worth nowadays?" he drawled. "I mean a nigger like Neb Sawtree? In slave days, of course, that was all simplified. Eighteen hundred dollars for a reliable work nigger was a good price. But Neb wasn't a reliable nigger in any sense of the word. Born on the river front, raised in a barrel, preserved in cheap alcohol—what do you think a parcel like that would count for?"

"God puts no cash value on human souls," said the preacher solemnly.

"If you're going to keep dragging in the soul," rasped Murtrie, "you'd better go."

Then his eyes twitched slyly round the small room, and leaning forward on a skinny arm he said in a hoarse whisper:

"Parson, go see if there's anybody listening behind that door."

Stolland walked over to the door leading into the reception hall and opened it with the suddenness which one employs in the expectancy of catching a spy at a keyhole. Nothing more dangerous than the tan portières beyond stared him in the face. Brushing the curtains gently aside he could see, leaning out of a far-distant window, the white-clad figure of Alexander, who, all unconscious of suspicion, was flirting amiably with a pretty octoroon who stood sunlit in the garden. Stolland came back and closed the door softly.

"Nobody there," he announced.

"Where's Alexander?"

"In the big room talking out of the window."

"Talking? Who's he talking to?"

"Some woman out there."

"Woman? What sort of a woman?" Murtrie sat up, a terribly emaciated figure, his eyes burning like coals.

"Some colored woman."

"Oh." Murtrie settled back with a sigh, but he had scarcely touched the pillows when he commanded:

"Lock that door. And now, if you don't mind, pull down those windows and lock that other door. Look out first and see if there's anybody listening in the corridor."

The corridor was examined, the keys were turned, the windows closed; then Stolland resumed his seat and waited what was to come.

"We are now reaching the crux of our melodrama," drawled Murtrie with one of his terrible grins. He took another sip from the etched glass, then his voice resumed its monotonous whine.

"Where was I?"

"You had just gone over Neb's body and opened the laboratory door without knocking."

"I saw the picture like one of those dirty chromos you find out back of a junk shop. There was a greasy oil lamp burning on the workbench and beside it sat Mayhew, hairy little rodent, nibbling crackers and cheese and swigging out of a pop bottle. He never ate regular food. It occurred to me then that I could have stood on his feet and pulled his head off"—Mr. Murtrie's manner of expressing youth's heyday—"I was thirty-five then, strong and quick as a gorilla, and I'd made up my mind that Mayhew and I were coming to an understanding.

"'Mayhew,' says I. He wriggled to his feet, fidgeting and trembling so that he knocked his plate of crackers and his beer bottle to the floor. 'Mayhew, is it fair for you to go out and peddle that fluid and drop me cold?'

"'Are you my owner, Mr. Murtrie?' he asks, the bristles of his beard standing out like the hair on a dog's back.

"'I'm your owner to this extent,' says I. 'I've fed you, sheltered you and bought your materials. That's what they call grubstaking in the mining camps, and it means that you and I go halves when the time comes to cash in. I don't want anything that isn't mine, Mayhew. You haven't got the business sense of a high-school girl. I can take this formula out and handle it so that we'll both get rich. Why, I'll bet you haven't even taken out the patents.'

"I said this at random, but the minute the words were out of my mouth I knew that I had hit upon the truth. Mayhew jumped like a rat, but I got my hand on his collar, while he fought and squirmed to be free. Then I saw what he was trying to get hold of. The door of his safe was wide open and beside it stood a chair piled with notebooks and papers.

"Our talk had been quiet enough up to that moment, but Mayhew began to whimper and my brain boiled like a kettle at the feel of the little devil in my hands. Even then I didn't want to hurt him.

"'Let's talk reason,' I says, trying to keep my voice down.

"'Reason! You robber! If you don't let me go and get out of here I'll holler for help, I'll call the police!'

"I don't know how I did it, parson. I remember that he'd opened his mouth, but no sound came because I got his chin in the crook of my elbow. I kept saying to myself 'I won't hurt him,' but the more I said it the tighter I pressed. Finally I came to myself and found him lying in my arms like a rag doll, and when I let him go he fell like so much dough. He never moved. I brought the lamp down and looked into his face. His head was twisted to one side, his eyes rolled up, his mouth open ——"

Mr. Stolland came to his feet, shocked to the core.

"Do you realize that you are telling me of a murder?" he asked gruffly.

"What do you think I'm doing," inquired Mr. Murtrie in perfect calm—"discussing a bridge score? Possibly you'd like to talk of something pleasant. Do you enjoy bridge, Mr. Stolland?"

The minister resumed his seat, aware of the tragedy he must now hear to its end.

"And you've kept this all these years?" he said.

"What, that Mayhew affair?" asked the dry voice. "Mayhew wasn't any more to me than—that." A snap of the skinny thumb and finger.

"Then why have you asked me here?" Stolland moved as if to rise.

"Don't go!" Murtrie's voice quavered for an instant, then came back to its monotonous drawl. "Mayhew was less than a rat's worth to me. It was a case of him or me, I've told you. What could he do with money? Dried up, blowing away—what was life to him? But it's given me—such a lot."

Swiftly the invalid looked away toward the bowered window where the wild bird had but now been fluttering. "No, it wasn't Mayhew. But how much is a nigger worth? I don't know. If there was any standard to go by ——"

Murtrie rested a moment or so on the puzzle.

"As soon as I found there was nothing to be done for Mayhew I went over to the chair by the open safe and went through the pile of papers—mostly trash; but I found what I was looking for. There were four notebooks filled with records of leather experiments covering two or three years. I took them all, shoved the rest of the trash back in the safe, turned the dial and started away. I had to pass Mayhew, lying flat on his back, looking up at me. I stopped and looked him over again, careful and cool as a man can be in a tight situation. Not a scratch on him. I'd pulled his coat half off his back; and while I stood there wondering what next I noticed his collar. It was a silly celluloid thing, which I'd torn away in the scuffle, and there it lay, cracked and twisted in the center of the floor.

"Necessity is the mother of deception, some say. At any rate, that collar gave me a quick idea. I picked it up and took it downstairs with me to where I found Neb Sawtree lying, dead to the world, sleeping off his jag. I opened his big paw and forced the celluloid collar between his fingers. Then I hid Mayhew's account books in a pile of old shoe boxes, washed up, dusted my clothes, locked the store and went to supper at a boarding house where I took my meals. On the way over I met the old lady who'd been trying on the rubbers.

"'You ought to do something about that colored man,' she said, 'or he'll harm somebody.'

"'I think he's harmless, Mrs. Johnson,' I said, rather casual, 'and I've been too busy to pay much attention to him. But I looked up the stairs before I left and saw him fast asleep.'

"I took my time about my supper, chatting with the boarders and making everything look as natural as pie. About half past nine I came back to the store. I hadn't the nerve to go into the laboratory, but halfway up the stairs I saw Neb Sawtree, still asleep and clutching Mayhew's celluloid collar. Then I ran out of the store yelling like a Comanche. The old lady next door was sitting on her porch and when she asked what was the matter I shouted that someone had killed Mayhew. I ran into the police station two blocks up the street, and there I reported the murder. Neb had been drunk and quarrelsome all day, I said, and I had found him asleep on the stairs with a cut on his face. I just let them draw their own conclusions."

Murtrie paused and sucked in his lips.

"Weren't you under suspicion?" asked the clergyman, drawn into the mesh of the drama in spite of his qualms.

"What did it amount to?" came the invalid's voice, now weak and tired. "I had a good reputation in the neighborhood. Mayhew had been a tramp inventor and I had been good to him. I even proved in court that I had employed him to work out my experiments. I claimed the laboratory fixtures as my own. The police had Neb hanged almost as soon as he was arrested. He sort of thought he'd done it, I think; he couldn't for the life of him remember what he'd done that afternoon. And he had an awful reputation. I shouldn't wonder if he died thinking that he had actually broken old Mayhew's neck just as they said he did."

"How did he die?" Mr. Stolland's voice for the first time took on a note of condemnation.

"How do you suppose?" drawled Murtrie.

"And you let him go to his execution for a crime you committed in cold blood?"

"I wouldn't exactly call it cold blood, parson," protested Murtrie, after wriggling into a more comfortable attitude. "I would give a million dollars for the heat that was in my veins then. Think of it, parson! I killed him with the muscles in that arm!"

And baring the skin and bones that had once been biceps he gave voice to a series of chuckles which were like a succession of dry coughs.

"I stayed in St. Louis nearly a year after that—long enough to satisfy the neighbors. Strange how little suspicion there was. Later I moved to Cincinnati and began taking up Mayhew's experiment. I worked it out with the help of a dopey drug clerk who knew chemistry but didn't have enough brain left to understand what it was all about. When I was satisfied that the stuff would work I found a way to finance it under the name of Murtrie's Fluid. If you want to know just how I made a go of it I can tell you—I can tell you—I ——"

But Mr. Stolland was now standing stiffly over the wicker couch. Those damnatory words of Jude, "the blackness of darkness forever," went rumbling through his brain. But the speech he made was inadequate enough:

"I don't know what to say."

"You think I'm damned already?" asked Murtrie, but his voice had lost its sarcastic quality.

"Opinions might differ on that point," declared the clergyman, who was inwardly convinced that one stained soul could never be cleansed in any purgatorial fire.

"But see how I've kept it!" rasped the dying man with a grotesque show of triumph. "Like the kernel in a nut—never cracked the shell till to-day. Not a man, woman or child has ever suspected."

Stolland stood making no attempt at advice or consolation. He might have prayed, but where is there a prayer for the soul already damned?

"If I go to hell," drawled Murtrie, "it won't be Mayhew who'll send me there. It'll be Neb Sawtree."

After which he closed his transparent lids over fever-haunted eyes and motioned impatiently toward the door to indicate his whim that this peculiar confessional should come to a close.

II

OF COURSE the Rev. William Horn Stolland carried this away as a sacred confidence. His honor as a man of God—as a gentleman of God, I might more explicitly put it—commanded him to turn the key upon that tale of base passion. But he who carries another's secrets bends his shoulders under two packs where one was already heavy.

At any rate it was good to be away from there, out again among the robins and the green lawns; out gazing upon the wholesome tapestry of trees richly swung from the crests of high hills. He thought of crossing the lawn again, of going over the stile and so down the forest path which had brought him there; but at that moment he dreaded shadows. Perhaps the woman with the brown eyes would be waiting for him, the woman who so mysteriously shared a

(Concluded on Page 107)

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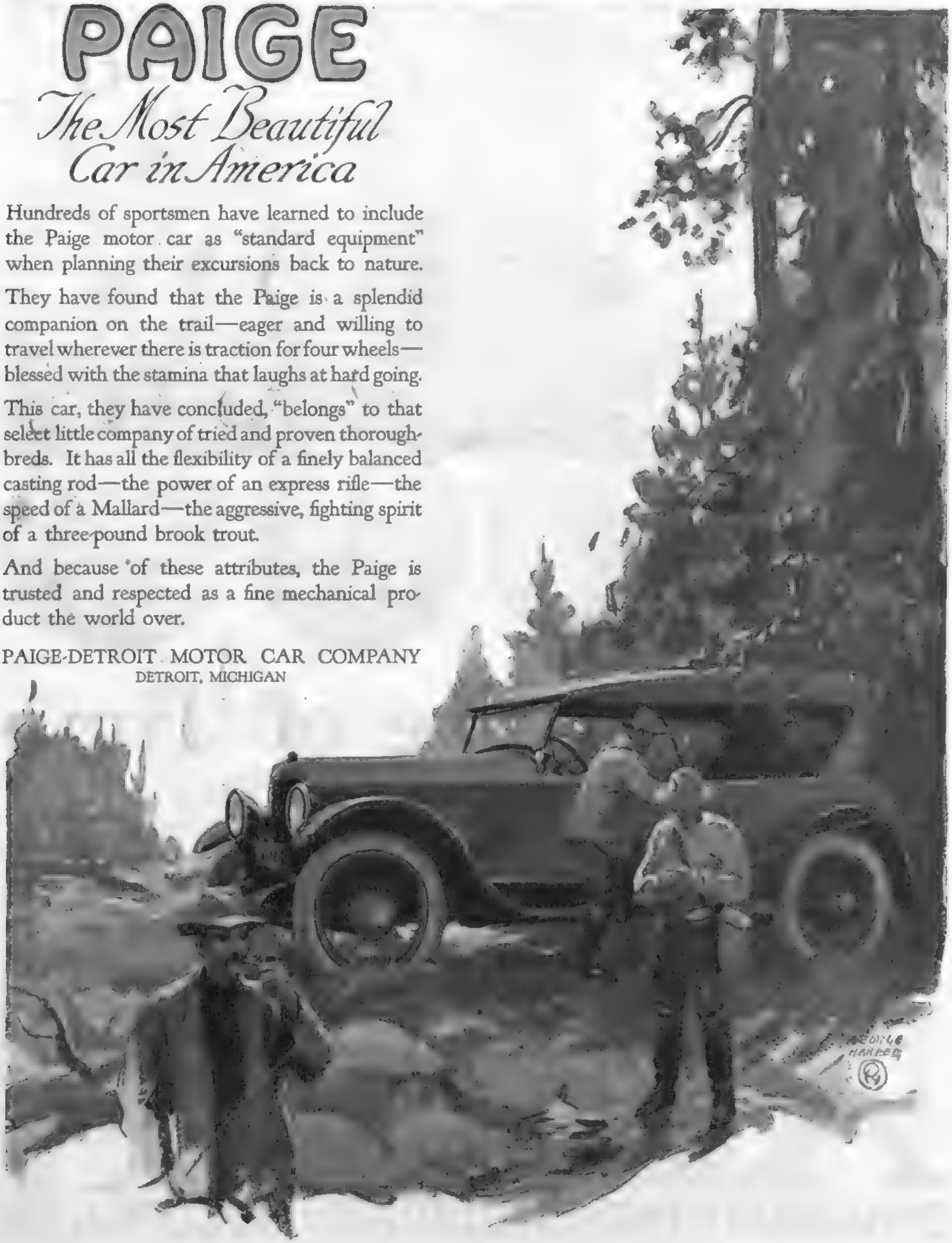

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knowledge of Murtrie's guilt. And the Rev. Mr. Stolland had had enough confessionals for one day.

He walked down to the hotel by way of a conventional carriage drive. Archie Crane, with his customary irreverence for the cloth, had given up waiting for him and was already at the table in the big dining room. As a yellow captain of waiters conducted Stolland down the aisle the minister—perhaps for the first time in his life—longed to shrink away from the eyes of his fellow men and women. He felt that he should be alone somewhere praying for the soul of Nicholas Murtrie.

But the florid, bald and homely face of Archie Crane grinned at him from afar like a good round morning sun. Archie was coolly clad in a linen suit and under his comfortable double chin he wore a nasturtium-colored necktie. His whole effect was one of seasonable rejoicing and harmony with surrounding Nature.

"Well, Bill," he gurgled in a fat man's voice, "in this age of labor agitation it's certainly good to see a man who likes his job well enough to forget his lunch. Excuse my sitting down first—I can't be late to my meals. Doctor says I've got to build up."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to build up, Archie," suggested the minister, struggling to get back to the medium of conversation current between himself and his pagan friend. "It's building out that's the trouble with you."

"Meaning to imply that I'm a hundred and two pounds overweight," sighed Archie, pretending to be fearfully cut.

"Quite to the contrary," said Stolland, more earnestly than the remark seemed to require, "I never wanted to look at a fat man more than now."

"Order your lunch," commanded Archie, "and I'll pose for you while you eat."

Archie's glutenous chuckle fell like a poultice on Mr. Stolland's troubled spirit, and after he had ordered he was roused to the hearty challenge:

"I didn't know there were enough people in Stevens' congregation to make a preacher late for lunch. Anyhow, I never noticed that Stevens missed any meals."

"Your figure may be German, but your point of view is Greek," declared Stolland with a faint smile. "Please don't try to put my Christianity on a food basis. I tried to get here in time, but I was detained by a—conference."

This was perhaps a hackneyed way of expressing the cause of Mr. Stolland's delay. Archie Crane snorted.

"In the insurance business," he said, "we call it a conference when the first vice president stops the second vice president in the hall and tells him a funny story about stud poker. You must have held that conference in the cellar of the church. I walked over there on my own fair legs and tried to dig you out. Not a sound, not a soul."

Mr. Stolland attacked his soup, permitting Archie to conduct a monologue over ruddy meat and generous helpings of creamed vegetables. The golf singles had been postponed again and an adventurous equestrian had tried to turn his horse on the top of Flag Rock, with the result that the equestrian had been found eighteen feet below with the horse, so Archie said, in his lap.

"Anybody hurt?" asked Stolland abstractedly.

"Not a hair. But when a man can do that and live it would certainly pay a movie concern to follow him round with a camera."

Archie, who always declared that he came to Hot Springs to lose weight, took a purely intellectual interest in physical culture. Once a week he played nine holes of golf, which eased his conscience and permitted him, without question, to lie abed until noon the following day. He usually chose Sunday for his game because, so he explained, the course was crowded on Sundays, thus offering a good chance of hitting somebody he didn't like.

This Sunday having been the day of his game Archie's conversation was, as you might say, gamy. Stolland always liked to hear Archie go on. He liked it to-day, in fact, but he experienced unusual difficulty in following the course of that rippling brook.

"What about this man Murtrie?" asked the minister abruptly, looking up from his dessert.

"What about him?"

"Local reputation, I mean. Is he popular?"

"About as popular as a toll gate on a wet day," declared Archie, who had been searching the menu for a last lingering mouthful. "That isn't exactly fair, either. He's a pretty sick man, I guess. If I had what's the matter with him ——"

Archie Crane sighed. How fervently Mr. Stolland hoped that Archie Crane would never have what was the matter with Nicholas Murtrie!

"Have you met him?" asked the fat man.

"I've been discussing him," explained the minister, shading off the lie.

"You'd better not try to get him in the church," warned Archie. "Any church that Nick Murtrie belonged to would have just one man in the congregation."

"I wonder if he's exactly—sane?" That saving thought had just come to Mr. Stolland.

"Murtrie? As sane as I am; and that's a hundred-year guaranty. Peculiar, yes. So am I, Rev—and so are you, if you'd only fess up to your congregation. Murtrie's a shrewd, dried-up old stick—crooked stick, too, I shouldn't wonder. He used to play poker in the old men's corner here at the hotel; but the old men got tired of him because he won all the chips and then kicked about the way they dealt the cards. The same way with golf. Used to use his mid-iron like a hoe, then complain to the directors about the loose divots. Trouble with Nick is that he's long on money and short on love."

"So that's the trouble?" Strangely enough Mr. Stolland was thinking about the dark-eyed woman in the woods.

"He's a lonely man, no getting round that," Archie persisted between mouthfuls, for the waiter had brought him nuts, raisins and blond fat bananas. "He built that house about five years ago, I guess. I don't know what he wanted of it, except to turn it into a coons' hotel. I never saw such a raft of colored people as he keeps round that house. Black, yellow, coffee-colored—a man from Albany once called his place Uncle Tom's Cabin, and do you know, Murtrie seemed to like it. I shouldn't wonder if old Nick's given more than half a million dollars to colored universities. They say an Afro-American with a hard-luck story doesn't need to go any farther than Murtrie's place for board and lodging. He seems to have a lot of queer kindness tucked away somewhere."

Stolland thought of Neb Sawtree, waiting dumbly, stupidly in the death house to expiate a crime which his fuddled brain could never visualize.

"Hasn't there been some woman somewhere ——" The minister had difficulty in formulating such a question.

"In Murtrie's life?" Fat Archie was pushing his chair back. "Well, Nick's something over sixty years old, and that leaves quite a lot of room for background."

"I mean—the present." Stolland felt that he was coming dangerously near a breach of the confessional.

"Search me."

Archie was all too ready to drop the subject. He smiled and waved his hand toward hilarious cronies who made comic gestures as they rose from a table across the room.

"Let's go down to the casino," bubbled Archie. "We can sit on the porch and look over that batch of pretty girls that just got in from Louisville."

"And you a married man!" Stolland was as happy as his friend to emerge into the sunlight.

"There's nothing in the Bible, is there, that forbids a fat man and a preacher, both married, from sitting in front of a casino and rubbering at pretty girls from Louisville. Come on, Rev. Don't sit there and eat yourself to death!"

III

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon—such is the power of noble example—Mr. Stolland roused Archie Crane from his midweek lethargy and conducted him, making moan the while, over eight holes of the golf course. Archie, after uttering many heartbreaking sighs, was preparing to drive off for the ninth when a page boy came over from the casino and, as it turned out, saved Archie the trouble.

"Mr. Stolland?" asked the boy.

"Here," responded the minister.

"Mr. Ballentyne calling to see you, sir."

Stolland was tempted to ask "Who the devil is Ballentyne?" because he loved the game and had come to Hot Springs to rest.

"Ballentyne?" asked Archie, pretending impatience, secretly pleased at this interruption in his exercise. "You certainly ought to know him. He's a vestryman in the church you're supposed to be running."

"So he is." Stolland recalled him, a corporation lawyer from Chicago. "I'll be only a minute. It will give you time for a little practice."

"Oh, no you don't!" groaned the sworn enemy of outdoor sport. "You've ruined my day already. Go ahead with your church work and leave me to call in the caddies."

The minister found Mr. Ballentyne, a heavy-minded legal gentleman, pacing the veranda. His dark clothes and his dark manner were equally impressive as he strode forward and presented a stubby hand. Then with the air of impending revelation he drew up a red porch chair for Mr. Stolland and seated himself in another like it.

"You've heard of Mr. Murtrie's death?" was his way of beginning the business that had brought him there.

"No!"

Nobody in the world should have been less surprised than Mr. Stolland, yet the announcement brought a certain shock.

"I imagined not." Mr. Ballentyne pursed his thick lips. "He passed away at eleven this morning. It was very sad."

"It was indeed," agreed Mr. Stolland.

"There was no one with him but that colored man, Alexander—butler or valet, I don't know which. A very superior mulatto. He came hurriedly to me as soon as it was over. My firm, you probably know, represents the Murtrie interests."

Mr. Stolland did not know that, but it was of little importance to Mr. Ballentyne, who went on:

"I have come to you not in a matter of law but of religion."

"I shall be glad to do anything in my power."

"It was Mr. Murtrie's wish that you should conduct the funeral services."

"Mr. Ballentyne!" What whim could have come into the sarcastic mind of that dying sinner? "This is most extraordinary. Are you sure that was his wish?".

"He died in great pain," explained Mr. Ballentyne. "According to the man Alexander his last words were quite incoherent. But he seemed to be insisting upon seeing you."

"Did Alexander recall his words?"

"He seemed to be saying 'I want Stolland.' Possibly he had heard that so eminent a divine was visiting us."

"Possibly," said the preacher dryly. "When are the services to be held?"

"To-morrow afternoon. The body will be shipped to St. Louis for interment."

"If it was Mr. Murtrie's desire," said Mr. Stolland, and let it go at that.

That evening directly after dinner he went up to the rough stone house on the hill. Red was glowing in the west and bats were flying. Mr. Stolland avoided the woodland path by a wide detour, going every step of the way by the polite macadamized driveway. Perhaps he had chosen an ill hour for his visit, for there was a brooding stillness over the summer twilight. The low-browed house with two windows shining dully, with its rough, warty exterior and the arch of its porte-cochère yawning like an open mouth, gave the effect of an evil wood dragon about to leap on him.

He rang the bell and hoped that nobody would answer it; but Alexander, neat, efficient, businesslike, opened the big oak door and bowed punctiliously.

"Good evening, sir." And when the minister was well inside: "Will you take a chair, Mr. Stolland?"

Everything correct, just as though Alexander fully intended informing his master of an evening caller.

"I have been asked to conduct the services to-morrow," said the minister, ignoring the invitation to a chair. "And I have called to ask a few questions. You were with him when he died, were you not, Alexander?"

"Every minute, sir. Doctor Hazzard came in during the evening and asked me to sit up with him and report in case of any change. He seemed to sleep better than usual. It was late in the morning when he woke up. He seemed to be choking and he kept twisting his arm round his throat like this."

Alexander, illustrating, brought a muscular elbow under his own chin. "I was going to ring for the doctor, but he suddenly got better and insisted on talking."

"What did he talk about?"

"Colored people mostly. He said he'd always wanted to do what he could for them and asked me if I'd ever let one of them go hungry or thirsty when it had been in his power to help. I told him that he had been a benefactor to many of my race. That seemed to please him. I thought he was going back to sleep."

"Did he die suddenly?"

"It was like somebody had grabbed him from behind, Mr. Stolland. He choked and wound his arm round his neck. Then he came back enough to call out: 'I want that man Stolland!' Excuse me, sir, but that was exactly what he said. And before I could get the doctor on the telephone Mr. Murtrie was dead."

"I thought maybe there was something else—something he said."

"That was all, Mr. Stolland." Alexander leveled his eyes, which were the color of clear weak tea.

Stolland would not cheapen himself before Murtrie's servant by admitting that he had come there on the wings of a morbid curiosity, hoping that he might hear Alexander say something of the woman who had brought him last Sunday to that ghastly confessional.

"Mr. Murtrie is laid out upstairs, sir," suggested the valet-butler. "Would you care to ——"

Alexander delivered his best welcoming bow, plainly saying that Mr. Stolland was at liberty to view the remains. Stolland's blood congealed; it was as though Nicholas Murtrie, still possessing breath and will, had announced that it was his pleasure to see callers. The minister's steps were at first leaden, then a hypnotic impulse urged him on.

"I'll go up," he said.

Alexander switched on the electric lights along the staircase, but they burned all too dimly. Stolland followed like a child afraid of jumping shadows. Fumblingly the negro opened a mahogany-paneled door in the white hallway above.

"This way, sir," he said, standing politely aside.

One electric bulb, which had been swaddled in paper, seemingly to impart a mortuary glow to the chamber of death, shone dully above a marble mantel. The body—skinny, black-clothed, unbelievably long—lay stretched stiffly on an undertaker's table. Folded hands, closed eyes, mouth composed by art to a semblance of serenity—the remains of Nicholas Murtrie seemed sanctified, as though the soul had passed to a saintly forgiveness.

The earnest, blameless minister of the gospel gazed puzzled upon this shell, and for the first time in his life he harbored a cynic thought. The artful undertaker had made Murtrie's remains look so respectable! And what should Stolland, as an honest-speaking man of God, tell a casual congregation, gathered from the green lawns of a summer resort to hear fine words said over old Nick Murtrie? The blackest of all lies, *nil nisi bonum*.

Stolland turned away in disgust.

Mothlike his eyes sought the light—that paper-dimmed electric bulb over the mantel. It was not unnatural, then, that he should have paused to glance at the photograph which stood in a somewhat tasteless silver frame under a mediocre landscape.

The woman's eyes held him; dark eyes and gentle, but with something stubborn in them too. Then the secretive patient smile. She seemed to be about to speak to him out of the picture wherein she stood—neat, quaint and rather prim, in the style of 1904; a tiny waist, a bell-shaped skirt, a high-crowned sailor hat below whose stiff brim the base of a puffy pompadour overcast her delicate little face. Recognition was not difficult. Here was the lady who had guided him last Sunday over the forest path.

"Whose picture is that?" asked Stolland of Alexander, who stood just outside the door.

"That's Mrs. Murtrie, sir," he replied as if all the world should know that.

"Not—not his wife!"

"Yes, sir. That's the madam."

"But why hasn't she been here? Has she been sent for?"

"Sent for?" In a moment Alexander had reverted to the jungle terrors of his race. His skin blanched until every freckle stood out; he seemed to shrink inside his uniform.

"Sent for?" he whispered. "Where would we send for her? She's been dead thirteen years, Mr. Stolland."

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COMRADE NIX

(Continued from Page 13)

"I gave them their anarchy neat."

"I don't object—so long as you gave them the impartial truth. We want them to understand anarchism; if they clearly understand anarchism they can't possibly become anarchists. All the isms. The university point of view is detached—and should be; it has—and should have—nothing of propaganda in it. This department asks of its instructors only that they shall expound clearly and refrain from partisan suppressions of the truth."

"I'm afraid I can't agree with you there, chief."

"How is that?"

"I want my students to become anarchists. That's the truth. I do. I shall consider that I am a failure as a teacher if they do not."

The head did not seem to be surprised at the statement. He did not pretend to be shocked—as Nicholson had expected. Neither did he feign amusement. As far as the instructor could see he received the announcement as placidly as he had the earlier announcement about the weather. Nicholson could but wonder if the head had understood him.

The older man sat silent for a moment. When he again spoke, Nicholson saw that he had not misunderstood; yet his voice did not betray by an inflection that he was disturbed.

"Believe in anarchism?" he asked.

"With my whole heart."

"Whose anarchism?"

"I know what you have in mind," began the instructor hurriedly. "You are thinking of Eltzbacher's tables. I admit anarchists do not agree. Godwin and Proudhon have their ideas about how to attain their ideal; Tucker and Tolstoy theirs; Stirner, Bakunin and Kropotkin theirs. They do not agree at all. How could they? If they agreed they would not be anarchists. Every true anarchist makes his own anarchism—he has to. When you ask me, 'Whose anarchism?' I reply, 'My own.'"

"Your own? Intend to teach your own anarchism to others?"

"I have no choice. I must."

"Consider your own brand better than the other varieties?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't hold to it."

"Willing to impose your ideas upon other people, but unwilling to let other people impose their ideas upon you—is that your thought?"

"They don't have to let me."

"Going to lecture on anarchism at Riverton Saturday night?"

"I expect to—yes."

"Your own brand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Including the tyranny of government and the wickedness of law?"

"Naturally."

"Not afraid of being mobbed?"

"The police will protect me."

"Think a good anarchist ought to permit the capitalistic police to protect his proletarian hide?"

Nicholson rose; the head was expecting him to do so.

"I suppose you want me to resign as instructor of Freshwater University."

"No!"

"Why not?"

"You would fly with a statement to the newspapers. You would glory in your martyrdom. No. I don't ask you to resign."

"You can't keep me—now."

"Can't I?"

"After what I have said?"

"Certainly!"

"You can't make me teach for you! You can't keep me from resigning if I want to resign!"

"Oh, no! But there wouldn't be any point in your resigning except under pressure. You'll not resign."

"Very well, Professor Eyler. I'll meet my classes, but I warn you I shall preach the truth as I see it."

"That will do very nicely," said the head. "Very nicely indeed."

III

AT THE time of his revolt Nicholson was a rather tall young man with a high brow surmounted by very thick hair that he liked to wear long. His mouth was firm, his chin strong, his eyes clear, his voice full and resonant. He never could look in his glass without feeling that—if he were a stranger—here was a man he would like to know.

Nicholson was like most anarchists in that he was not dependent upon his salary for his livelihood. A man with an income of eight thousand dollars a year can afford to play to the ultimate audience. No metal can touch him. Nicholson spent all of his income each year, receiving in exchange creature comforts that he regretted could not be the possession of all mankind. His dress was always fashionable and always of the highest quality. He lived in a suite of rooms among books and rugs and furniture and pictures that were finer—if I may use a word too coarse to express my whole meaning—than were owned by any other Bolshevik outside of Sveaborg. He owned a good car, a motor launch and a skimming-dish sailboat. He had property, brains, presence—everything that humanity requires to make itself contented. Everything—that is to say—except fame. And now he was to have fame added to his assets.

Instructor Nicholson, rampantly radical, was standing in front of the class in sociology. The time was the next day but one. The morning was bright and warm, with just air enough stirring to waft through the open windows faint odors of wood and meadow—the fragrance of lilacs and cherry blossoms, of green fields, of the elms, oaks and birches of the campus. Now and then could be heard the vanishing song of a finch or the chatter of a scolding gray squirrel. A launch could be distinguished chugging upon the lake. The faint sound of laughter floated in for a moment as a band of girls passed the building on their way to the woods.

It must be said that Nicholson was holding the attention of his students. As he stood in front of his desk, tossing his long locks in and out of his burning eyes with impatient gestures of his rebellious head, the heightened color on the cheeks of the women and the hostile glances of the men told him that his words would be remembered. He had intended them to be remembered.

Perceiving that he had shocked his audience into attention, he leaned the tails of his form-fitting Beldorf-Welkoner sack coat against the shabby desk, crossed his polished Matlinson left shoe at elegant toetips over his polished right, and made a dramatic pause. He had been speaking with great vehemence; suddenly he became smolderingly silent.

He stood thus with his mind chilled by the problems of this world during four heaving breaths; then, shifting into calmer speech, he began talking in even tones, as man to man or woman to woman. The effect was not accidental; he had practiced it in his room.

"I hope," he began, a little untruthfully, "that no one in this class has been shocked by what I have said. Moses followed the truth into the fastnesses of a desert mountain. Not a man or woman in this room but may do likewise. I hope we shall follow bravely, whether led by cloud or by pillar of fire. Some of us will turn like Lot's wife and look back. Others will not have the heart even to set forth."

Again he paused, but this time as an observer. The illustration was one that he intended to use in his lecture Saturday night and he wished to make sure it would make itself heard.

His glance wandered inquiringly over the classroom until it rested upon the interesting face of a red-headed student among the T's. Student Tucker on Monday had been among those most openly hostile.

"Any questions, Mr. Tucker?"

"No, sir," replied the student addressed.

"Any criticisms?"

"No, sir."

"Then," began the instructor firmly, "I will continue. Let me recapitulate the philosophic basis of anarchism. First, all individuals have a right to self-government. Second, all external government is tyranny. Third, all tyranny is vicious and should be abolished. And fourth, it follows that all external government is vicious and should be abolished. That was the logical conclusion to which Warren and Proudhon were forced, and to which any honest thinker is forced.

"The question is, ladies and gentlemen, are you honest thinkers or are you still in intellectual chains?"

Student Tucker, who was no more Irish than St. George and no more Russian than St. Louis, on Monday had been in open revolt. He had been in revolt against the authority of his instructor. He had been in revolt against anarchism, Bolshevism, and the other sulphureted mixtures his instructor had forced down his throat; in revolt against the tyranny of propaganda, against tintinnabulations and triturations, egotisms, syllogisms, schisms. He did not like the smell of any of it. He was a free-bathing American.

On Wednesday he was a convert to it all. He had exercised his privilege of free thought and now was a follower of the new Moses. Nor was he alone in his radicalism. The girl in the pink sweater seated next to him was also a convert.

So that—though Nicholson was not yet fully aware of the fact—the room now contained three anarchists where before it had held but one.

Nicholson had again paused, this time with a touch of impatience. A rebel named Clark had raised his hand.

"Yes, Mr. Clark."

"How about the police, professor? The police form a part of our government. Do you mean abolish the police?"

"Warren and Proudhon would do so."

"How about burglars and murderers?"

The instructor smiled tolerantly, as at the question of a child. He was in love with the negative—but it was his own negative, not Clark's. He was a part of the eternal No—but not so much a part of it that he liked to have his No followed by some other eternal No. He saw that he was not going to care much for Clark.

As he looked out upon the room another hand shot into the air.

"Yes, Mr. Tucker."

"Burglars and murderers are the result of our present system of government," said Tucker soberly.

"Exactly so. In an ideal society there would be no burglars and no murderers. That, I believe, is conceded."

"I don't concede it," said Clark.

"That is unfortunate for the world, I'm sure."

"What would become of them?" persisted Clark. "Supposing the burglars and murderers wouldn't reform and wouldn't die?"

Tucker's freckled hand again shot into the air.

"Yes, Mr. Tucker."

"Doesn't Tolstoy answer that question?" he asked.

"Tolstoy certainly does."

"I don't understand Tolstoy that way at all," said Clark. "Not that way at all."

"Tolstoy is very clear in the matter. Mr. Tucker is right. Christ, as you will remember if you know your New Testament, preaches the doctrine of nonresistance. Tolstoy follows the teachings of Christ. 'Resist not evil,' says Christ; meaning, as Tolstoy interprets the words: 'Resist not the evil man.' Christ also says: 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. . . . Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.'"

"You mean, let a man attack you without resisting him?"

"Not necessarily, Mr. Clark. Christ would have done so; Tolstoy would have done so. But others not. When Christ says 'Resist not evil,' the meaning depends on the definition of evil. Now, what did I say was the definition of anarchism? Yes, Mr. Tucker."

"A revolt against authority," replied Tucker.

"Precisely. The true anarchist does not accept anyone's definition except his own. He defines for himself what constitutes evil. He therefore defines for himself what he should or should not resist."

"Isn't Tolstoy authority?" asked Clark.

"A very great authority."

"Then why doesn't your anarchist revolt against Tolstoy?"

The instructor looked out over the class. Tucker had been showing an improved intelligence to-day; perhaps some of the others had also begun thinking for themselves. But none of them had.

"Yes, Mr. Tucker."

"Tolstoy is an anarchist himself."

"Exactly so."

"Squirrel food!" muttered Clark.

"I beg pardon?"

"I said it sounds good." Clark had credits to lose and he feared that Nicholson's sense of humor was shrunken. "All I have to do is to define what I must not resist so as not to include what I want to resist and then go ahead and bust it. Me for that."

"Anything else, Mr. Clark?"

"Not especially, except to ask what use freedom is if the other fellow is a bigger man."

"Can you tell him, Mr. Tucker?"

"I don't understand that ideal anarchism prohibits protection by voluntary association and coöperation," replied Tucker with vast gravity.

"Distinctly not! Nor even by voluntary purchase. Warren and Proudhon regard protection as a mere commodity, to be purchased like any other commodity of those who offer the best article at the lowest price."

"Mexico for the Mexicans!" said Clark behind his hand.

"Please speak louder."

"It may be so, but I wonder," replied the rebel sweetly.

"We are all wondering." Nicholson pointed his words with his most biting sarcasm. "I should like to proceed with my subject." He bowed ironically to Clark and the rear seats. "With your very kind permission, if the state of wonder does not negate it, I will now continue."

As neither the state of wonder nor any other creature was able to do much about it, he did continue—up hill and down dale, over moor, over fen, here, there, off and away.

"I have spoken of the tyranny of the church and of religion," he was saying sometime later. "I have shown that ideal anarchism regards them as equally tyrannical. Anarchism has no place in its plan for either."

The members of the class by now were twisting about angrily in their seats; not in mere discomfort but with flaming resentment. All except the girl in the pink sweater and the red-head among the T's. Tucker and the girl listened thoughtfully, with noticeable respect and interest. The contrast was not lost upon Nicholson.

As the instructor pointed his statement, Clark in the rear row again shot up his hand.

"Yes, Mr. Clark."

"Wasn't Tolstoy religious?" asked the student.

Nicholson looked approvingly at Tucker.

"What reply do you make, Mr. Tucker?" he asked.

"I think Tolstoy is not representative," replied Tucker.

"Exactly! For the religion of anarchism you must turn instead to Warren and Proudhon and Bakunin, who are atheists. 'If God exists,' says Proudhon, 'he is man's enemy!' Voltaire's famous epigram, 'If there were no God it would be necessary to invent him,' becomes, in the words of Bakunin, 'If God existed it would be necessary to abolish him.'"

Again the student, Clark, was waving his broad hand.

"Yes, what is it?"

"How about the health department? Is anarchism opposed to health laws?"

"Certainly! Why not?"

"Suppose you had scarlet fever, oughtn't you to be quarantined?"

"No one has any right to quarantine me if I am diseased."

"But other people will catch it."

"Stay away from me if I'm ill," said Nicholson. "Mind your own business. If you see me coming, run. The world is wide. 'Mind your own business' is the anarchist's only rule of conduct. Any attempt to suppress disease in others is wrong. Any attempt to suppress crime is in itself a crime. The drunkard, the drug addict, the gambler, the rake, the harlot—all have the right to live their lives as they choose."

"How about marriage? Is it all right to suit yourself?"

"Certainly!"

A little wave of still more ardent protest passed over the faces of those in the room. The red-headed Tucker smiled grimly.

"Anything goes with an anarchist," muttered Clark behind his hand.

"I didn't hear you."

"I say, everyone knows I'm no anarchist."

"Anarchism, I repeat, is complete liberty. No restraint shall be imposed upon

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Which way do they wash at your house?

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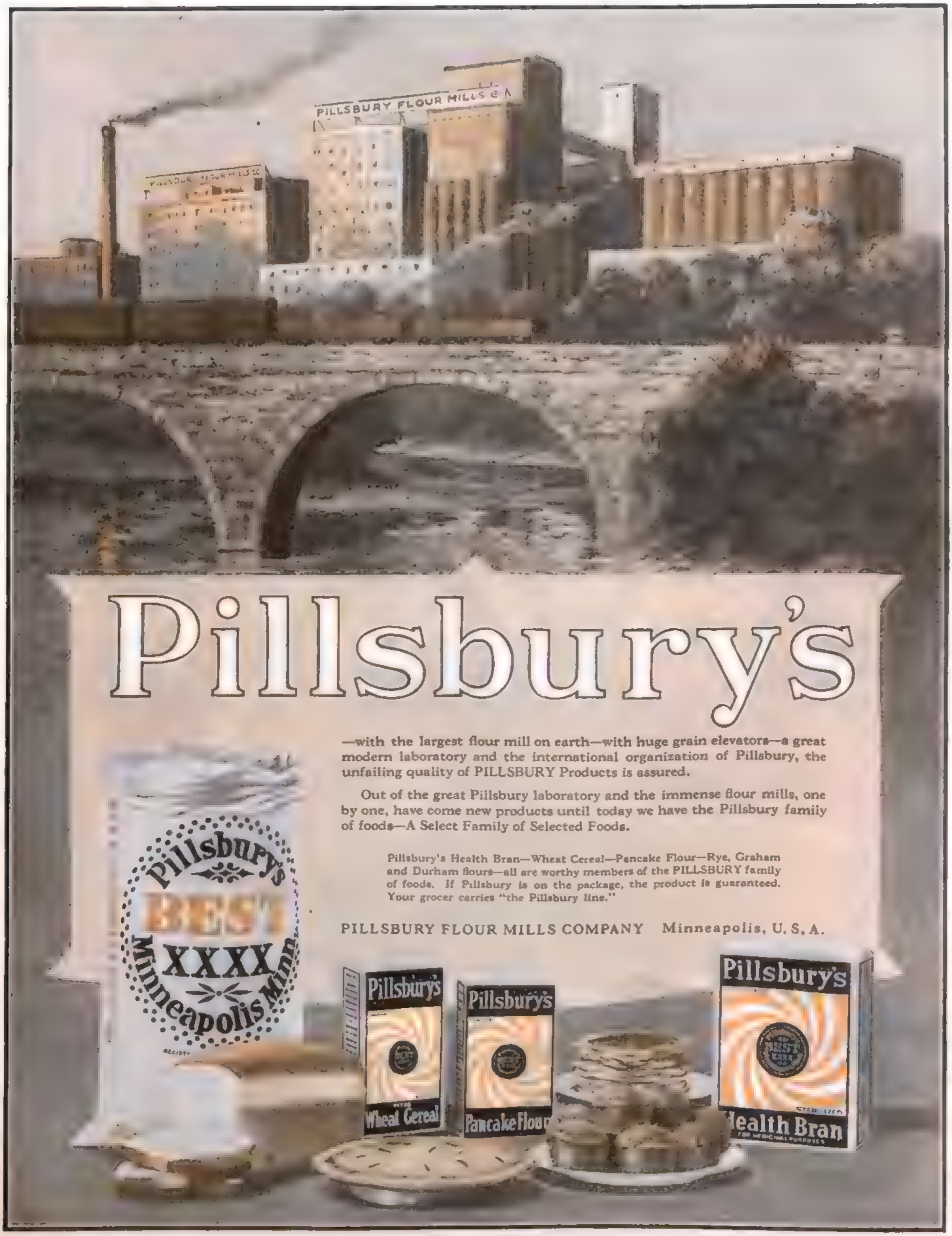

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(Continued from Page 111)

me except by myself. Not even the marriage restraint. In Tucker's phrase, men and women have the right to love each other for as long or as short a time as they please."

"Professor! Oh, I say!"

"What now? What now?"

"You've got Bob mixed up with somebody else.

The instructor allowed his perfect teeth to show in scorn.

"Did you imagine I was referring to our Mr. Tucker? Have you never heard of Benjamin Tucker?"

"No, sir."

"Listen sharply and you will hear of him now. We were speaking of marriage. To the anarchist legal marriage is an absurdity; legal divorce likewise. He looks forward, in the words of Benjamin Tucker, to a time when every individual, whether man or woman, shall be self-supporting, and when each shall have an independent home of his own or her own, whether it be a separate house or rooms in a house with others; when the love relations between these independent individuals shall be as varied as our individual inclinations and attractions; and when the children born of these relations shall belong exclusively to the mothers until old enough to belong to themselves."

"A cat and dog life," said Clark loud enough to be heard over the room.

"What did you say, Mr. Clark?"

"A cat and dog life," repeated the student firmly.

"What do you think, Mr. Tucker?"

But Nicholson had carried his radicalism far enough for one day. The delicate sense of effect that tells the lecturer how much he may say and how much he must leave unsaid had somehow deserted him. He knew that his students were restless, but he supposed that their restlessness was a sign that they were attentive. That Tucker and the girl were not restless he supposed was due to greater intelligence.

He was therefore genuinely surprised when the movement of uneasiness in the classroom suddenly manifested itself in action. As he paused for Tucker's reply, the class, as with one mind, suddenly rose in their places and started for the door.

All except Tucker and the girl; they did not rise.

"Sit down!" he commanded sharply.

And then, seeing himself disobeyed, he made his announcement regardless.

"On Friday," he said, "I shall talk about the propaganda by deed." And he added: "The class is dismissed."

IV

THE time was the same evening. Instructor Nicholson was entertaining company in his library in the glow of his costly lamp. The room contained cases for rare books, specially designed files with bronze fittings, a great flat-top desk, a small table, a taboret, chairs—all in Honduras mahogany. On the wall hung paintings—a Pradilla, a landscape by Keith. Velvety Khorasan rugs pointed the polish of the hardwood floor.

The company consisted of two students, both of whom had been saved to the proletariat by himself. One of these was, of course, a woman—for some anarchists are always women and some women always anarchists. The other was, of course, a man—for similar reasons. The woman wore a slightly faded pink sweater. The man did not wear a pink sweater, or indeed, the color of revolution anywhere in his clothing. But his large hands had pinkish freckles on them and his head was surmounted by a shock of brilliant red hair.

The three comrades, Nicholson, Tucker and Emma—who does not wish her name to appear—were gathered round the desk, absorbedly interested in some drawings that the instructor was making upon white paper.

"I do not mind explaining the mechanism of these little devices," Nicholson was saying. "All anarchists know of them. Neither do I mind explaining how they are made. No harm ever arises from knowledge. The mere fact that a man knows how to do a thing has no significance. We do not do things merely because we know how to do them. Many anarchists do not believe in the propaganda by deed. I am glad to tell you all I know."

He leaned over the desk, his pencil poised between his manicured fingers; then he passed the drawing to Tucker.

"There they are."

"These two types of bombs, professor," began the student. "I can see how they will work—both of them. But why have two kinds?"

"For different uses," said Nicholson. "If I were leaving a bomb on a doorstep I'd leave a clock-work bomb. Have I got you?"

"That would be the safer."

"Right! When would a man want to use the other kind—the instantaneous kind?"

"If you were a nihilist in Russia—which you are not—and a czar were now reigning instead of Comrade Lenine—which is not the case—you might have occasion to appeal to him by deed—say from the curb as he drove up to enter his palace. In such an event you would undoubtedly depend upon a bomb of the instantaneous variety."

"I'm going to try making one," said Tucker. "Don't you want to help me, professor?"

Nicholson looked behind him, startled; not at Tucker, who sat facing him, but as if to make sure no one stood in the corner listening. He did not quite like the suggestion. Bombs, yes—abstract bombs, or bombs on paper. But for him, John Jacob Nicholson, to assist in making a bomb that later might be wrongly used—this was a more delicate, a more personal matter. Bombs, yes; but a bomb, a definite, particular bomb—no!

"I'd be glad to," he said hastily, "but I have to be a little careful. You see, I'm lecturing on anarchism, beginning Saturday night. I'm too much in the public eye. I'm watched."

"You will, won't you, Miss Smith?"

"Please don't call me Smith!" said Emma.

"What shall I call you?"

"Anything but Smith. Call me—call me—just 'you,' I think."

"You'll help me, won't you, You?"

"I'm not afraid," said Emma.

"We'll make one to-morrow."

Nicholson negated the idea.

"Don't," he said. "This is a very small town. You'd be caught."

"Caught? Not us." Tucker rose—Emma had picked him up with her eye. "I'm afraid we'll have to be going, professor. Thanks awfully for the info."

"Glad to have been of help," said Nicholson.

"Not a word about our call."

"You can depend on me there."

"Especially, please don't mention names," said Emma.

"She doesn't want her name to appear," explained Tucker.

"Not my own name, anyhow."

"I shall be very prudent—comrade."

"Thank you so awfully."

Emma furnished the stamps and she also printed the address. The wrapping paper was some that came from Chicago on an express package—Clark supplied the paper. There had been two thicknesses. The outer thickness had been marked up and pasted over and could not be used, but the inner thickness was sweet and sound. The box was an empty shoe box that a student named Cunningham had recovered from an ash can behind the shoe company's store. The bomb was a piece of four-inch steel pipe, threaded at both ends, on which caps had been fitted; Clark's roommate, an Irishman named O'Brien, contributed this from the scrap heap behind the pumping station. The vial was a foundling from anywhere. The acid in the vial came from a jar in the university laboratory through a student whose first name was Mary.

As for the dynamite with which the bomb was loaded, it was the gift of still another student, whose father was a druggist. He knew its quality, for he had made it himself—though of what he refused to say. The only certain fact about it was that it would not and could not explode.

"We don't want it to be delivered," said Tucker. "Comrade Nix would smother it in onions or something. We don't want that."

"We could write an anonymous letter to the police to watch for the mail carrier."

"That would queer it at once. Bombs sent in earnest aren't announced. They just arrive."

"Doesn't somebody know a newspaper man?"

"Newspaper man! For the love of Pete!"

"No newspaper man."

"Bob's right. This is a family party—strictly. No outsiders. This isn't Comrade Nix's revolution; this is our own. We'll do this ourselves."

"Do it ourselves and do it as naturally as possible."

"Time enough for the newspaper men when they begin asking us about his lectures. It'll take all we have for those lies."

"Not at all," said Clark. "We know what he said. All we have to remember is to report it the opposite—whatever they ask us about."

"I know." Tucker's freckled hands smoothed down the last knot. "We can have it discovered in transit—and not a word said to anyone."

The Next Moment He Had Intrusted His Future to the Darkness Below

"How?"

"By not obeying the postal regulations. We'll put short postage on it. That will help. We'll mail it without the name and address of the sender. Parcel post mail always has to have that."

"Not too short on the postage."

"Short enough to be noticed. How would two twos look? It's in the first zone. If we put any more postage on it they might pass it."

Emma, as I have said, furnished the two twos and she printed out the address, using irregular capital forms such as a child might scrawl, but without adding any name in the sender's corner. She and Tucker were then intrusted with the mailing of it. Such a parcel could not be deposited in the post office obviously. It would have to be laid across a mail box. Nor could it be mailed in the university section. It would have to be carried into the business district.

"I hope it will not be delivered," said Emma.

"It will never get through."

Emma and Tucker had mailed the parcel without accident, had returned to the university section by the darkest streets they knew, and were now standing in front of Emma's house.

"Do you think they'll open it?"

"Sure to. I can see them falling backward away from it. There'll be some explosion—believe me!"

"I hope we'll hear what happened."

"Oh, we'll hear! You and I will be dodging reporters this time to-morrow—dodging into them," he corrected. "Reporters and the police."

"I don't want my name to be used," said Emma.

"Use mine."

But the suggestion was resented and he hastened to make it less personal by giving her also the choice of Clark's name or O'Brien's.

"Any name you happen to like. The reporters won't know."

"Good night," said Emma sweetly. "Thank you so much."

"Thank you so much yourself," said Tucker.

"I wonder if it will be in the Democrat."

"Not in the morning papers possibly. But watch the evening editions. Watch the Star."

"Thank you so much."

"Good night."

■

NICHOLSON'S explanation had been made to the head on Monday. Student Tucker had studied anarchism on Tuesday. He and Emma had been converted on Wednesday, and in the evening had learned the difference between contact and clock-work bombs. On Thursday the class in sociology had made a contact bomb, packed it, addressed it, mailed it. On Friday the campus began filling up with reporters and detectives.

The head—cornered in his office—was answering questions about his instructor in sociology, John Jacob Nicholson, Ph. D., to whom an anarchist's bomb had been mailed the evening before.

"You say Doctor Nicholson was a Bolshevik baiter? News to me."

"We've interviewed every member of his class, professor. They all say he was. They say his attacks on anarchism were fierce. They say he advocated capital punishment for the leaders and deportation for the rest."

"They say he analyzed the philosophy of anarchism to a frazzle," added another press representative. "Shot it full of holes. Called it silly stuff, infant food—I don't know what all."

"His students said that?"

"Every man jack of them."

"News to me."

"It must be true, professor. They're all agreed he said it. Besides, it fits in, don't you see? It supplies the motive. Why would the anarchists send him a bomb unless he was prominent in opposing them? They wouldn't send just anybody a bomb. They must have had a reason. They did have, according to his students."

"Well, well, well! Happen to remember any of their names?"

"A student named Tucker was about as positive as any. Then there was a girl they called Emma. Wouldn't give me her last name clearly, but it sounded like Smithtonsmithevsky."

"What did Tucker say?"

"According to him, Doctor Nicholson couldn't see any difference between the anarchist's ideals of marriage and that of dogs and cats."

"What did Emma say?"

"She thought they must have sent him the bomb because he was so much of a gentleman. He always dressed very elegantly, she said. She thought he must be very wealthy."

"I suppose you know he lectures in Riverton to-morrow night."

"Yes. He ought to have a good audience."

"Have you interviewed Doctor Nicholson in the matter?"

"We tried to, but he was too modest to say much. He said he didn't know why anyone should send him a bomb. He said he had always been more than fair toward anarchism. He said his students called him an anarchist because of his fairness."

"Did you tell him what his students had said?"

"We did. He seemed very much surprised. He said his Riverton lecture would make his position clear."

(Concluded on Page 119)

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SIZES

No.	For Rooms
0	6 x 8 ft
1 to 10	10 x 12 ft
20	14 x 16 ft
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RADIANT HEAT. How enveloping, invigorating—how different is the warmth of the sun as its rays come streaming through your window! Radiant heat!—projected rays that do not affect the air you breathe.

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The Lawson Odorless has an inner core, or combustion chamber, in which the gas is thoroughly consumed at high temperature—without fuel waste, and absolutely without odor. The red-hot core—the "glowing heart"—transmits radiant waves of heat directly to the occupants and lower surroundings of the room.

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Let your Stove Dealer, Hardware, Department or Housefurnishings Store, or your Gas Company, show you the Lawson Odorless

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Lawson Mfg. Co. of Pittsburgh

Eastern Representative—ARTHUR NICHOLS, 149 Church Street, N. Y.

Lawson Odorless Gas Heater

(Concluded from Page 115)

"The next thing is, I suppose, to discover who sent the bomb."

"We're working on it, professor. All we know is, it was left on a letter box here in Addison sometime between nine and twelve last night. Mighty lucky for Doctor Nicholson it didn't get delivered. If it had and he had opened it—blooey!"

"I think so myself," said the head.

John Jacob Nicholson, Ph. D., with an instinct to shine, had been trying to stand himself out above the crowd, to gain a place in the spot light. Suddenly he found himself with more light on him that he knew what to do with. He spent the afternoon center stage, answering questions by detectives and reporters. On his way to dinner he was stopped by more acquaintances than he knew he had. At table he found himself the high card. Deference such as he had not known since his football days was his. When he spoke—even to ask for the salt—everyone listened. On his way back to his rooms he was pointed out by strangers.

He could hardly be blamed for accepting the congratulations of his little world. A man in his position could not be expected to proclaim himself an anarchist, a Bolshevik, a syndicalist. Such a claim would have had no audience in the face of the story of the bomb. No one would have believed him.

He therefore accepted the congratulations and held his peace. In the back of his mind was the comfortable knowledge that—with his new reputation as an enemy of anarchists—his future preaching of anarchism might become very spectacular. He knew that the head would not be deceived. His connection with Freshwater University, in spite of the refusal to ask him to resign, was nearing an end. But he could now go out with a flare and no one could stop him.

It was therefore with a light heart that he took the train next morning for Riverton. He regarded himself as already a leader of the radicals. Among all the lamps lighted in honor of revolt and freedom his was not unlikely to burn with the brightest.

It did not occur to him that the bomb had put out his lamp.

Nicholson received his first surprise when he arrived at the station in Riverton. He had expected to be met. He had consented at some inconvenience to deliver this series of radical lectures; he was a guest of honor, a stranger; yet not a Bolshevik was in sight to greet him. Some mistake must have been made; perhaps they were not expecting him until afternoon; or they may have gone to the wrong station. He hoped the committee would understand that he could be found at the Billington.

His next surprise came when he attempted to reach Estor Blitevsky, the man with whom he had chiefly corresponded. He had reached Riverton shortly after eleven; he waited until after two; and then, when no word of his hosts had reached him, he telephoned. After missing him at the station the committee had doubtless given him up until he should announce his whereabouts.

A woman's voice answered his telephone call—a sharp little voice that he associated with a barrel figure and dowdy hair. Yes, she said, Comrade Blitevsky was in. Whom should she say? Comrade Nicholson? From where, did he say? From Addison? On what business, should she say? From State University to lecture? He wished to speak to Comrade Blitevsky personally? She would see if he was free. He heard the indistinct sounds always accompanying an inquiry over the head of a muffled receiver. Then came the woman's voice informing him that Comrade Blitevsky was sorry but he did not remember anyone named Nicholson.

"Tell him I'm Prof. John Jacob Nicholson, from Freshwater University, with whom he corresponded, and that I'm to lecture to-night at Foundry Hall."

"He doesn't remember you at all, he says."

"Get him on the wire. Let me speak to him."

"You've probably got the wrong name, I'm sorry, but the comrade's very busy this afternoon."

"Ask him if he's the Blitevsky who——"

"He's just gone out, sir."

"When will he be back?"

"I don't know. He didn't leave any word."

He had no choice but to hang up. He had almost lost his temper. He was shocked. Comrade Blitevsky's stenographer was a fool. Blitevsky also—either a fool or he had no manners. Probably he ate with his knife. He could go to Petrograd!

Nicholson was wrong. He was not shocked—yet. His shock was awaiting him at Foundry Hall, where he was to lecture.

It began with his arrival ten minutes early, to find the room already comfortably filled—or even crowded—and late comers streaming in by twos and by tens. The attendance pleased him. But he had expected to see his group of Riverton acquaintances at the door. Estor Blitevsky should have been there. Feodor Lenin should. Not a comrade was in sight. He had expected also to see a sprinkling of police officers as an insurance against disorder—the capitalistic police, as the head had called them. Not a uniform was to be seen either inside the room or out.

He stood at the door a few minutes watching the crowd. He was flattered that it was so clean-looking and alert. Comrade Blitevsky and Comrade Lenin were of different texture—more hairy and more odorous. These people were more nearly men and women of his own habits. He felt that he could talk very directly to such as these. The men looked like lawyers, doctors, architects; or like skilled machinists, cabinetmakers, high-class clerks. The women might have been their wives and sisters. His friends were probably seated among them somewhere and he could not see them.

After watching the people for a few minutes, Nicholson decided to make his way forward, and walked down the side aisle to the stage door. Passing through the door, he found himself in the twilight of a dusty room. Here again he found no one to greet him. Not an anarchist, not a syndicalist, not a Bolshevik was in sight or hearing—whether white, black, red, blue or green—not so much as the wife or child of a Bolshevik; not here and not outside. He did not pinch himself to see if he was awake; he knew he was awake. But where was he awake? Could he have mistaken the evening? Could he have blundered into the wrong hall? Were these his own people—the people who had come out to hear him, John Jacob Nicholson?

He might have allowed mistrust to blossom into flight had it not been that the janitor of the building appeared just then with a pitcher of ice water for the speaker's table.

"This is Foundry Hall, isn't it?" asked Nicholson.

"Ja," replied the other. "Foundry Hall, ja."

"Lecture by Professor Nicholson to-night?"

"Ja, Ja!"

"I'm Professor Nicholson. I'm the man who is to give this lecture."

"Ja, I know."

"Where are the others?" He fixed him with his indignant eye. "Where is Estor Blitevsky?"

But the janitor had seen nothing, had heard nothing, knew nothing, could guess nothing of the whereabouts of even Estor Blitevsky's worn hat. Nicholson, impatient, swept his negations aside.

"Let me do the denying," he said. "Put the water on the table. That will identify you to the audience. You look enough like one to pass. Then I'll identify myself and hang them up. They came to hear me on the full negation. I'll feed the full negation to them—from hash to mashed potatoes."

From which it will be seen that he was becoming irritable.

I hope I have made clear the mistake that Nicholson was under. He thought he was addressing the brethren of the full negation; or if not yet of the full negation, friends on the road to be. Instead he was addressing an audience of complete assertionists. These people were Americans; they had gathered to hear him because they had read in the newspapers that he could flay Bolsheviks. He thought he was still Comrade Nicholson. He did not understand that Comrade Nicholson had been killed by a bomb.

The outburst was delayed a few minutes. Nicholson streamed fire almost at once, but his hearers, remembering the bomb, believed he was speaking rhetorically. It took them almost four minutes to become doubtful and almost four minutes longer to attain to exploding pressure.

Their patience gave way without warning. The men in the room seemed to rise in a body and start for the platform. Nicholson had wished to create anarchists. Inside of eight minutes he had created more anarchists than he knew what to do with. He heard the noises of wrath, stopped, shook his hair from his eyes, was about to throw his defiant challenge in the teeth of the capitalistic hypocrites. But these men were not college students with credits to lose. They did not raise their hands for permission to speak. They were climbing over chairs. They were determined men, and they were coming for him with their hands. Perceiving this clearly, he dropped his manuscript and made a dash for the side room. He was probably as badly frightened at that moment as he had ever been in his life.

His first act upon reaching the sanctuary of the side room was to slam the door and shoot the bolt; his next, to bolt the outside door. The room was supplied with a window looking out upon a court. Past the window a tin rain pipe from the roof ran down the wall, attached by clamps of rusted tin. It was not much of a pipe; it had never been very strong—but it was within reach.

Bolting the door, he crossed the room in two leaps, threw open the window, saw the rain pipe. He did not debate the relative chances of injury. Behind him he could hear his roaring audience. The next moment he had intrusted his future to the darkness below. He fell with the ripped-off tin piping among some barrels of broken bottles; for the rain pipe broke beneath his weight before he had lowered himself very far upon it. His Matlinson shoes were cut through into his feet, his Beldorf-Welkoner sack suit was all but torn from his body, his face required the attention of a specialist, he had no hat; but the speed he made running down the adjacent dark side street was like nothing so much as the speed with which he had once dashed through a scattered field for a touchdown. The next he knew he was turning the corner on one wheel. He had the good luck to find a taxicab within the first half block and the further good luck not to have lost his purse—for the driver required his pay in advance.

Nicholson remained with that driver for hours. It would take too long to tell of the tailors he routed out at their homes, of the stories he invented to account for his appearance, of the surgeons he visited, and of the stitches they were obliged to take down the middle of his handsome face. He was patched up by east and by north, by south and by west. Instead of spending the night at the hotel he was very pleased to spend it in a special room at the local hospital.

As for the assemblage he so abruptly deserted, Judge Cooney took charge of it. The judge was not a good guesser; he had guessed a serious error about Nicholson. But he believed he was right, and that made him right so far as this world goes. He leaped to the platform with the rest of the pack. But while the others were crushing in the bolted door he was holding up his hand at the table for attention.

He did not speak long. Professor Nicholson, he said, had been unnerved by the bomb attack of the day before. He was so obviously not himself the speaker knew the friends present would not remember his words against him. A man who had proved his hatred of lawlessness to the extent of inviting attack by anarchists is entitled to the friendship of all mankind. The explanation seemed reasonable; he was applauded; the audience eventually went home feeling very tender toward the poor victim of bombs.

And that is how the matter was left. Nicholson was in the hospital nine days, after which he returned to the university to complete his year. But—though he did not again lecture on the full negation—at the end of the year he was dropped. I believe he has continued to seek the fame of revolt. The last I heard of him he was in revolt against Greenwich Village.

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HUNKINS

(Continued from Page 27)

"I had pushed the table off my body, and was upright when he jumped at me, cursing like a crazy man—darned if I don't think he has lost his mind—and we gripped. I dropped my glass and tried to catch him by the throat. He was beating at my face with his fists, and we slammed round there quite a lot, tipping over tables and chairs. I thought the noise would attract somebody, but P. Rattigan stayed discreetly away, and nobody else was in the place. Anyhow Pendergrast got in a couple of good wallops at me, and I think I landed on him once or twice. Then I managed to get a leg grip on him, turned him over and moved back. He rose quicker than you'd think a man of his bulk could, and closed in.

"I knew I could hold him, because I am young, and he is old and fat and soaked with booze; but he is a fighter yet, and strong as a bull for as long as he can last. Besides, he might have a gun, I thought. There was no nourishment for me to be fighting in the back room of a place like that, and I wasn't thinking so much of whipping him as I was of getting out. I edged round toward the place where the key fell, and as I stooped to pick it up he got in a smash on my cheek that knocked me over in the corner. That made me see red. I forgot about any business I might have and decided it was up to me to beat this maniac into insensibility, especially as P. Rattigan didn't appear or send in an alarm for the police.

"I went at him, and we rough-housed round there for quite a spell, clinched mostly, with Pendergrast trying to butt my brains out with his concrete dome.

"After this had gone for what seemed half an hour to me I shook him off and swung for his jaw. I missed. The force of the swing threw me half round, and Pendergrast caught me an awful swipe and knocked me to my knees. It was a corker. My head is buzzing yet. I tried to get up but half fell over toward the floor from my knees. Then I looked up and saw that this wild man had taken a chair and was swinging it to knock my block off with it. I leaned over to pull myself away from the chair and my hand hit my glass mug.

"My fingers closed on the handle and as they did an old rough-and-tumble fight trick flashed back to me—a trick I had seen barroom fighters use in the old days. If you hold one of those mugs by the handle and hit it a hard rap on the bottom, with just the right knack, the glass will shiver away, leaving the handle and a jagged triangle of attached glass in your hand—a fearful weapon. I felt if I didn't disable the maniac he would kill me, and I pounded the glass on the floor on the chance of breaking it right. I had luck. It broke perfectly, and I had in my hand a weapon that would stop Pendergrast if I could land with it.

"He missed my head with the chair but hit my left shoulder. It was a hard crack. The force of the blow overbalanced him a little, and he swung forward as the chair came down. I caught him by the legs, pulled him over and wriggled out and up to my feet. He was up as quickly as I was, almost, and grabbed another chair. By this time I was as crazy as he was. I sidestepped, lifted my glass weapon as high as I could and brought it down on his head. I didn't hit him squarely, but a glancing blow. He dropped the chair, staggered and collapsed. He wasn't a pretty sight as he lay there on the floor.

"I took a quick look at him, and saw he was still very much alive, and trying to get to his feet again, but not able. He's game as they make them, but the cracks I hit him, especially the one with the glass, and his age, and fat, and the booze put him out. I threw the glass in a corner, picked up the key, unlocked the door, and ran out into the saloon. I didn't feel the bumps I had then, and my only thought was to get away and to the meeting. Rattigan was polishing glasses behind the bar.

"'Why didn't you come in and stop that?' I asked him. 'Why should I interfere in a friendly debate?' he asked. 'Well,' I shouted back at him from the door, 'you'd better go in and see whether your friend Pendergrast thinks it was friendly or not.'

"There wasn't a street car in sight, and I knew if I stuck round there the police, who would be called by Rattigan, would grab me, because I was pretty much disheveled, not to say bloody, in spots. I ducked into an alley, cleaned up as well as I could with my handkerchief, then cut across to the Ninth Street line, and came along in the car until I could get a taxi. This took me twenty minutes or so. I told the conductor, so everybody in the car could hear, that I had been in an automobile mix-up. Presently I saw a taxi, got it, and came to the hall. That's all there is to it. Oh, yes, there is more. I forgot to say that the Emergency Hospital ambulance went past the car, beating it for West Monmouth Street. I wonder how Pendergrast is. Let's call up the hospital."

Dowd went to a telephone booth, while Steve and I discussed the fight. Presently he came back and said: "I told them I was a friend, and the doctor said that Mr. Pendergrast has a long, clearly incised scalp wound that apparently was made by some very sharp instrument. It is deep, but not dangerous. He withstood the cleaning of it and the sewing of it very well, but he shows signs of great mental excitement, even aberration, and is now under restraint. I can tell you, boys, that man is plumb, stark, staring mad over his troubles and the bad whisky he tried to drown them in down there at the mine. I'm glad he didn't find you first, George."

"So am I, Tommy," I said fervently.

XXXI

THE indorsement by the soldiers and sailors not only gave our campaign an added public interest and importance, but it was, as Dowd said it would be, a great incentive for the military organization and the men in it. It gave the men something more concrete to do than to listen to speeches detailing benefits to be obtained, and expounding ideals. They had an object in view—the election of one of their number as mayor, and whatever consequent advantages to the organization might accrue therefrom. Also, there were constant dispatches in the newspapers concerning the progress of the varied attempts at national organization for the men who were in the Army and Navy, and our fellows soon realized the better position they would hold because of their own solidarity when the nation-wide welding together was begun.

They went at the campaign with a whoop, holding meetings, making canvasses, getting their women folks interested, and from time to time dropping in on Mr. Perkins at his meetings and heckling him good-naturedly. We heard little more of the opposition among the soldiers. Phelps tried to start something, but had little success. Most of the men who went to the hall with him on the night of the meeting either lost interest or came with us. There was a certain small percentage of returned soldiers who refused to have anything to do with any plan to get together, but we had the bulk of the men, and as the new contingents arrived home from France and the camps we enlisted most of those also.

Our women's section of the campaign committee, of which Miss Crawford, Miss Harrow and Mrs. Ainsley were the leaders and directors, was made up of twenty-five carefully selected women, picked by these three, from all walks of life. There was a considerable effort by women who constantly espouse new movements for the publicity they can get and accompanying pictures of themselves in the papers, and from society women who thought it would be interesting, to get on the committee, but Miss Harrow, Miss Crawford and Mrs. Ainsley were stonily deaf to their entreaties. They selected women who were genuinely interested and formed an efficient and active section.

They took women who were successful in war-work organization, women who had shown intelligent interest when we were making our soldier organization, women who had been of consequence in former municipal reform movements, and several women who were now identified with labor in its women-workers aspects. I discovered that Mrs. Ainsley, for all her fondness for frocks and frills, was a most attractive and effective speaker, and that Miss Harrow was a wonder at organization. My admiration for Miss Crawford, her serenity, her efficiency, her intimate knowledge of politics, her sincerity and her enormous capacity for sustained and enthusiastic endeavor increased daily, almost hourly.

Her relations with me were most impersonal. I apparently occupied no place in her thoughts other than that of a candidate representing a certain policy and principle, for whom she worked not because of any particular interest in the candidate but because of belief in the policy and principle. I made several essays at establishing a more personal relation, and had no success. I was but a cog in the machine to her.

However, I thought about her a good deal; a great deal, in fact, and was conscious of certain stirrings and confusions within me when I talked to her, which I did, nevertheless, whenever she would give me an opportunity. This was not often, for she was busy.

One day I said to Steve Fox: "Steve, what is your idea of Miss Crawford?"

"She's one of the finest women I have ever known," Steve replied, so earnestly and promptly that it gave me a queer little twist, and caused me to look at him curiously and wonder what he meant by it.

"You don't have to tell me that," I protested. "I know it as well as you do. I mean is she—does she—— Darn it, you know what I mean."

"No, I don't know what you mean, either. You ask me what is my idea of Miss Crawford, and I tell you. Apparently what I tell you is not what you are seeking. Come again, George. My motto is: I strive to please."

"Do you think she ever—that is, do you think she has any idea—I mean, do you think she ever will get married?"

Steve laughed.

"Oho," he said. "That's the way the wind is blowing, is it? Well, I'll tell you, George, frankly, that I don't know. She has never taken me into her confidence on the subject, and far be it from me to mention the matter to her. Perhaps she will; perhaps not; but she's a woman, and a darned good-looking one, and the chances are she will fall for some man some day. But why this concern on your part? You're not thinking of yourself, are you?"

"I might be," I said, and I felt my cheeks reddening.

Steve laughed again.

"Good old George," he said; "a chap of insatiable ambition. First he wants to be mayor, and then he aspires to the hand of Miss Crawford, which is some aspiration, I'll say! You surely are branching out, George. The Army did a lot for you."

"Oh, Steve," I urged, "be serious for a minute. What I want to know is do you think there would be any chance for me?"

"I don't know," he replied, "and I trust I am sufficiently serious when I say I have never noticed a blush mantling her damask cheek when you appear—not yet. It looks to me as if you stand with her about the same as the telephone—a useful means of communication with the public, but entirely devoid of sentimental reflexes."

"Maybe I can change that."

"Maybe you can. Who knows? Women are getting married right along, every day, notwithstanding their new freedom. The

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REO

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¶ This Reo "Speed Wagon" conserves that most precious human commodity—Time. ¶ Time is the essence of every contract—of every transaction—of every business—in this twentieth century. ¶ Speed is the modern equivalent of Time. ¶ Everybody is in a hurry nowadays—and rightly so, for if one would not be outdistanced in the race for success, he must keep pace with the rest of the business world. ¶ We used to think that tons per load was the prime consideration in a motor truck. ¶ But we now know that ton-miles per day is the answer to all transportation problems, whether in city, suburban or country service. ¶ And experience has proven that this speedy, pneumatic tired Reo, carrying lesser loads but more of them piles up to its credit a tremendous tonnage—and at a lower cost of upkeep. ¶ Electric starter conserves the energy of the driver, reduces wear on motor and saves gasoline. ¶ The electric lights add their quota to the total mileage by making night driving possible and safe. ¶ For fully eighty per cent of all kinds of hauling you'll find this Reo "Speed Wagon" ideal. ¶ It was the pioneer of its type—has been standard now for longer than any other. ¶ Reo designed and made in its entirety in the Reo shops, you can be sure of its quality. ¶ Uniform excellence is a Reo attribute. ¶ And the very name Reo is a synonym for dependability and Low Upkeep. ¶ Demand is—thanks to the proven quality of this product—always greater than the possible output of Reos. ¶ So the only way to be at all sure of obtaining a Reo "Speed Wagon" for reasonably early delivery is to see your Reo dealer and place your order at once. ¶ Today—won't be a minute too soon.

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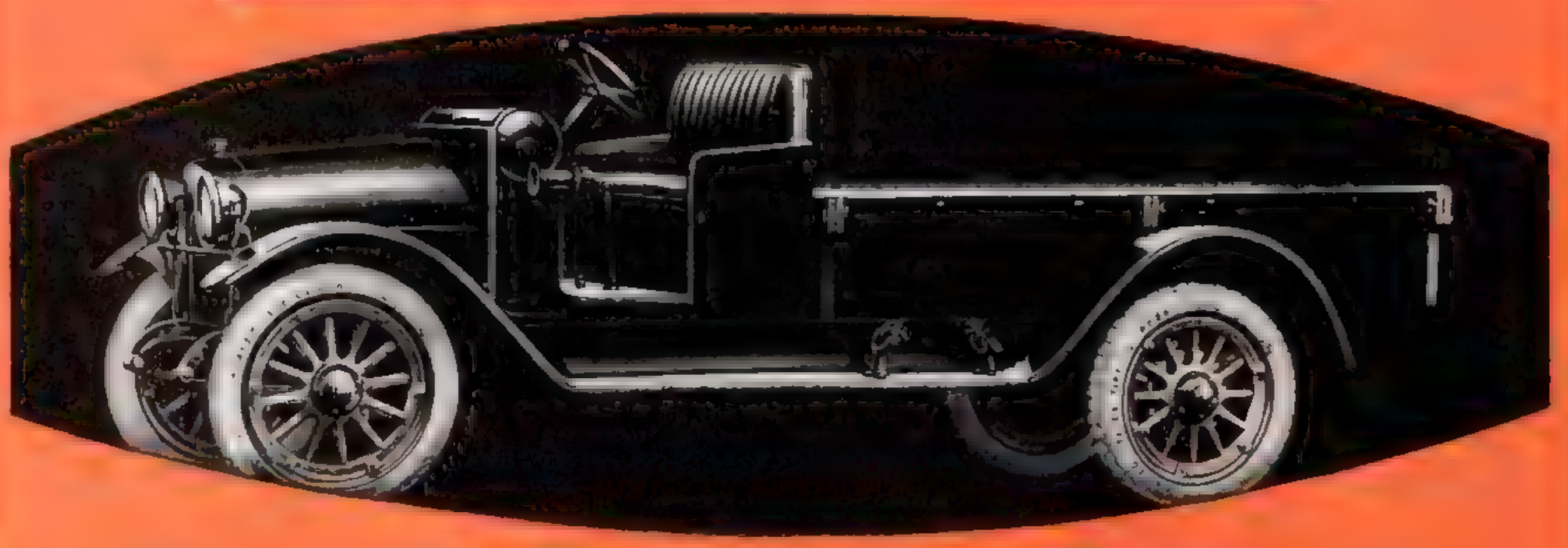

THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES

(Continued from Page 122

good old marriage certificate in a tasty frame still continues to be the highest possible exemplification of a neat little wall decoration with the bulk of them. They are the equals of man now, but you can bet, no matter how much they may prize their greater responsibilities and opportunities, they are not letting go of that handy little manner of putting man in his proper place and under their close personal and individual management. I refer to marriage. She might look with favor on you. You never can tell."

Steve's cynical lack of sympathy with my budding romantic impulses annoyed me.

"You might be more sympathetic," I said.

"Sympathetic," he laughed. "Why, I'm all sympathy. I'll hold your hand and listen to you maunder. I'll write odes to her for you. I'll even go so far as to speak to her about you, call her attention to you, if you like, mention you as a possible matrimonial prospect if she should be interested in such matters. Call on me for anything, George. I'm your friend. I'll go right now and start something for you this minute!"

"If you do I'll murder you," I exclaimed.

"All right," said Steve. "If that is the way you look at it, come on to that noonday meeting and forget your amorous inclinations while making a speech on your transcendent qualities as a candidate."

We had meetings in the business section at noon each day, which were addressed by men selected by Mr. Mayfield and Dowd. I spoke at a number of these. I had two or three speeches that I used as the basis for all my talking, and embroidered these foundations with new and apt oratory whenever the occasion demanded. I found that I could say a good deal in twenty minutes, and was much encouraged over the receptions I received.

The campaign whooped along with plenty of noise and excitement. Dowd and Mayfield kept things moving everywhere. I took my assignments each morning, and made my speeches, participated in conferences and conscientiously did what Steve told me to, in order that the stream of publicity he fed into the newspapers might be unfailing. The newspapers were still treating me as an interloper. The News and the Times swung to Perkins, but gave me a fairly good show; but the Globe and the Dispatch were violently antagonistic. They kept calling for my proofs that Perkins participated in the city-treasury scandal, and as I did not produce them they said boldly the proofs did not exist.

Perkins spoke as often as I did, and reiterated his denials each day. Dowd had his soldiers all over the city, working hard. We seemed to be stronger with the women than Perkins or Spearle, though there was a most imposing organization of women for Perkins, and Spearle had his contingent also.

Dowd kept track of Pendergrast. Nothing was said in the papers of his arrival or of his stay at the hospital. They hushed that up. About a week after the fight Dowd reported: "He's all right physically again. His head is nearly healed outside, but it's all wrong inside. He's crazy as a loon. They are getting ready to take him to some private place where he can be treated. They think if they keep the whisky away from him for a time and coax him along he will come out of it all right, but he's in bad shape mentally now. He sat down there at that mine and cursed himself out of his mind. He has a lot of friends left, though, and they are looking out for him. Perkins went out to see him the other day."

"He did?" I said. "Then it's about time to spring that proof we have."

"Not yet," said Dowd, and later Mr. Mayfield concurred.

They told me to continue the policy of reiteration of general charges, allowing Perkins to deny as much as he liked.

"Don't be impatient," they told me. "We want the full effect of it." We dingdonged along until toward the end of the third week of the campaign, when Aldebert K. Hollister, general secretary of the associated commercial and business organizations of the city—the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, the Commercial Club, the Rotary Club and all the rest, conceived the idea of holding a big noonday meeting of all these bodies, before which the three candidates for mayor would appear and make their claims for support. All these organizations worked together, in various good-for-the-city enterprises, through a central body in which they were equally represented. Hollister organized that when, as secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, he felt the need of a wider sphere for himself.

Hollister put his plan before the various campaign managers. All accepted the invitation for their candidates. The date for the meeting, which was to be preceded by a lunch, was fixed for the following Tuesday, one week from the date of the primary. It was expanded to include representatives of the women's organizations also.

"Now then," said Dowd, "this is the place to let go. I have seen Hunkins and Spearle, and it is to be a sort of a triangular debate. Each of you is to talk for twenty or twenty-five minutes, and then each is to have a five-minute chance at rebuttal. Spearle will speak first, you second and Perkins last. In the five-minute rebuttal you will have the last crack. I insisted on that, and they consented."

"What sort of a speech shall I make?"

"Make the regular speech as the start. I told Hollister I wouldn't consent unless we have a free rein. Slam at Perkins, and he'll reply. Then in your five-minute rebuttal spring the sensation on them. State that we have the proof that Perkins was in with Pendergrast and tell what it is. Steve has facsimiles of the page of the minute book ready for the papers. Make it direct and without qualification. If they want a joint debate we'll give them one they will talk about for quite a spell."

At this time Dowd's canvasses showed that we were making headway, but that Hunkins was not losing so many votes as we thought he would. There was a greater defection to us from Spearle than from Perkins. That was not a good sign, for what we wanted was to defeat Perkins, and thus bring the final contest between Spearle and myself, for we felt that Spearle would be the easier man to beat in the election, notwithstanding his control of the city government.

"That Hunkins outfit is an air-tight concern," said Dowd. "It is the product of years of building, conserving and disciplining, and we have only a month to overturn it in. Notwithstanding all the tomtoms we have beaten and all the publicity we have had there are many people in this city—a great many—who haven't heard of us yet; or if they have heard of us they think we are trying to sell something or introduce a patent medicine or advertise a breakfast food. You may think that is fantastic, but it isn't. It is harder than you imagine to shake the people out of the ruts they are in, and one of the ruts the majority of our people are in is voting for the candidates Hunkins hands out to them.

"Besides, he has a big grip on the business men of the city. Perkins is a big business man himself, you know, and Hunkins stands well with the older fellows. He has done them favors in his time. Our dependence is chiefly on the soldiers, the younger business men, the dissatisfied element and the women. The women seem to like us fairly well, though Hunkins' women are getting good results. This thing is no walk-over. Don't delude yourself as to that. Mayfield and I stuff the papers with claims that we shall win in a walk, but if we squeeze through we'll be doing very well. It's no cinch."

"It will be after I spring that Perkins stuff," I said.

"I hope so," Dowd replied, "but let's not be too sure of it."

Meantime I fancied I discerned a slightly increased degree of attention in myself personally, shown by Miss Crawford. Her interest in the campaign was displayed constantly by her work and her efforts to help win, but I thought that as these busy days went on she showed a trifle more of recognition of me as a man and not merely a candidate than she had shown. I pressed these little advantages whenever occasion offered and sought to pay her such attentions as I could to increase her partiality. We had several long talks, and she displayed friendly interest in my course if elected, and discussed my affairs, present and prospective, as if they were matters of some concern to her. That was a straw, but I grasped it.

"Anything doing in the Romeo line?" Steve asked me on the morning of the luncheon by the commercial associations.

"Steve," I warned him, "lay off that or I'll punch you in the eye."

"Serious as that, is it? If that is the case better let me write you a triolet or two. I'm great at triolets and have a wonderful flair for the rondel and the rondeau. And, say, I'm a bear at lyrics. Listen:

"When sunset flows into golden glows
And the breath of the night is new ——"

"Stop it," I cried, "or I'll lam you one! Besides, you faker, you didn't write that."

Steve shouted with laughter.

"Oh boy," he exclaimed, "the candidate has been reading poetry! Come to think of it, though, poetry may not work with these new women like it used to with the old ones. Perhaps you'd better quote her a slug or two of one of your well-known speeches; or ask Dowd for some pointers."

"Whatever I do I'll do myself," I growled.

"Excellent idea," said Steve. "I really do not think, when all's said and done, that the organization should take a hand in affairs of this sort."

XXXII

THERE was such a demand for seats for the business men's meeting and luncheon that Hollister arranged to use the Armory, and when Steve, Dowd, Mayfield and I arrived, at half past twelve, there were twelve or fifteen hundred men and women there. The luncheon, which was a fifty-cent concoction by one of our local caterers, neither occupied nor entertained us long, and at a quarter past one Hollister, after preening himself considerably over the success of his enterprise, introduced Spearle.

Spearle is a talker who knows and uses every political catchword and phrase that has gained currency in the past fifty years. He rang these all in, defended himself by saying that he prosecuted Miller vigorously and that he himself deposed Pendergrast; detailed the achievements of his administration and asked for further support. He constantly referred to me as "my young friend," as if being his young friend were some sort of an affliction, like a clubfoot or a goiter.

Then Hollister introduced me. We had a full third of our friends there, and Dowd and Steve led the cheering, which was enthusiastic and noisy. I dismissed what Spearle had said briefly, calling attention to the fact that, palliate it as he might, the city treasury scandal did occur during his term of office; and then went on to Perkins. I discussed Perkins with candor. I told of his connections with shady money-making schemes in which he used the city officials to further his own ends, instanced them, and wound up with a direct statement that he was not only a participant but a beneficiary in the money taken from the city treasury, and challenged him to deny it when he spoke, not in the general terms of his usual denial but in the specific terms in which I made the charge: That he was of the gang; that he got some of the money; that he was a stockholder in the mining company; that he knew all about the plan and aided and abetted it. I closed with my promises, if nominated and elected, to conduct the affairs of the city on a nonpartisan business basis, demolish the bosses and their machines and give the people a clean, decent, honest and economical administration. They cheered me for two minutes or so after I finished.

Then it was Perkins' turn. I had never heard him speak, and watched him closely. He was a little excited as he rose, but he had a chance to get himself in hand, for his partisans cheered him fully as long as mine had me. While the cheering for Perkins was going on I saw Hunkins. He sat in the middle of the room and was waving his napkin at Perkins and inciting those round him to continued noise. It was the first time I had seen him since I broke with him, and I thought he looked fit and confident, somewhat to my dismay.

Presently Perkins started. He wasted no time on promises, professions or policies. He took a long running jump and landed directly on me. He denied every charge I made, called me a criminally misled boy for making them, spoke with quiet contempt of my managers and with sorrow and grief of my misguided friends and associates who were behind me. He told of his own long life of rectitude and public-spirited work in the city, wept a little over his great profit-sharing emporium which he built from the ground up, starting as a poor boy. He declared himself innocent of any collusion at any time with Pendergrast, of any knowledge of this affair and devoted his last ten minutes to deprecating me as a disturber, a faker, an egotist, a youth seeking notoriety at the expense of leading and honest, older and more experienced men, and closed by throwing up his hands and imploring high heaven to smite him as he stood if what he said about his innocence was not true. He was not smitten, and he sat down amid great cheering.

Spearle rather deftly drew a comparison between Perkins and me to his own advantage, in his final five minutes. Perkins protested again, and then it was my turn.

I rose, held up the book containing the accusing minutes, and said with such declamatory effect as I could muster: "I have here a book recording the minutes of the annual meetings of the private mining company that was capitalized and exploited by the money that belonged to you and all other taxpayers in this city. I read from the minutes recorded on Page Twenty-seven in this book: 'Annual meeting of the Progress Mining Company, April 17, 1916. Present: Thomas Pendergrast, president; James K. Skidmore, secretary, and the following directors: Messrs. Larrimore, Doniphan, Masters, Wallace and ——'"

I stopped and looked at Perkins, who was staring at me. His mouth was open, his eyes were twitching at the corners, he picked nervously at the tablecloth with the fingers of his right hand.

"—— and Perkins!" I shouted.

Then I stopped again.

Instantly Tommy Dowd and Steve Fox and others of our fellows jumped up and raised a yell of triumph. Perkins half collapsed in his seat. I was trembling somewhat, but retained sense of the dramatic enough to turn and point an accusing finger at Perkins and hold up the book again. They told me afterward I was quite a nemesic figure.

The room was in an uproar. I felt triumphant. Then as I looked out over the gesticulating, shouting, excited crowd I saw Hunkins, the only calm man in the room, standing on a chair trying to get the attention of the presiding Hollister.

"Mister Chairman," he shouted at regular intervals. "Mister Chairman—Mister Chairman!"

After a time Hollister banged the gathering into some semblance of quiet.

"Mr. Hunkins," he said.

"But, Mister Chairman," I protested, "I have not yet consumed my time."

Hunkins bowed.

"After the gentleman has finished," he said, "I desire to ask him a question or two."

"I shall be glad to answer them," I said, and I tore into a denunciation of Hunkins, Perkins and Spearle, claiming that the proof absolute was there that Perkins was in the mining deal, as he undoubtedly was in the street-car deal, and the telephone deal, and the electric-light deal, and demanded of those present if they were so far lost to a sense of decency, honesty and civic pride as to give these men further control of their municipal affairs.

"No! No!" they shouted; or many of them did.

I thought there was a greater response than there had been in the preliminary cheers for me. Tommy Dowd raised his clasped hands at me and shook them. He was jubilant.

"Now, Mister Chairman," said Hunkins after it was quiet again, "I desire to ask Captain Talbot if he is certain of the authenticity of those minutes. It would be an easy matter to prepare such a record. I'll use the softer word 'prepare' rather than the harsher one 'forge.'"

"The gentleman uses terms to designate practices with which he is far more familiar than I am," I replied. "I will state that the book is here open to the inspection of every person in this room. It bears its own evidence of its authenticity."

"Very well," continued Hunkins calmly. "I now ask if the name of Mr. Perkins occurs as Ezra T. Perkins or simply as Perkins, without the given name and initial."

"The names of the directors have no initials attached," I said.

"In that case," said Hunkins, "I feel quite sure that Captain Talbot and his friends have jumped at a wrong and libelous conclusion. I know Mr. Perkins was not concerned in that affair. It undoubtedly is another Perkins."

Perkins sat limply in his chair during this colloquy. He rose to it immediately, as a chance for an alibi.

(Continued on Page 127)

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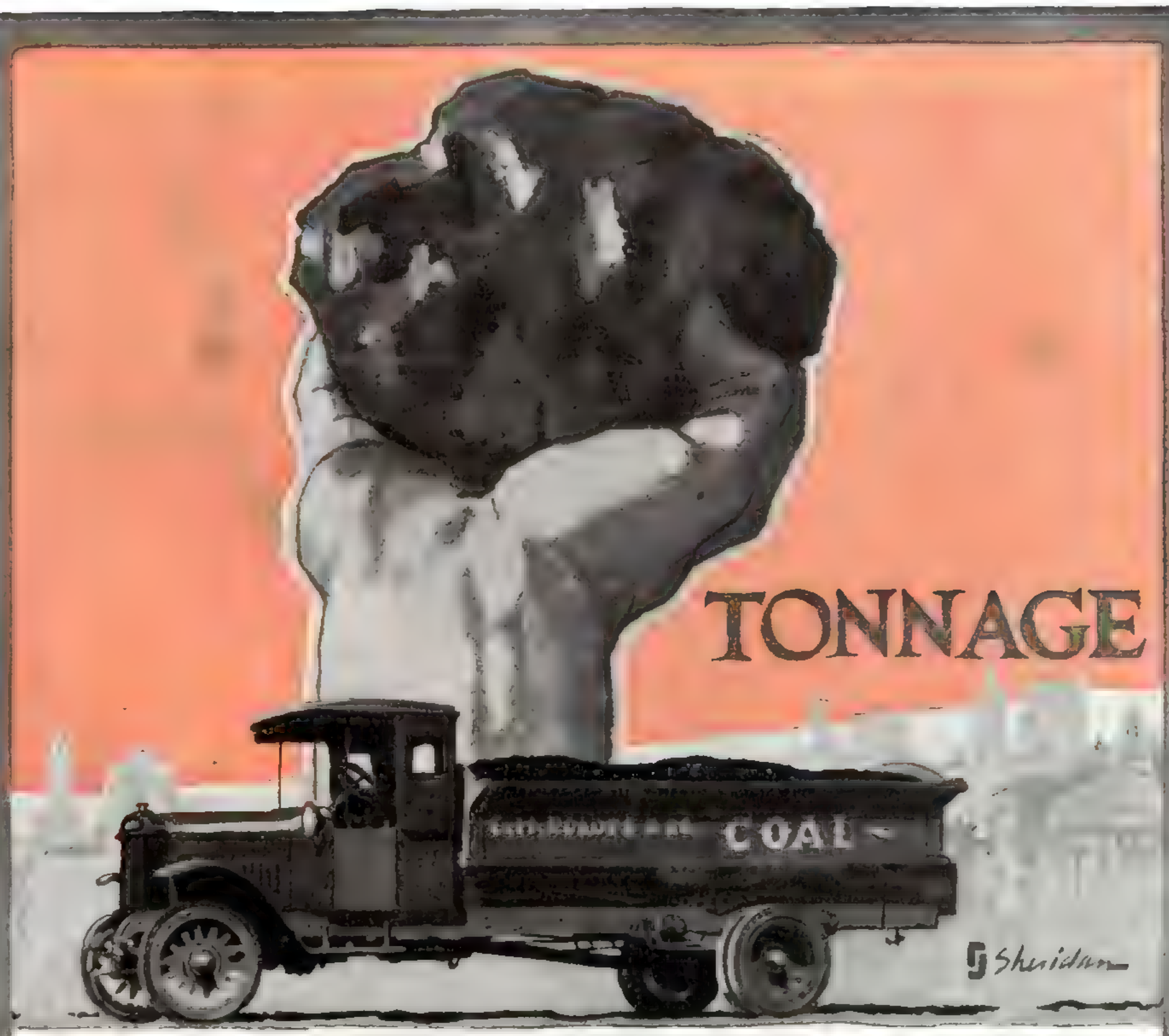

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(Continued from Page 124)

"That's it—that's it," he gibbered. "It wasn't me—another Perkins—that's the explanation—not me at all—some other man named Perkins."

"Mister Chairman," shouted Dowd, "this eleventh-hour attempt to prove an alibi for Ezra T. Perkins will not wash. It is too flimsy, too palpable, too absurd. One look at Perkins himself when this proof was produced showed that the accusation is true. He was in that deal. He was a director in that company—is now for that matter; and no protests, no quibbles, no alibi-ing by Hunkins or anyone else can change that fact or save Perkins from the defeat that is coming to him a week from to-day, and the defeat he so richly deserves."

"I'll produce the proof," asserted Hunkins with a calm assurance that carried weight.

"You can't do it!" asserted Dowd; and then there was much more noise, during which Perkins, partially restored to equanimity, shrilly protested it wasn't him, and Hollister, not desiring to have his meeting end in a row, adjourned hurriedly.

The afternoon papers carried great displays on the story. Talbot men scoffed at the claim that the man at the meeting was not Perkins, the candidate, and Perkins men were sure it was some other Perkins. "A common name," they said. "Plenty of Perkinses in the city."

"They'll try to put over a good-enough Perkins until after election," said Dowd, "but it won't work."

That is what they did do. The morning papers had statements from Skidmore, Masters, Doniphan and Wallace that the Perkins of the minutes was a certain Homer K. Perkins, who went to Mexico in the fall of 1916, and was still there; and not Ezra T. Perkins.

That was thin stuff, but it worked fairly well, from their viewpoint. Perkins grabbed it and protested his innocence, and the newspapers, though not accepting it entirely, gave the denials great prominence. We worked unceasingly to establish our contention. Dowd had big posters made showing the page of the minute book, with Perkins' name printed in red, and appropriate and terse sentences calling attention to the picture supplied by Steve. We put out many additional speakers, who reiterated the charge, and set as many soldiers as we could to the work of spreading it by handbills and by smaller posters. I made six or seven speeches a day. Mr. Mayfield put his whole campaign committee, women and all, on trucks, at street corners, in halls, and wherever there was anything that would serve for a stump. Hunkins had many men and women out also; and Spearle. We had church meetings on Sunday; and I occupied a pulpit at St. Mark's Church myself at the invitation of the vestrymen.

On Monday morning as I left the house dad said: "George, I'll be waiting up for you when you get home to-night. I shall want to talk to you."

"All right, dad," I said; "but I may be late."

"I'll be waiting. Come as soon as you can."

The last day was calmer. We checked up our canvasses. The results looked fair only. Much to my disappointment there was no overwhelming victory in sight. Mayfield thought we would pull through, but Dowd and Miss Crawford were not so sure.

"Hunkins is a hard man to beat," said Dowd. "That organization of his is copper-riveted and air-tight. He knows this game from top to bottom. There's no use jollying ourselves. The situation is this: We shall poll all the soldiers, practically, and a good many women. I figure that there will be about 60,000 votes cast. Spearle will get about 20,000 of those. That will leave 40,000 to split between Talbot and Perkins. Our job is to get 21,000 votes, and I don't know whether we shall or not. Our figures do not show it to-night, but there is this consolation: Our canvassers were inexperienced, not experts like those Hunkins has. I hear from inside sources that Hunkins gives us, at the maximum, 18,000 votes. I think we'll get more than that, and it may be a landslide. Also it may not. If we had two months to educate them it would be a cinch. Good night. I'm going to get some sleep, for we must have our watchers at the polls early, and I have that detail in charge."

I was discouraged as I started for home, but cheered up considerably when Miss Crawford said to me: "Don't be downhearted, Captain Talbot. It isn't hopeless, by any means. I think we have a good chance. Anyhow the fight has been worth while, hasn't it?"

I thought about that all the way home, making a personal application for the last part of her remark. "Worth while." Maybe that means worth while because she met me. Thus elevated and encouraged I let myself in our front door.

Perkins' Mouth Was Open, His Eyes Were Twitching at the Corners

"That you, George?" dad called as I stepped into the hall.

"Yes, dad."

"Come into the library, won't you?"

I went into the library, and as I entered the room William Hunkins rose from a chair and came forward to greet me!

XXXIII

"WHAT the devil ——" jerked out of me as I stopped, just inside the door.

"Am I doing here?" finished Hunkins, with that little laugh of his.

Dad was laughing also.

"Come on in, George," he said, "and sit down. Don't pull a gun. This is a perfectly pleasant little party."

"But," I said, staring at Hunkins to make sure I was seeing straight, "I don't ——"

"Of course you don't," broke in dad. "But sit down, and we'll explain."

I took a few steps, stopped, and looked hard at the two men. Both were in high spirits. Hunkins held out his hand.

"Good evening, captain," he said. "Don't be hostile. I'm a friendly Indian."

I shook hands with him limply, and stood there first looking at dad and then at Hunkins. It was beyond me. Several different explanations came to my mind in quick succession—perhaps this—perhaps that—none satisfactory.

I sat down, looked at the laughing men again and said: "I can't make it out. What's the plot?"

"The plot is all developed," dad replied. "We're at the end of the fourth act now, where we all are preparing to live happily ever afterward."

"Dad," I said, "quit beating about the bush and explain this to me."

"Mr. Hunkins will explain it," dad said, settling himself in a chair and lighting a cigar. "Go ahead, Billy!"

I started at that; dad calling Hunkins "Billy" and apparently on the most intimate terms with him! "Something wrong here," I thought. "I don't like the looks of it."

"I'll be glad to hear any explanation Mr. Hunkins may offer," I said, turning to Hunkins. "It needs quite a lot of clearing up, in my opinion."

Hunkins laughed again.

"To begin with," he said, "you will be nominated in the primary to-morrow."

"Not by any help of yours," I replied sourly.

"Passing that for the moment," he answered amiably, "the fact remains that you will be nominated for mayor in the primary to-morrow."

Then it crushed down on me. I had better prospects than Dowd and Mayfield thought. I should win. Hunkins, because of his better machinery for canvassing, knew it. He was here to make a deal with me. And dad was a party to it. The shock of it brought me to my feet with a passionate protest.

"Wait a minute!" I shouted. "I'll not make any deal! If I win I win independently, just as I have made my fight. I'll not ——"

"Sit down, George," soothed dad. "Give Billy a chance to talk to you. You're seeing things. Nobody will ask you to make a deal, certainly not we two. Please sit down."

I dropped back into my chair. "Dad never lied to me," I thought. "He wouldn't begin now. Besides, the apparent understanding between the two can't be to my detriment. Dad wouldn't allow that."

"Go ahead," I said. "I'll listen, but I warn you in advance that nothing said here will bind me in any way."

"That's understood," said Hunkins. "We don't want to bind you. We want to free you. Now then, to revert to my original statement: You will be nominated in the primary to-morrow. I shall make that certain."

"You?" I shouted, jumping up again. "What have you got to do with it?"

"Everything," Hunkins replied calmly. "If I rescind the orders I have already given you will be beaten. But I'll explain all that later. If you will allow me I will tell you a story that may interest you, and will be corroborated by your father."

I looked inquiringly at dad. He nodded his head.

"Twenty years ago," Hunkins continued, "when I took over the leadership of the organization, after the death of Andrew Bruce, I knew your father; not so well as I know him now, but fairly well. He was interested in politics to the extent that he wanted to secure a better city government, a nonpartisan business administration of the city's affairs, and he had been active in the attempt. His activities interfered with the plans of Bruce, and he was beaten every time he essayed anything. The real reason he was beaten was not because Bruce's organization beat him, but because the men who should have supported him either were indifferent or were securing benefits from conditions as they then existed—the business men, I mean, and the professional men, and all those who might have fought with your father. Instead they looked on him as a fanatic or as a fool. They were engrossed in their business. They were engaged in making money to the exclusion of all other considerations, and they considered politics a rotten game and let it go at that. They were keen about their own businesses, but so lax and indifferent and uninterested in the business of the city, which should have been their chief concern, they allowed the boss system to perpetuate itself, and went on, careless of the fact that the affairs of the city were in the hands of men who were politicians and who used the city's machinery for political purposes and their own purposes first, and paid small attention to the real needs, rights and wants of the taxpayers and citizens.

"John Talbot fought to interest the men, to rouse them to their opportunity, and he failed. Politics was beneath these citizens—a dirty business, fit only for muckers and corrupt machines. They could not be made to see that the character of the government of a city or a state or a nation is the direct and highest charge of the men who live in that city, that state or that nation, under our system of democracy; nor that the lack of character of that government is their sole and inevitable fault. They denounced boss rule, and took no steps to destroy it. They hadn't time. They must make money. They had their trifling social duties, their piffling amusements, their ambitions to outshine their neighbors to occupy them. The criterion of success was money, and the demonstration of that success was ostentation in spending it. They couldn't bother with politics.

"I came into the leadership of the organization I still lead. As I say, I knew your father. What he wanted for this city was not only better government but greater beauty and utility. He wanted park extensions, finer schools, bigger and more modern hospitals, new public buildings, an expanded and efficient system of public-service utilities—surface lines, light, power, communication, and so on. He wanted to make this city a beautiful and comfortable place to live in as well as of the greatest utilitarian development, and he came to me.

"I was a young man, and I had had a rigorous machine training under Bruce, but in my way I wanted the same things for this city your father wanted. I had the same ideas and the same ideals, but I knew, what he was beginning to know, that the only way these improvements in our city could be obtained was through a political conformance to conditions as they existed. The men who should do the fighting and the work would not take the time or engage in the struggle.

"They were asked, time and again, to join in. Men with vision, like your father, endeavored to convince them that the city's business was their business, but it was useless. If they took an interest it was but momentary—sporadic—on some especial occasion or when there was some particular excitement. They shouted a little just before elections, but the politicians work at all seasons. Hence, what was to be done must be done with the instruments at hand, and those instruments were the politicians and their machines.

"We figured it out on a purely practical basis. In brief it resolved itself to this: We decided to play the game with the cards that were dealt to us, instead of demanding a new deal. Your father had tried to get new cards, but he had failed. I was in a position to play, with such skill as might be, the cards that fell to me, and I have played them always with the end of helping the city in view.

"It has been a thankless and a disagreeable game. I would have thrown down my hand many times if your father had not stood by, always urging me to continue and showing me results that might be obtained. We have operated always on the theory, whether right or wrong ethically, that the ends justify the means, and what we have accomplished speaks for itself. We have finer schools, better hospitals, greater public buildings, a more useful set of public utilities than any other city of our size in the country; greater parks, and more comforts for the people. To bring this about I have consorted with these men you have had some experience of when I much preferred to be at my books. I have used them, and been used by them. I have endured abuse and condemnation. I have been unscrupulous at times and have resorted to many political devices that the men who stand aloof because politics is a dirty game would be quick to condemn as proving their contention; but all the time there has been a complete understanding between your father and me, and a complete unity of action. We have been beaten often, but we have secured results.

"It has been necessary at times to condone things that should not have been condoned on ethical grounds; but we have

(Continued on Page 129)

CHLOROX

The *Smooth* Tooth Paste

Beauty-Health-and CHLOROX

That cleanest taste is CHLOROX; it tastes just like the chemicals it contains—clean, no candied flavoring.

The creamy CHLOROX paste dissolves instantly in your mouth—the searching foam cleansing where no brush can reach.

Delicate tooth enamel is protected from scratching by the smooth CHLOROX cream, for CHLOROX is milled—ground perfectly to protect as well as polish and cleanse.

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A tube of CHLOROX costs only fifty cents—less than half a cent a day. The key empties the CHLOROX tube and the last bit of paste is as fresh, creamy and cleansing as the first from a newly opened container.

Every smoker knows that CHLOROX at night prevents "smoker's taste" in the morning.

"CHLOROX does not waste—never hardens in the tube"

CHLOROX IS SOLD—EVERYWHERE!

NULYNE LABORATORIES

JACKSON, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 127)

played the game that way because, from the indifference of those who should have helped us, we could not play it any other way. We used the tools we had according to the nature of the tools.

"I have often thought of that statue of Alexander R. Shepherd that stands in front of the District Building in the city of Washington. They drove Shepherd from the city, forty years or so ago, and exiled him to Mexico because he was a political boss and had plans for the improvement of the city the nearsighted citizens of those days could not comprehend and, because they could not comprehend them, said were dishonest—the unfailing state of mind of the average persons. Any man who rates higher than their conventional conceptions they condemn as crazy. Any plan that transcends their limited understanding is dishonest. After thirty years they put up a statue to Shepherd.

"Now then, it is so, or ought to be, in many other cities. The people condemn the bosses, and rightly so, too, in many cases, for I am not trying to excuse or palliate the rottenness of politics; but when all is said and done, after the bosses have passed, the improvements remain. The streets that make the city better are paved; the schools and the public buildings and the parks all are there, permanently beautifying, and making the place better to live in, no matter how obtained; and they were obtained in the only way possible because of the attitude of the bulk of the beneficiaries, the citizens themselves, who might have improved their cities but left the job to others—always politicians. We knew that, and that is what we have had in view in this game we have played here.

"Also we have had in mind a better system, for I loathe the conditions which forced us to this extremity, and so does your father, and we saw an opportunity when we considered the upheaval brought about by the war. Your father came to me when you told him your intention to go into politics and said that was our chance. He would have come if it had been any other man of your type, for he is as unselfish as he is patriotic; but to his great gratification, and mine, you offered yourself, with your plan to organize the returned soldiers.

"He was not certain you were in earnest, that you would stick, for he knew of the discouragements, the lack of cooperation, the innumerable difficulties you would have, and both he and I deliberately put you to some tests. If you will remember, your father's reception of your idea and his further comments were not enthusiastic."

I looked over at dad again as he said this, and dad concurred with a "That's true."

"We finally decided," Hunkins continued, "that you were in earnest, and not merely looking for an occupation or a sensation, and then we made our plans. I could not take you permanently into my organization, for that would brand you at once with the machine brand and tie you to machine methods and processes. Therefore, we decided to force you into an independent stand, to make you fight the machine, to compel you to take a position that would leave you free to act, later, unhampered, unpledged, beholden to nobody but those you brought to your support on that basis. Nothing could be attained if you were a machine candidate. We wanted you to start clean.

"To that end I put you in the Board of Aldermen and gave you that chance to expose the city-treasury scandal. That was for the purpose of making you known to the people—pure advertisement—and fitting you for our further plans. Then we told you enough about Perkins to make it impossible for you to support Perkins, and I deliberately nominated Perkins, hoping you would take the stand you did. If you had acquiesced in the nomination of Perkins our plan would have fallen through, and we should have been compelled to wait still longer. But you didn't. When you said you would run yourself, feeling certain that Perkins is what he is, a crook and a grafter and a hypocritical contemptible man, that independent determination gave us our opportunity, and our job was to keep you up to that declaration.

"I goaded you with that interview of mine, and I set every obstacle in your way that would hold you to your determination. I nominated Perkins with no idea of electing him, and made a vigorous campaign for him. I did not dare relax any in my efforts for him, for what we desired was the establishment of you before the people as independent of any machine, and opposed to both. Outwardly we have fought you viciously. We can beat you. You have made a good fight, but the power of the organization is too great for you.

"Also, you haven't had time. The people of this city are so accustomed to having their candidates picked for them, have submitted to that humiliation for so long that they never think of picking candidates themselves; in fact I think most of them do not realize they have that power. We politicians live because of that indifference. There never has been a minute since we began voting in this city when the people could not destroy any boss, but they haven't. Notwithstanding the virtue of your case you couldn't uproot that in four weeks, and especially with an outwardly respectable candidate like Perkins against you. The people do not think, often. Thought means a new sort of effort. They are creatures of habit, and their habit is to have their candidates picked for them. That is why Perkins will get a lot of votes to-morrow. He's regular, and so are most of the voters. With another month to rouse them in you might have won.

"But you will be nominated, because my men in certain wards will throw you enough votes to make your selection sure. It will not be a landslide, but just enough. My canvass shows accurately how many votes will be needed, and they will be supplied. That will leave the organization intact for election purposes in November, but it also will place you in a position where you can take hold, administer the city independently and without obligation to the organization, because I shall not demand any, and the men who will do the work in the wards will not know until after it is all done in November that there is to be this outcome.

"You will start clean. There isn't a string on you. John Talbot and I have been working for twenty years for this end, and circumstances have played into our hands with you, his son. As soon as I can I intend to quit. I am tired and through. Someone may try to take my place, but you, with your position and independence, can soon break down that opposition. You must make an organization of your own, and an organization in full harmony with the present conditions.

"We hope, your father and I, that these new conditions will awake the people to their immediate civic responsibilities, interest them in their own politics, and cause them to take active part in their own public business to the extent at least of seeing that it is nonpartisan and efficient in its purely municipal relations. Perhaps you can. We couldn't, though we tried hard enough in our time. At any rate you have the opportunity. I congratulate you in advance as the next mayor of this city and wish you all the success there is.

"I shall support you, of course, but you must conspicuously maintain your own organization, keep Dowd and Mayfield as your managers, and have no apparent dealings with us, for that would smirch the independence of attitude your victory will give to you. Nobody need know what I have told you but ourselves."

He stopped. I was in a sort of daze, understanding what he said but having some difficulty in making the personal application. His intimation of secrecy stuck in my mind.

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "This is sort of an overwhelming thing, and I accept, of course, but I must tell it all to Tommy Dowd and Steve Fox. They have been with me all through, and I shall not conceal anything from them."

"By all means," Hunkins replied. "I'd tell Mr. Mayfield too. What I mean is that you are a politician now—of a high grade, I trust—and should be politic. The reasons for holding it among ourselves must be obvious to you. But that is detail. Now you have heard the story and I wish you well. I am going to California for a long stay, 'taking refuge in my virtue and my honest, undowered poverty,' as my favorite philosopher, Horace, puts it; though I fancy neither my virtue nor my poverty will be conceded by some sections of this community for a long time to come."

"Mr. Hunkins," I said, "I am so much in a whirl over this that I can't say anything to you but thank you." Then I turned to dad and held out my hands. "Dad," I cried, "is this what it all means?"

"Yes, George," dad said, coming over and taking my hand in his, "this is what it all means. We see an opportunity to do a

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great thing for the people if they will assist ever so little, an opportunity for these boys who bore arms to help themselves to get some of the rewards they deserve, and that opportunity is in your hands. Will you use it?"

I was near to tears as I stood there, and then the humor of it struck me.

"You two ought to be actors," I said. "You are wasting great histrionic talents in city politics."

"We are actors," dad replied. "We have been doing a brother act for nearly twenty years, but you are the first person we ever let in to see the show."

XXXIV

HUNKINS kept his word. It looked dubious early on primary night, for the first returns in showed that Perkins and I were running about even, with a slight advantage to Perkins.

"I guess it's all over," said Dowd gloomily. "We're only holding even in these inside wards, and those outside wards always go for Hunkins."

"Cheer up," I told him. "Maybe they will go for us this time."

"Not much chance," he replied. "The machine is strong out there."

But as the later returns came in I began to gain, and by ten o'clock I was two hundred ahead. Mayfield claimed victory, and the completed tabulation showed that I won over Perkins by 482 votes. The total vote was 60,612, and of these I had 20,472, Perkins had 19,990 and Spearle 20,150.

"Not many," exulted Steve, "but as good as a million! I wonder what line from Horace Brother Hunkins pulled when he got that news. Oh, you little 482 votes! I'll bet Hunkins is so sore he's biting a file."

"I don't know about that," I said.

"Oh," jeered Steve, "you don't know! Well, I do. He's a hard loser, that Hunkins person is."

Just then a clerk came in to tell me to come to the telephone on an urgent call. When I returned I asked Steve: "Who do you think that was?"

"Somebody asking for a job."

"No; it was Hunkins, offering his congratulations."

Steve whistled, and Dowd looked incredulous. Then I took the two of them and Mr. Mayfield into an inside room and told them the story. They listened without comment until I had finished.

Then Dowd said: "Well, I'm glad it happened, though I wish we could have put it over ourselves. However, the time was too short, and we didn't have the votes; but I'll tell you one thing and that is this: In another month it would be different. We'd have a lot more soldiers, and we're gaining with the general public every day."

"In my opinion," said Mr. Mayfield, "it is an excellent result. We win, and we have shown enough strength to force the organization to stand behind us to make it sure in November. Those fellows will go to bat on Election Day thinking their support then will hold things as they are. We'll welcome their votes and make no promises; and if we win then we'll be free-handed."

"It's all right, Tommy," I said. "If it hadn't been for you and Steve and the work you did at the start I'd have had no votes at all; and I'll never forget it."

Mr. Mayfield discreetly withdrew; and Tommy and Steve and I held a little jubilation of our own, where I had a chance to tell them just how much their friendship, loyalty and support had meant.

There wasn't much excitement in the campaign that followed. Mr. Mayfield announced that our organization would continue, and work independently for my election. Perkins talked some about a recount, but that came to nothing, for Hunkins sent a cordial statement to the papers, acknowledging defeat and assuring us of the organization support, but not attempting in any way to interfere in our plans or campaign. His men kept on the job at his direction, and his coöperation was effective but in no way compromising to my independent status.

I made many speeches; Mayfield, Dowd and Miss Crawford worked continuously; and Steve Fox, who had gone back to his newspaper desk, filled the News with Talbot articles, because now that Perkins was beaten the News supported me enthusiastically. I omitted the Perkins condemnation from my speeches, and went after Spearle. The opposition newspapers were frantically for Spearle and assailed me bitterly, but that didn't bother me. I was used to newspaper attacks by that time.

I saw Miss Crawford at the headquarters every day, and angled assiduously for some evidence of more than a casual interest in me. She was cordial always, and sometimes more than that, I thought, but I couldn't prove to myself anything but friendliness, often as I analyzed every look and every remark after I had talked to her.

On Election Night dad arranged to have the returns sent to the house and gave a party. All our campaign committee were there, and some of his friends. The good news began to come soon after the polls closed, and by nine o'clock my election by a big majority was assured.

It was a joyous and jubilant gathering. Dad was so tickled he became almost inarticulate. People crowded round me and congratulated me, calling me "Mister Mayor" and otherwise pleasantly disporting themselves. After many trials and various excuses I managed to attract Miss Crawford to the library, which was unoccupied because the refreshments were in another place. I had worked up courage to put my hopes into something more than secret language. I had planned a most effective, as I thought, plea to make to her, which was mostly about needing her to help me continue the work now so well begun. I tried to say it but couldn't.

Instead I stammered, stumbled and finally managed to emit a banal: "I have something to say to you."

"I know it," she said, "and I wish you wouldn't."

She smiled kindly but not at all affectionately at me.

"Why not?" I asked, hurt and surprised. "I am going—that is, I want to ——"

"Don't do it," she said earnestly. "What you intend to ask me is to be the wife of the future mayor, isn't it?"

"Yes, but how do you know?"

"Women have ways of knowing those things—even political women," she laughed. "But forgive me! I do not mean to joke about it. I am sorry, very sorry, but what you seek is impossible."

"Why is it impossible?" I asked, with all the joy of my election gone out of me.

"Because," she said, smiling radiantly, "I am going to be the wife of the future senator from this state."

"Who?" I gasped.

"Tommy Dowd."

That was a facer. I never even suspected it.

I rallied as well as I could and took her by both her hands.

"I am glad," I told her, and I meant it too, "so long as it can't be me that it will be Tommy Dowd."

"I know you are," she said.

Just then I heard Steve Fox calling: "George, where are you? Come here."

"Come here, you," I answered, and Steve came in.

"Where's Tommy?" I asked him.

"Outside somewhere."

"Bring him in here."

Steve was back in a moment with Dowd.

"Tommie," I said, "I congratulate you. You are the biggest winner in this—the luckiest man of the lot."

"How so?" he asked.

"You have elected your man mayor, you have organized your soldiers, and you are going to marry Miss Crawford."

Dowd blushed like a girl.

"Who told you?" he asked.

"Miss Crawford did," I said; "so I think it's authentic."

"But," said Dowd, "we didn't——"

"Hurray!" interrupted Steve. "No matter what you did or didn't. You are—that's the point. And"—turning to me—"I never guessed it and it's been going on right under our eyes all this time."

"You have nothing on me, Steve," I admitted ruefully. "I never did either."

"That being the case," said Steve, "the place for two such poor guessers is outside. Come on; you're needed there and you are not needed here."

As he led me out I heard a band blaring, and the tramp of many feet.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Your constituents are arriving to remind you of those jobs you promised."

"Speech! Speech!" cried the crowd.

Steve pushed me out on the porch, and dad's guests ranged themselves behind me. I made my speech to an enthusiastic and admiring audience, but there were two persons who might have listened but who did not. I refer to Miss Esther Crawford and Thomas James Dowd.

(THE END)

(Scene from "Tom Sawyer")
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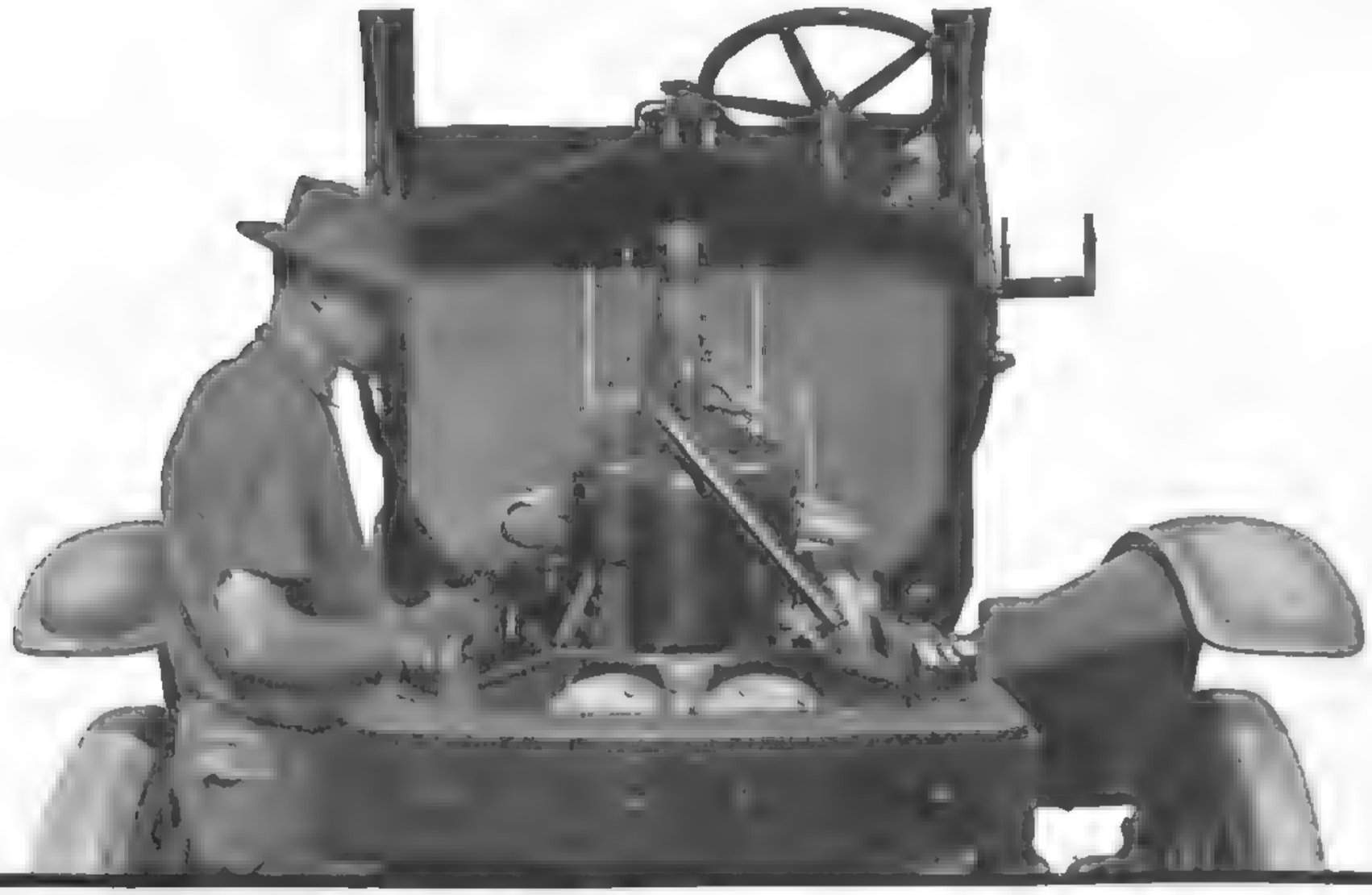

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GRISWOLD & WALKER, Inc., *By Wellington Walker*

IN WHICH WE BUILD A HOUSE

(Continued from Page 11)

As with taking a bath outdoors, so with sleeping outdoors; this always was my profound conviction. I had a number of arguments, all good arguments I thought, to offer in support of my position. To begin with, I am what might be called a sincere sleeper, a whole-souled sleeper. I have been told that when I am sleeping and the windows are open everybody in the vicinity knows I am actually sleeping and not lying there tossing about restlessly upon my bed. I would not go so far as to say that I snore, but like most deep thinkers I breathe heavily when asleep. On board a sleeping car I have been known to breathe even more heavily than the locomotive did. I know of this only by hearsay but when twenty or thirty passengers, all strangers to you, unite in a common statement to the same effect you are bound to admit, if you have any sense of fairness in your make-up, that there must be an element of truth in what they allege.

Very well then, let us concede that I sleep with the muffler cut out. In view of this fact I have felt that I would not care to sleep in the open where my style of sleeping might invite adverse comment. In such a matter I try to have a proper consideration for the feelings of others. Indeed I carried it to such a point that when we lived in the closely congested city, with neighboring flat dwellers just across a narrow courtyard, I placed the head of my bed in such a position that I might do the bulk of my breathing up the chimney.

The Snowdrift Sleeper

Besides—so I was wont to argue—what in thunder was the good of having a comfortable cozy bedroom with steam heat and everything in it, and a night lamp for reading if one felt like reading and a short cut down to the pantry if one felt hungry in the small hours, and then on a cold night deliberately to crawl out on a wind-swept porch hung against the outer wall of the house and sleep there? I once knew one of these sleeping-porch fiends who was given to boasting that in wintertime he often woke to find the snow had drifted in on the top of him while he slept. He professed to like the sensation; he bragged about it. From his remarks you gleaned that his idea of a really attractive boudoir was the polar bear's section up at the Bronx Zoo. I was sorry his name had not been Moe instead of Joe—which was what it was—because if it had only been the former I had thought up a clever play on words. I was going to catch him in company and trap him into boasting about loving to sleep in a snowdrift and then I was going to call him Eskimo, which should have been good for a laugh every time it was spontaneously sprung on a fresh audience.

In short, taking one thing with another, I have never favored sleeping porches. But after listening to friends who either had them or who were so sorry they didn't have them that they were determined we should have a full set of them on our house, we concurred in the consensus of opinion and decided to cast aside old prejudices and to have them at all hazards. I believe in the rule of the majority—of course with a few private reservations from time to time, as for instance, when the majority gets carried away by this bone-dry notion.

We incorporated sleeping porches and vistas through and sun parlors and a hundred other things—more or less—into the plan. Obeying the wills of stronger natures than ours, we figuratively knocked out walls and then on subsequent and what appeared to be superior counsel figuratively stuck them back in again. We lifted the roof for air and we lowered it for style. We tiled the floors and then untiled them and put down beautiful mental hardwood all over the place. We rejected paneled wainscotings in favor of rough-cast plaster and then abolished the plaster for something in the nature of a smooth finish for our walls. By direction we tacked on an ell here and an annex there. If we had kept all the additions which at one period or another we were quite sure we must keep in order to make our home complete we should have had a house entirely unsuitable for persons of our position in life to reside in, but could have made considerable sums of money by renting it out to national conventions.

On one point and only one point did we remain adamant. Otherwise we were as clay in the hands of the potter, as flax to the loom of the weaver; but there we were as adamant as an ant. We concurred in the firm and unswervable decision that—no matter what else we might have or might not have in our house—we would not have a den in it. By den I mean one of those cubby-holes opening off a living room or an entrance hall that is fitted up with woolly hangings and an Oriental smoking set where people are supposed to go and sit when they wish to be comfortable—only nobody in his right mind ever does. In my day I have done too much of traveling on the Pullman of commerce to crave to have a section of one in my home. Call them dens if you will; I know a sleeping-car compartment when I see it, even though it be thinly disguised by a pair of trading-stamp scimitars crossed over the door and a couple of mail-order steins sitting on a shelf. Several earnest advocates of the den theory tried their persuasive powers on us, but each time one or the other of us turned a deaf ear. When her deaf ear was tired from turning I would turn mine a while, and vice versa. There is no den in our home. Except over my dead body there never shall be one.

While on this general subject I may add that if anybody succeeds in sticking a Japanese catalpa on our lawn it will also be necessary to remove my lifeless but still mutely protesting remains before going ahead with the planting. I have accepted the new state income tax in the spirit in which it seems to be meant—namely, to confiscate any odd farthings that may still be knocking round the place after the Federal income tax has been paid, and a very sound notion too. What is money for if it isn't for legislators to spend? Should the Prohibitionists put through the seizure-and-search law as a national measure I suppose in time I may get accustomed to waking up and finding a zealous gent with a badge and one of those long prehensile noses especially adapted for poking into other people's businesses, such as so many professional uplifters have, prowling through the place on the lookout for a small private bottle labeled "Spirits Aromatic Ammonia, Aged in the Wood." With the passage of time I may become really enthusiastic over the prospect of having my baggage ransacked for contraband essences every time I cross the state line. My taste in pyjamas has been favorably commented on and there is no reason why my fellow travelers should not enjoy a treat as the inspector dumps the contents of the top tray out on the car floor. The main thing is to get used to whatever it is that we have to get used to.

Out Upon Trick Trees!

But I have a profound conviction that in the matter of a Japanese catalpa on the lawn, just as in the matter of a den opening off the living room and taking up the space which otherwise would make a first-rate umbrella-and-galosh closet, I could never hope to get used. Nor do I yearn for a weeping mulberry tree about the premises. I dislike its prevalent shape and the sobbing sound it makes when especially moved by the distress which chronically afflicts the sensitive thing. Nature and a previous owner endowed our abandoned farm with a plenteous selection of certain deciduous growths common to the temperate zone—elms and maples and black walnuts and hickories and beeches and birches and dogwoods and locusts; also pines and hemlocks and cedars and spruces. What the good Lord designed as suitable arboreal adornment for the eastern seaboard is good enough for me. I have no desire to clutter up the small section of North America to which I hold the title deeds with trees which do not match in with the rest of North America. I should as soon think of putting a pagoda on top of Pike's Peak or connecting the Thousand Islands with a system of pergolas.

Having got that out of my system, let us get off the grounds and back to the house proper. As I was remarking just before being diverted from the main line, a den was about the only voluntary offering which we positively refused to take over. Every other notion of whatsoever nature was duly adopted and duly carried on to the architect. He was a wonderful man. All architects, I am convinced, must be wonderful men, but him I would call one of the pick of his breed. How he managed to make practical use of some of the ideas we brought

© Drawn for True Shape Hosiery Co

What's the Secret?

Many a man and woman forget that it is often the smaller articles of one's attire that after all bespeak the careful wardrobe.

The secret of good hosiery is the property of all who but take the trouble to remember that quality and style invariably find their most pleasing culmination in two words—*TRUE SHAPE.*

In women's *TRUE SHAPE* HOSIERY the patented "cross-stitch" at garter top prevents "runs."

If your dealer doesn't handle *TRUE SHAPE*, write us and we will tell you of one who does.

TRUE SHAPE

Wherever you are you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on this trade-mark on each pair.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY COMPANY
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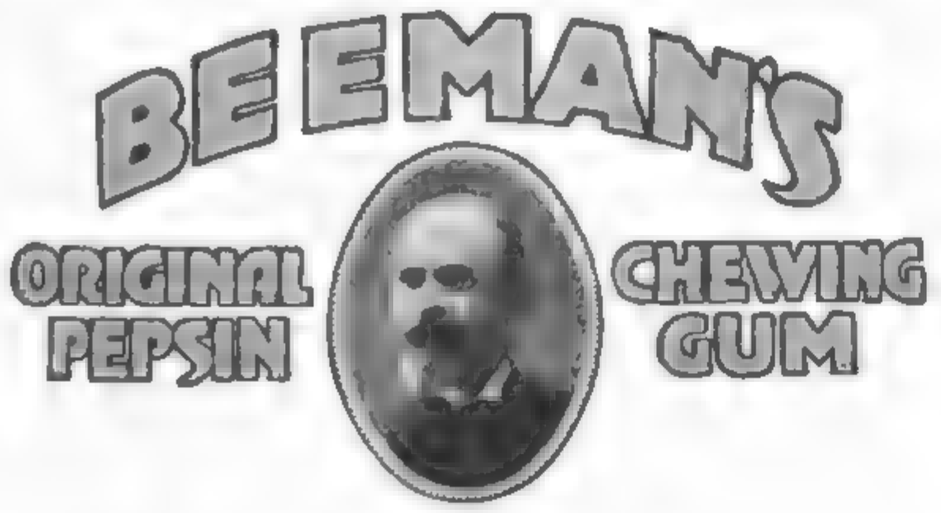

An Aid to Digestion

I HAVE found that many people by the routine use of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal find that it aids their digestion, because the chewing of the gum stimulates the flow of saliva which is so necessary to the proper digestion of food.

This applies with particular force and emphasis to business men and business women, who often attribute to other causes a decrease in their efficiency, while the fact of this let-down is due entirely to some slight form of indigestion.

D. E. Beeman

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

to him and fit them into the plan; how without hurting our feelings or the feelings of our friends he succeeded in curing us of sundry delusions we had acquired; how he succeeded in confining the ground plan to a scale which would not make the Grand Central Station seem in comparison a puny and inconsequential edifice; and how taking a number of the suggestions which came to him and rejecting the others he yet preserved the structural balance and the suitable proportions which he had had in his mind all along—these, to my way of thinking, approximate the Eighth Wonder. No, it is the first wonder; the remaining seven finish place, show and also ran.

After a season of debate, compromise and conciliation, when the gray in his hair had perceptibly thickened and the lines in his face had deepened, though still he wore his chronic patient smile which makes strangers like him, the final specifications were blue-printed and the work was started. A lady to whom I have the honor of being very closely related by marriage removed the first shovel load of loam from the contemplated excavation. She is not what you would call a fancy shoveler and the net result of her labor, I should say offhand, was about a heaping dessert-spoonful of topsoil. Had I guessed what that inconsequential pinch of earth would subsequently mean to us in joy I should have put it in a snuffbox and carried it about with me as the first tangible souvenir of a great accomplishment and a reminder to me never again to look slightingly upon small things. Bulk does not necessarily imply ultimate achievement. If Tom Thumb had been two feet taller and eighteen inches broader than he was I doubt whether he would have been such a success as a dwarf.

Why Concrete Was Scarce

Well, we reared the foundations and then one fine April morning our country abandoned its policy of watchful waiting for one of swatful hating. While we were at war it did not seem patriotic to try to go ahead. There was another reason—a variety of reasons rather. Very soon labor was not to be had, or materials either. Take the detail of concrete. Now that the last war is over and the next war not as yet started, I violate no confidence and betray no trust in stating that one of our chief military secrets had to do with this seemingly harmless product. We were shooting concrete at the Germans. In large quantities it was fatal; in small mussy. And while the Germans were digging the gummy stuff out of their eyes and their hair our fellows would swarm over the top and capture them. And if you are not sure that I am telling the exact truth regarding this I only wish you had tried during active hostilities—as I did—to buy a few jorums and noggins of concrete. Trying would have made a true believer of you too. And the same might be said for steel girders and cow hair to put into plaster so it will stick, and ten-penny nails. We were firing all these things at the enemy. It must have disconcerted him terribly to be expecting high explosives and have a keg of ten-penny nails burst in his midst. Without desire to detract from the glory of the other branches of the service, I am of the opinion that it was ten-penny nails that won the war. And in bringing about this splendid result I did my share by not buying any in large amount for going on eighteen months.

I couldn't.

War having come and concrete having gone, the contractor on our little job knocked off operations until such time as Germany had been cured of what principally ailed her. Even through the delay, though, we found pleasure in our project. We would perch perilously upon the top of the jagged walls and enjoy the view the while we imagined we sat in our finished dream house. We could see it, even if no one else could. In rainy weather we brought umbrellas along. The fact that a passer-by beheld us thus on a showery afternoon I suppose was responsible for the report which spread through the vicinity that a couple of lunatics were roosting on some stone ruins halfway up the side of Mott's Mountain. We didn't mind though. The great creators of this world have ever been the victims of popular misunderstanding. Sir Isaak Walton, sitting under an apple tree and through the falling of an apple discovering the circulation of the blood, is to us a splendid figure of genius; but I have no doubt the neighbors said at the time that he would have been much better employed helping Mrs. W. with the housework. And probably there was a lot of loose and scornful talk when Benjamin Franklin went out in a thunderstorm with a kite and a brass key and fussed round among the darting lightning bolts until he was as wet as a rag and then came home and tried to dry his sopping feet before one of those old-fashioned open fireplaces so common in that period. But what was the result? The Franklin heater—that's what. With such historic examples behind us, what cared we though the tongue of slander wagged while we inhabited our site with the leaky heavens for a roof to our parlor and the far horizons for its wall. Not to everyone is vouchsafed the double boon of spending long happy days in one's home and at the same time keeping out in the open air.

On the day the United Press scooped the opposition by announcing the cessation of hostilities some days before the hostilities really cessated, thereby scoring one of the greatest jounalistic beats since the Millerites prognosticated the end of the world, giving day, date and hour somewhat prematurely in advance of that interesting event, which as a matter of fact has not taken place yet—on that memorable day the country at large celebrated the advent of peace. We also celebrated the peace, but on a personal account we celebrated something else besides. We celebrated the prospect of an early resumption of work in the construction of our house.

During the months that followed I have learned a lot about the intricacies and the mysteries of house building. Beforehand, in my ignorance I figured that the preliminary plans might be stretched out or contracted in to suit the shifting mood of the designer and the sudden whim of his client, but that once the walls went up and the beams went across and the rafters came down both parties were thereafter bound by set metes and bounds. Not at all. I have discovered that there is nothing more plastic than brickwork, nothing more elastic than a girder. A carpenter spends days of his time and dollars of your money fitting and joining a certain section of framework; that is to say, he engages in such craftsmanship when not sharpening his saw. It has been my observation that the average conscientious carpenter allows forty per cent of his eight-hour day to saw sharpening. It must be a joy to him to be able to give so much time daily to putting nice keen teeth in a saw, knowing that somebody else is paying him for it at the rate of ninety cents an hour. Watching him at work in intervals between saw filing, you get from him the impression that unless this particular angle of the wooden skeleton is articulated just so the whole structure will come tumbling down some day when least expected. At length he gets the job done to his satisfaction and goes elsewhere.

Pestering an Inoffensive Orifice

Along comes a steam fitter and he, whistling merrily the while, takes a chisel or an adze or an ax and just bodaciously haggles a large ragged orifice into the carpenter's masterpiece. Through the hole he runs a Queen Rosamond's maze of iron pipes. He then departs and the carpenter is called back to the scene of the mutilation. After sharpening his saw some more in a restrained and contemplative manner, he patches up the wound as best he can. Enter, then, the boss plumber accompanied by a helper. The boss plumber finds a comfortable two-by-four to sit on and does sit thereon and lights up his pipe and while he smokes and directs operations the assistant or understudy, with edged tools provided for that purpose, tears away some of the cadaver's most important ribs and several joints of its spinal column for the forthcoming insertion of various concealed fixtures.

Following the departure of these assassins the patient carpenter returns and to the best of his ability reduces all the compound fractures that he conveniently can get at, following which he sharpens his saw—not the big saw which he sharpened from eight-forty-five to ten-fifteen o'clock this morning but the little buttonhole saw which he has not sharpened since yesterday afternoon; this done, he calls it a day and goes home to teach his little son Elmer, who expects to follow in the paternal footsteps, the rudiments of the art of filing a saw without being in too much of a hurry about

(Concluded on Page 137)

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

Tell Her With Ivory Py-ra-lin

The pure mellow ivory-like beauty of this dainty toilet-ware holds an instant appeal to the feminine heart. Its charming usefulness tells a silent story of thoughtful consideration.

IVORY PY-RA-LIN

is a most intimate gift—one that will bring a joyous exclamation of delight to her lips. Our classic Du Barry design is beautiful beyond compare. It may be had in single pieces or complete sets at the better class shops everywhere. Look for the mark Ivory Py-ra-lin daintily stamped on every genuine piece. Du Barry is the style mark. Look for it also.

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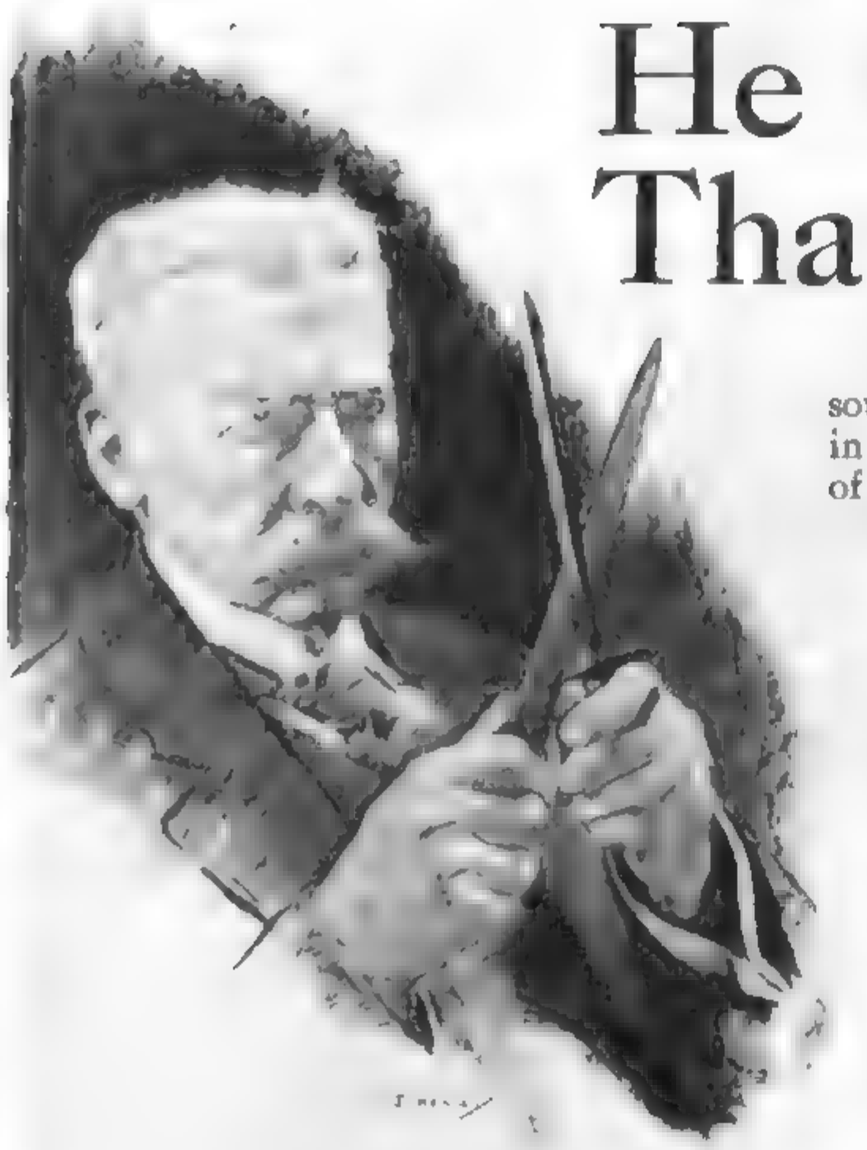


He Can Carve It Better Than He Can Chew It

Every time that he sees a person with strong, sound teeth enjoying a beefsteak, how he regrets that in his youth he neglected his teeth. For the list of things that one with defective teeth can't eat is a long and sad one.

He is not wholly to blame for the loss of so many of his teeth and the impairment of the others comparatively early in life. For, in his young days, he wasn't told about "Acid-Mouth," and "Acid-Mouth," it seems, was his trouble. A condition so mild that it is tasteless—yet so tireless that it gradually weakens the enamel, and in time causes cavities through which germs enter and destroy the soft, interior pulp, *the very life of a tooth.*

The condition is gradual, and so it took years for his sound, fine teeth to go. But go they did, for he did not do anything to check "Acid-Mouth."

PEBECO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

TOOTH PASTE

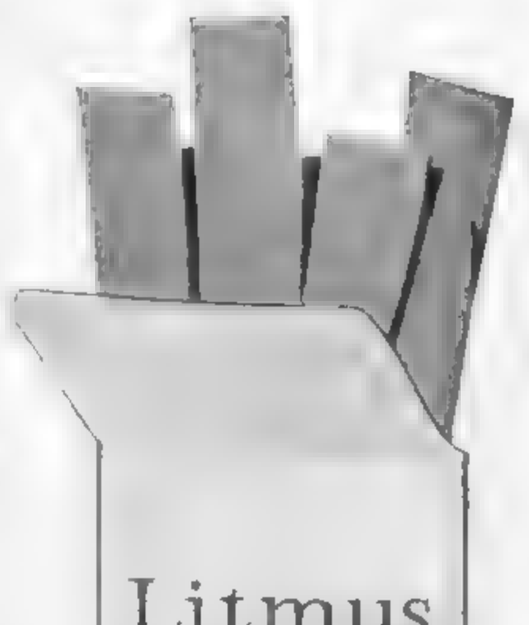
Counteracts "Acid-Mouth"

Profit by this man's experience. Learn whether you have "Acid-Mouth," which dental authorities believe to be the chief cause of tooth decay. Read Litmus Test Paper offer below, and make this test.

If you discover that you are one of the 95 in 100 who are said to have "Acid-Mouth," get a tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste right away. Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth" because it stimulates the normal flow of saliva, which, as you know, is distinctly alkaline and therefore the most natural and effective means of neutralizing unfavorable mouth acids.

Pebeco contains materials so fine and non-irritating that they will not scratch the enamel or injure the delicate mouth membranes. Yet they certainly do all that the ingredients of a good dentifrice should do. Pebeco helps to whiten and polish the teeth, to break up harmful protein plaques, to remove tartar and the slimy or glutinous coatings deposited on the teeth from the saliva, and to invigorate the gums and refresh the whole interior of the mouth. Use Pebeco regularly, and have your teeth examined twice a year by your dentist.

Pebeco is for sale by all druggists



Sent Free

Send today for Free Litmus Test Papers and ten-day Trial Tube of Pebeco.

Moisten one of the blue Litmus Test Papers on your tongue. Remove it, and if it turns pink you have "Acid-Mouth." If it remains blue, your mouth is normal. A second test with the papers after using Pebeco will show you how Pebeco tends to counteract the condition.

OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND

Lehn & Fink New York

120 William Street

(Concluded from Page 134)

it, which after all is the main point in this department of the carpentering profession.

And the next day the plumber remembers where he left his sack of smoking tobacco, or the steam fitter's attention is directed to the fact that when he stuck in the big pipe like a bass tuba he forgot to insert alongside it the little pipe like a piccolo, and therefore it becomes necessary to maltreat the already thrice-mangled remains of woodwork. A month or so later the plasterers arrive—they were due in a week, but a plasterer who showed up when he was expected or any time within a month after he had solemnly promised on his sacred word of honor that he meant to show up would have his card taken away from him and be put out of the union. Hours after Gabriel has blown his trump for the last call it is going to be incumbent upon the little angel bell hops to go and page the plasterers, else they won't get there for judgment at all.

Be that as it may and undoubtedly will be, in a month or so the plasterers arrive, wearing in streaks the same effects in laid-on complexion that so many of the season's débutantes are wearing all over their faces. The chief plasterer looks over the prospect and decides that in order to insure a smooth and unbroken surface for his plaster coat the plumbing and the heating connections must have their elbows tucked in a few notches, which ultimatum naturally requires the good offices of the carpenter, first to snatch out and afterward to hammer back into some sort of alignment the shreds and fragments of his original job. When this sort of thing, with variations, has gone on through a period of months a house has become an intricate and complicated fabric of patchworks and mosaics held together, as nearly as a layman can figure, by the power of cohesion and the pressures of dead weights. The amazing part of it is that it stays put. I am quite sure that our house will stay put, because despite the vagaries—perhaps I should say the morbid curiosity—of various artificers intent on taking the poor thing apart every little while it was constructed of materials which as humans compute mutabilities are reasonably permanent in their basic characters.

It was our desire to have a new house that would look like an old house; a yearning in which the architect heartily concurred, he having a distaste for the slick, shiny, look-out-for-the-paint look which is common enough in American country houses. In this ambition a combination of circumstances served our ends. For the lower walls we looted two of the ancient stone fences which meandered aimlessly across the face of our acres. According to local tradition, those fences dated back to pre-Revolutionary days; they were bearded thick with lichens and their faces were scored and seamed. In laying them up we were fortunate enough to find and hire a stonemason who was part artificer but mostly real artist—an Italian, with the good taste in masonry which seems to be inherent in his countrymen: only in this case the good taste was developed to a very high degree. Literally he would fondle a stone whose color and contour appealed to him and his final dab with the trowel of mortar was in the nature of a caress.

On top of this find came another and even luckier one. Three miles away was an abandoned brickyard. Once an extensive busy plant, it had lain idle for many years. Lately it had been sold and the new owners were now preparing to salvage the material it contained. Thanks to the forethought of the architect, we secured the pick of these pickings. From old pits we exhumed fine hard brick which had been stacked there for a generation, taking on those colors and that texture which only long exposure to wind and rain and sun can give to brick. These went into our upper walls. For a lower price than knotty, wavy, fresh-cut half-green spruce would have cost us at a lumberyard, modern prices and lumberyards being what they are, we stripped from the old kiln sheds beautiful clear North Carolina boards, seasoned and staunch. These were for the rough flooring and the sheathing. The same treasure mine provided us with iron bars for reënforcing; with heavy beams and splendid thick wide rafters; with fire brick glazed over by clays and minerals which in a molten state had flowed down their surfaces; with girders and underpinnings of better grade and greater weight than any housebuilder of moderate means can afford these times. Finally, for roofing we procured old field slates of all colors and thicknesses and all sizes; and these by intent were laid on in irregular catch-as-catch-can fashion, suggestive when viewed at a little distance of the effect of thatching. Another Italian, a wood carver this time, craftily cut the scrolled beam ends which show beneath our friendly eaves and in the shadows of our gables. It was necessary only to darken with stains the newly gouged surfaces; the rest had been antiqued already by fifty years of Hudson River climate. Before the second beam was in place a wren was building her nest on the sloped top of the first one.

She's still there housekeeping, the wren is, only now it is her second brood for the year that she is rearing and she is not to be the sole occupant of the premises any longer. We are moving into our house—the house which outside is old but which inside is new with the ever-newness of a home which has been fashioned for the use and under the proud jealous eyes of the persons who will occupy it and into which one way or another has been incorporated an adaptation of their own conception of what a livable home place should be—and as I said before—the conceptions of nearly all their friends as well.

In another article, shortly forthcoming, it is my intention to take my readers into my confidence touching on the trials and travails we have encountered in the job of finishing Our House. I capitalize the words because we think of them in capital letters.

My readers, therefore, will kindly contain themselves with as much patience as in view of this promise they can muster up.

"X" LIQUID permanently repairs leaky motor car cooling systems

WHY LAY UP your car and spend anywhere up to $25 for soldering—when "X" Liquid will do a *better* and *quicker* job at far *less cost?*

Soldering *weakens* the delicate radiator walls. "X" Liquid *strengthens* them; and prevents *future* trouble from leaks.

"X" is simply poured into the radiator. It finds every leak or break in the radiator, pump, connections, water jacket or elsewhere; and it makes a repair that stands 2,000 pounds pressure!

Eliminates Rust and Scale

"X" Liquid *loosens* the Rust and Scale that now choke the water passages. It prevents *new* Rust from forming. It does not allow scale to settle on the walls and hold the heat in the engine. In this way the narrow water passages are kept *clean*, oil is *saved*, cooling is *improved* and the motor *performs better*.

Not a Radiator Cement

Flaxseed meals, glue or similar solid substances either in powder or liquid form floating in the water, clog the delicate passages and cause trouble.

Be safe. Ask for the original "X" Liquid.

STANDARD SIZE—$1.50
Will Do $25.00 in Repair Work
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At your dealer's or mailed direct on receipt of price.

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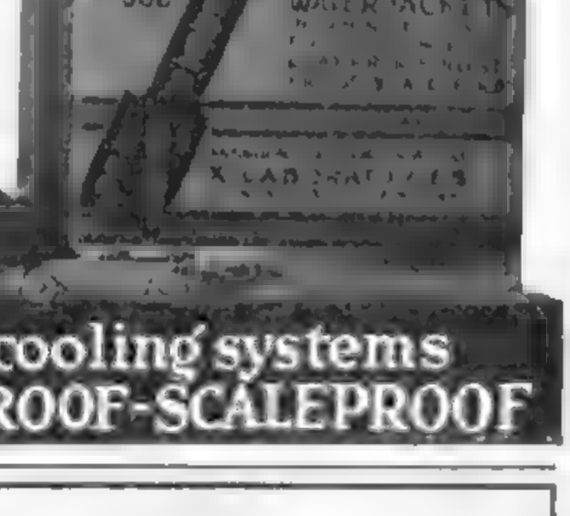

Makes all water cooling systems
LEAKPROOF-RUSTPROOF-SCALEPROOF

$5,000 A YEAR

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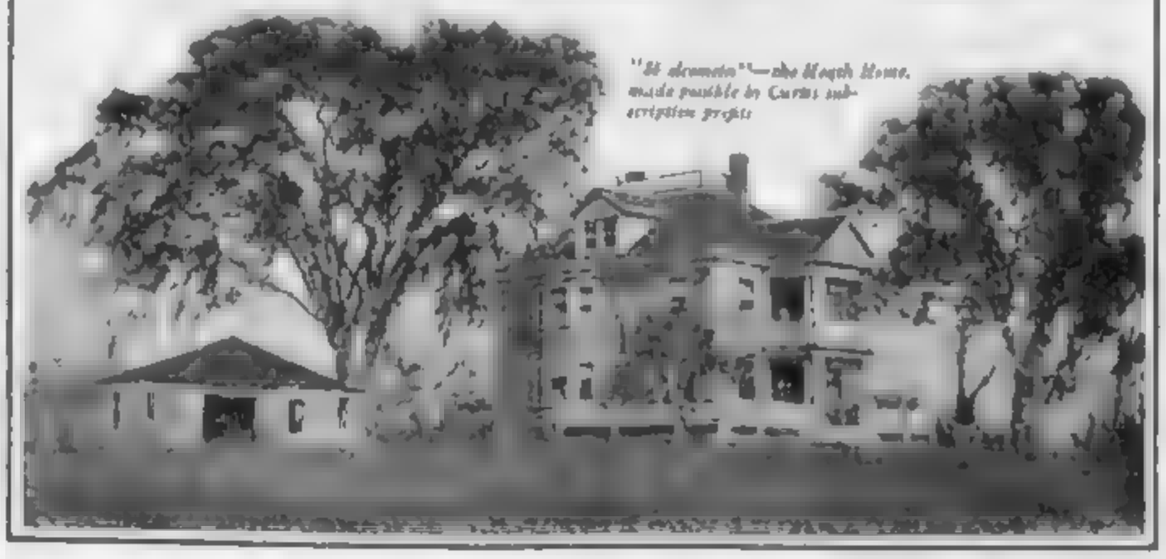
It was not so many years ago that Mr. Alexander Heath, of Massachusetts, first thought of serving as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. But in those years his Curtis profits besides providing well for his wife and the little Heaths, have brought him the big Heath farm, pictured below, a summer bungalow at the shore, an automobile and a power cruiser. More than that, they have built up a $5000 income to insure the permanence of his accomplishments.

YOU CAN DO AS WELL

Your opportunity to achieve an income is as good. The magazine business is phenomenally thriving, and we need more men and women everywhere to take care of the increased demand and look after our renewals. If you have only a few hours a week to spare you can quickly earn the extra comforts that will make your life happier. Besides building up a business that will be a source of permanent ever increasing profit to you. *Write us today; we will show you our short cut to prosperity.*

The Curtis Publishing Co.
414 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pa.



"At eleven"—the Heath Home, made possible by Curtis subscription profits

Announcement

For over a decade Ford owners have wanted closed-car luxury without the large first cost that goes with it.

They have wanted a Ford top that could instantly be converted into a closed or open car without the disagreeable work of fastening and unfastening curtains.

There has been developed now a practical, convenient method of assuring closed-car luxury with either a Ford Touring Car or Roadster.

It is called the Ustus Limousette because it truly transforms a Ford into a Limousine of striking appearance.

The USTUS Limousette is tailored to fit the Ford Car perfectly, and due to its unique design there are absolutely no alterations to be made in the body or top of your car.

At a light touch, a roller window at each door, of sturdy and permanent construction, rolls up out of sight.

Thus the car can instantly be converted from a cozy closed car in winter to an open car for the breezes of summer. It also keeps out the dust and rain and assures clear vision.

The Ustus Limousette weighs only 40 pounds—can be used in connection with your Ford Top and installed in an hour.

Ask the Ustus Dealer in your town to demonstrate its advantages. If there is not a Ustus Dealer in your locality write us directly.

DAFOE-EUSTICE CO. *Manufacturers*
1193 W. Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Builders of the Ustus Limousette

Makers of the only Standardized Guaranteed line of Protective Canvas Covers.

NOTE: We desired to use full page advertisements in The Saturday Evening Post for advertising USTUS Products but inasmuch as the space could not be obtained we felt it our duty to so inform USTUS Distributors and Dealers.

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The price is only
$46.00 for Touring Car
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F. O. B. Detroit

USTUS Limousette FOR FORDS

Pat. Appld. For

YE ENGLISH BUTLER AND HIS MERRIE FOOTMEN

(Continued from Page 14)

But why should not the housemaid and scullery maid and tweeny—she who flutters between kitchen and servants' bedrooms—why should they not prefer the specialized tasks and exact hours, light mostly? And the sense of freedom that comes as the factory bell rings and doors and gates close for the night?

I speak only of what I remember, of the old comfortable days when the following telegram to Grimes or to Mrs. Stokes guaranteed the perfect welcome of Great Oaks or Wedgely Manor or Puffington Hall: "Arriving at four-thirty. Prepare Peacock and Wedgwood rooms, also Haunted Tower. Two visiting maids, one valet. Eight to dinner. Best sherry." Upon arrival at four-thirty the tea table shimmered and steamed in the library or great hall or rose garden, muffins and seed cake and jam were waiting—not one minute too long—flowers beautifully arranged everywhere, fires leaping if in winter, hot-water jugs in Peacock and Wedgwood rooms and Haunted Tower, more flowers, more dancing flames! And dinner for eight already in preparation, fried sole or whiting—their tails tucked with a last mournful playfulness into their mouths—roast fowl with bread sauce or Southdown mutton and jelly, followed by a wonderful pudding or brown-bread ice and still more wonderfully preserved Gorgonzola cheese and the best sherry.

The good old comfortable days!

I am told the butlers are still willing to buttle—but Charles and James come back from the trenches with other ideas.

Henry wears lieutenant's or captain's straps, John and Thomas, military crosses. And the butler falls inevitably to the ground without Lieutenant Henry and Captain John and Hero Thomas; Charles has gone into some banking or other business house and James—alas, where are James and George and big broad-shouldered Frederick?

Besides, what of the increased prices of everything? I take it the appetites of the staff have not decreased to meet the emergency.

And now I come to that all-important topic, the meals in the well-conducted English household; and after eighteen years of housekeeping in England and a good deal of personal observation of other households during that time I assert again I speak of that which I remember.

To begin with, there is the early cup of tea, black with strength, which enables the uppers to get up. Imagination fails to picture the result of that early cup's omission. I believe the experiment has never been tried. Breakfast at eight—and a solid meal of comfort it is; eggs and bacon, or kippers or finnan haddie or sausage—always sausage on Sunday—jam, bread and butter and more of the bitterly reënforcing tea. The staff then slips away—how easily, almost automatically, it slips away—to its respective duties. But—respective they must be!

"Those are Charlotte's floors," says Milly, kindly but distinctly.

"Charles draws the curtains on the second floor," says Thomas.

"Sarah draws the curtains on the third floor," says Charles.

I shall learn in time—and in the interim I repress an apologetic remark and a desire to draw the curtains myself and get it over.

And now comes a strange little meal, or rather nibble, answering to the Christian name of elevens, undoubtedly derived from the fact that it takes place at eleven o'clock precisely. Even the lady's maid finds an opportunity to slip down just for a moment. 'Tis the witching hour of cocoa, of bread and butter, a little cake perhaps, a glass of beer for the stalwarts of the staff.

Dinner is at twelve-thirty, the real meal of the day. Here come the great roasts, mutton or beef, pork or veal, the potatoes and greens, the milky puddings or roly-polies, the crusty apple tarts. There is no further thought of food, I am assured, until five o'clock, when there is a happy little gathering of the Nibelungen for afternoon tea. This, needless to say, consists of the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, helped along its downward course by bountiful slices of bread and butter, plum or seed cake and jam

Supper is at nine. I, who started on the subject of the meals so jauntily, little realized the length of the expedition, but once started it must be pursued to the last crumb.

I am in blood,
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

The midday roast turns a red cold shoulder, there is a cracking of pallid joints; perhaps cook in a genial mood has hotted up these aforesaid dainties or sends in bits from the master's table, bringing their message of good cheer from the upper world; more potatoes, more tea, salad, cheese.

The story is told.

"Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose"—with a glass of beer or milk on the way to bed perhaps.

Food prices have doubled, some have trebled, in England. Coal is difficult to obtain. Town and country houses are being closed, many are in the market, hotels are filled to overflowing. And I understand.

And now I come to that typically English institution—unheard of in any other country, I believe—the housekeeper's room, commonly called the "room."

The house that does not possess a "room" is in the same unfortunate position as the man who through no fault of his own is in slight social disrepute. For without the "room" the uppers must sit at meals and associate during the hours of the staff's *dolce far niente* with the lowers in their room, the servants' hall.

Both uppers and lowers dislike this arrangement intensely, and though in many cases an extra man's bedroom is lost in the basement, everyone seems to prefer this loss. The first footman will sleep in the pantry, washing blithely in the sink while glass and silver wait their turn; the second footman, or 'all boy, or hodd man, doubles up in the servants' hall—in a folding bed often hastily folded in the morning, unmade, unaired, while breakfast is served. The lowers consider this a mere incident of everyday life; to be without a "room" is a dark-eyed blot on the honor of the establishment.

What is the "room" really? It is the House of Lords of the British household, nothing more and certainly nothing else. Here reign and rule, expand and relax, the upper classes of belowstairs, the housekeeper, butler, lady's maid, valet and groom of the chambers—this decorative being, a picturesque cross between a butler and valet, existing in many of the good houses, though far from a necessary evil.

Here they breakfast, eleven, and partly dine, after mixing with the commoners over the joint and greens—for only the butler carves; but with the arrival of the pudding the House of Lords rises, sometimes with their plates of pudding in their hands, sometimes to seek it; at all events it is eaten in the "room." And here of course they tea and sup.

And at the head of this traditioned and, to a stranger, complicated house government, over the two Houses, serene in his efficiency and in his dignity and his knowledge of how to live and help others to live, from master and mistress down to the humble hall boy, is the butler. Some have tried to do without him. Neat-capped parlor maids occasionally take his place in the more radical houses, which harbor what he calls "curious hideas" and dream of "carrying them hout," as he adds significantly. The triumphant fact remains that no English household is truly English without him or truly completely comfortable—and well he knows it.

"Hunderstand one thing," he says to cook, who has dared to defy his authority. "hunderstand this one thing, Mrs. Starling: First Hi comes. Hand then—for a long time—nothing comes. Hand then"—pausing impressively—"you comes!"

How smoothly it all worked, how orderly, how controlled it all was!

"Oh, Barrett, I don't think I'm going to like Frederick," I say one day, apropos of the new footman.

Barrett looks at me sorrowfully.

"Don't you, M'Lady?" he answers. "'E's a willin' lad. Give 'im a little time, M'Lady. 'E 'asn't got used to Your Ladyship's ways yet per'aps."

(Concluded on Page 141)

Your Favorite Milk Chocolate Caramels Cream Candy

—made with Powdered Milk

IT is milk that gives the delicious flavor to milk chocolates and the tender consistency and light color to the best caramels.

Better results are obtained in making these confections with powdered milk than with liquid milk.

The reason is simple.

Milk is ⅞ water and ⅛ solids. When fluid milk is used in a batch of candy or milk chocolate, it must be cooked until the greater part of this seven-eighths of water is boiled away. By this time the milk flavor is gone.

Powdered milk can be added when the batch is nearly cooked, thus saving time in the cooking, and saving the fresh milk flavor, which is so desirable.

Cooked milk does not taste the same as fresh milk, therefore milk that has been made into powder by cooking will not taste like fresh milk when water is added and it has been restored to liquid form.

There is one powdered milk that has not been cooked and in which the original fresh milk flavor has not been changed.

This is called KLIM.

To produce Klim, pure, fresh milk is sprayed in a fine mist into currents of warm air. The water dries immediately and the solid portion of the milk falls like snow.

Spell it Backwards

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

Nothing has touched the milk but air.
Nothing is added.
Nothing taken away except water.
When the water is replaced, Klim is pure, fresh milk again with flavor and character unchanged.

How to get Klim for the Home

Klim in the home is not only a great convenience and economy, but it insures a supply of milk that is always fresh and sweet.

Your pantry becomes your dairy. Small amounts may be dissolved as needed, and each will be as fresh as when it left the factory. You need no ice in summer. It will not freeze in winter. There is no waste.

Deliciousfordrinking—forcoffee,tea, or cocoa—for cooking and baking.

Send the coupon and $1.25 for a pound can of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream) and a pound can of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk. This amount will produce 4 quarts of rich milk and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Syracuse, N.Y.
Largest Producers of Powdered Milk in the World

Production in 1918—15 million pounds, equivalent to 70 million quarts.

Klim Brand Separated Milk Powder is manufactured in Canada by the Canadian Milk Products, Ltd., Toronto

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk

NOTE: This offer and coupon not good after November 30th.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y. 8

Enclosed find One Dollar and twenty-five cents ($1.25)—(checks, money orders or currency accepted), for which send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream) and 1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Name

Address

City State

Merrell-Soule Company

A Message From Barney Oldfield

When, more than four years ago, I set the present world's non-stop road record—304 miles at 86½ miles an hour—motordom marveled at the endurance of my tires.

Yet those tires didn't surprise me.

Through a good many years I had made tires my hobby. I'd studied, I'd experimented, I'd had the best advice of chemists and engineers. The tires I rode that day were built to my own specifications. I knew what to expect from them.

That race merely proved that my hobby had gone far beyond its original purpose.

Tires that could safely stand 300 miles at such terrific speed without a change would, I saw plainly, carry you on many a longer non-stop run.

So I formed my company and made these specially designed Oldfield Tires a commercial product. And today thousands of motorists are getting mileage plus from them.

Equip your car with Oldfields and join this great, growing non-stop host.

Remember that, back of every Oldfield Tire—plain or anti-skid, cord or fabric—is the personal recommendation of

You know me,

Barney Oldfield

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND, O.

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

OLDFIELD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 138)

"How long do you think it will take?" I ask, interested at this point of view, which I admit had not occurred to me.

"Hi usually count on three months to get used to Your Ladyship, M'Lady"; adding hopefully: "'E's a willin' lad. Give 'im a little time, M'Lady."

And I resign myself to the weary waiting. I even try to help things along with a little geniality, the human touch, as it were, in my relations with Frederick.

"I hear Chang barked at a caller today," I say to him as he draws the curtains and unfolds the tea table. "Why, Chang never barks! I wonder why he barked, Frederick? Do you suppose he thought it was I?"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure, what the dog thought, M'Lady," replies Frederick in a dull voice, and the conversation flags.

I have kept house in America the last four years. Swedes have come and Swedes have gone—Gustave gives as the reason of his departure that he has human feelings, Astrid goes because Gustave goes, Bea has never worked for a sweeter woman, but—she goes.

And on special occasions, when the fatted calf is being prepared à la Suedoise, there comes a quick-stepped silent little Englishman to help. His name is Candle and he has worked in good houses, I am told, on the other side.

The teakettle dons a gleaming silver-satin gown and purrs at me with a different intonation from a real English tea table. Candle —— Oh, the English flicker of the name! Oh, quiet London squares! Oh, primrose lanes and clipped hedges! Candle has noticed the Georgian 'all-mark on the teapot's fat side. He polishes the faded unicorn very tenderly. I found Alven, one of the vanishing Swedes, using a silver polisher run by electricity and with a horrid whistling sound.

"Elbow grease is the best thing for old silver, M'Lady," says Candle lovingly.

Yes, the kettle sings a different song when Candle comes to the house. The china and glass group themselves with all the stateliness and tradition of a royal quadrille when Candle sets the table. In a minute the plates will advance toward each other, the decanters will bow formally, the rhythms of The Queen's Own will tinkle from the finger bowls and sherry glasses—we never drink it, but it is there on the sideboard when Candle comes to help—tinkle-tinkle-tumti-tum-tum-tum!

And now I read of eight-hour days in England, of housemaids in revolt. Can these things be?

Those gentle creatures with their respectfully lowered voices, their meek caps, their patient knees bent over staircases and along floors, scorning the vacuum cleaner installed at considerable expense for their sole benefit and comfort—in revolt?

"Please, M'Lady, I'll use it if Your Ladyship wishes—but oh, M'Lady, it isn't clean! Indeed, indeed it isn't clean, M'Lady! Charlotte and me 'as tried it—and oh, M'Lady!"

Words fail Sarah, but in the background stands Charlotte and their two faces match in expression, in utter accord of condemnation.

"Shall I use it after I've really cleaned?" adds Sarah with inspiration.

And they are going—going!

The old coachman, called in to help serve at table, muttering to the currant jelly as he passes it, "Steady there—ste-a-dy whoa—wh-o-a!"

Going—going!

The old butler appearing before his master at the threatening financial crisis—"I've a tidy little bit saved, sir, hif it'll 'elp, sir ——"

Going—going!

The curtsying, white-haired old lodge keeper at the gate, the aged park keeper, the gamekeeper, the fatherly, grizzled station master!

"You look the other way while I tell him I'm a marchioness," says Lady G—— to me as the crowded train thunders into the little country station on the Monday morning. And when I return with the papers Lady G—— is being ushered into a miraculously discovered empty first-class carriage and the station master is pasting onto the window a label marked "Compartment reserved" and Lady G——'s high-sounding name in full.

"Have you a shilling, darling?" Lady G—— whispers to me.

Going—perhaps as I write—gone!

The old order changeth—and something within me insists that it is right that it should change.

But as Lady M—— would say, "It's rather sad," all the same!

THE INVESTOR'S NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS

(Continued from Page 21)

"And now," she said, "good night. For I certainly must be going."

Saying this the veiled lady turned, and passing with quick and graceful motions from the shop left Mr. Josselyn standing gazing for several moments afterward through his doorway into the now almost deserted street.

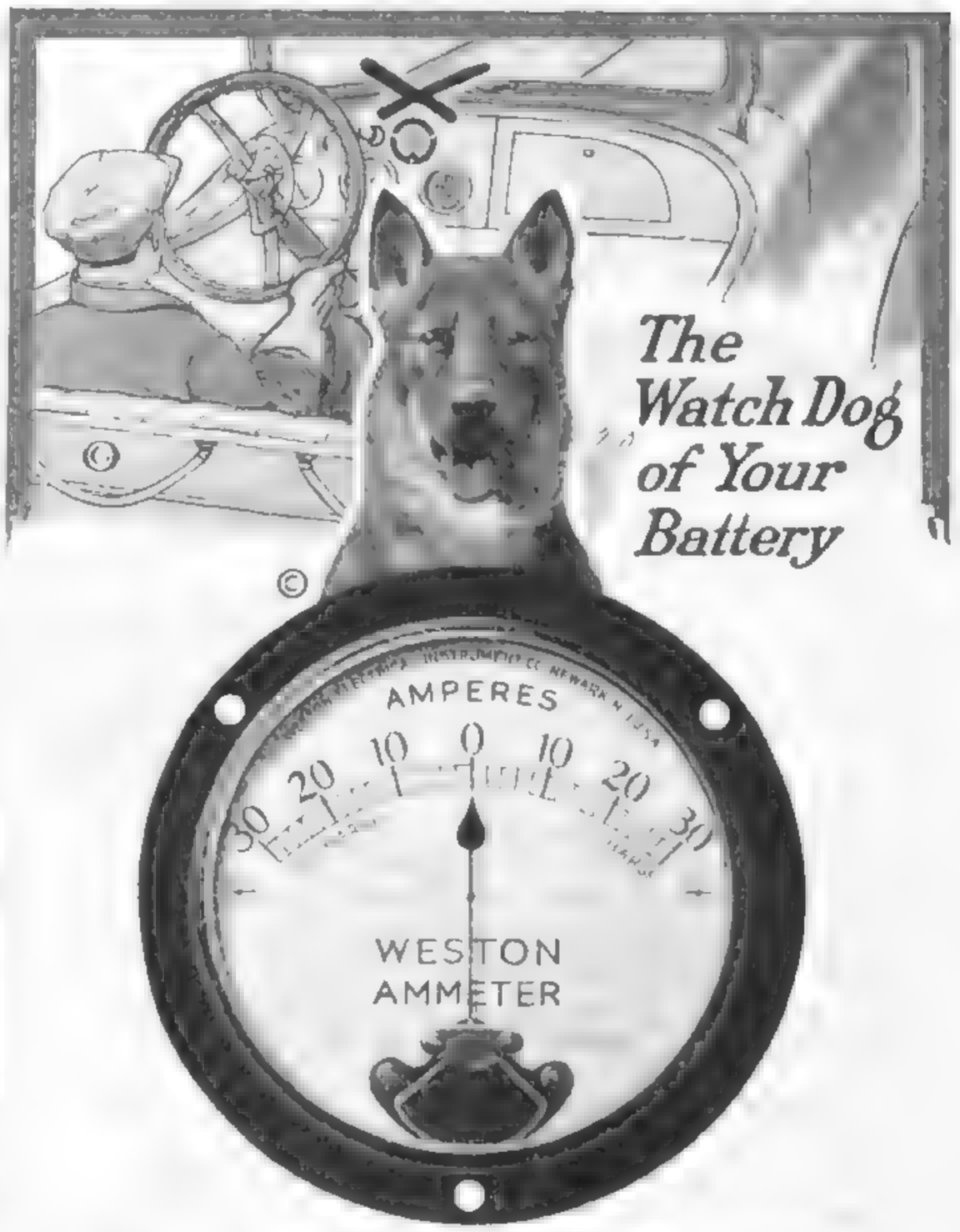
It was immediately following this extraordinary visit of the veiled lady that Mr. Josselyn received that still more extraordinary series of prophecies concerning the course of the stock market, which were at first so mystifying in their accuracy and exerted in the end such an influence on his financial career.

They arrived through the mail in the form of an ordinary typewritten or mimeographed letter, with nothing remarkable to distinguish them. In the first, after calling attention to the frantic, roaring bull market then in progress—the greatest that the world had ever seen—mention was made in guarded but sufficiently definite terms of the great pool that was being conducted in one leader of the market, a great speculative feature, an oil stock in which it will be remembered immense fortunes were then made. And while urging strongly its immediate purchase, the writer advised—in a postscript—those who had not yet sufficiently tested the results of his prophecies to keep track for their own certain information of exactly what they would have made at the end of the next week if they had bought this stock in the ordinary minimum unit of stock-market speculation—one hundred shares.

Mr. Josselyn naturally, though impressed somewhat by the reasoning of the circular, did not act at once upon its predictions, but waited to observe its success, as he had been advised to do at once by his own common sense, his veiled visitor and the letter. And through that week he followed with regretful eyes the spectacle of a favored stock rocketing straight up for a rise of twenty points; so that when the week was done his calculation upon the usual minimum unit of one hundred shares showed him a sum of two thousand dollars, which if he had not actually lost, still he had failed to make by not following the clear typewritten predictions of his market prophet. And now every morning he turned with deep curiosity to the stock-market page to see if he had lost still more—remembering now, as he did so, not only the actual advance in the market but the calm confidence of success shown both in the manner of the veiled young lady and the proposal for recompense which her plan had made to him; a recompense contingent without reservation upon his receiving the correct advice about the stock market.

However, as he said to himself many times, this was but once. It might well be nothing but a coincidence—a guess based upon mere rumor concerning the movements of a highly speculative market leader; and when the second letter of prophecy arrived at the ending of that week and he opened it to find a further definite prediction concerning this particular stock he felt that a more genuine test of prophecy was about to be made.

"Oil is king in the market to-day," said the prophet. "We are just entering, as all shrewd observers see, the age of oil from the coal age." The manipulators of the great pool in the phenomenal market leader, the writer went on to state, saw this clearly and would be driving the quotations for that stock to new and unprecedented heights; and the man who should buy even the minimum hundred shares of that security would find himself at the end of the



If Your Generator Stopped Working—Would You Know?

THE electrical energy stored in your battery for starting, lighting and ignition is being constantly depleted and must be continuously renewed by your generator at the ampere-rate specified in your starter instruction book.

With a Weston Ammeter installed in your car you do not *guess*—you *know*—at all times the exact rate of charge or discharge of your battery, and whether or not your generator and entire electrical system are functioning properly.

The name "Weston" on any electrical indicating instrument has for 30 years denoted originality and the highest form of excellence. It is your guarantee of accuracy, reliability and durable service.

A Weston Ammeter may be obtained from any Accessory Dealer or will be installed by any Garage or Battery Service Station. Send for descriptive leaflet illustrating different types and finishes, mentioning the model of your car.

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CO.
NEWARK *Branch Offices in all Principal Cities* NEW JERSEY

Important to Service Stations, Repair Men and Garages

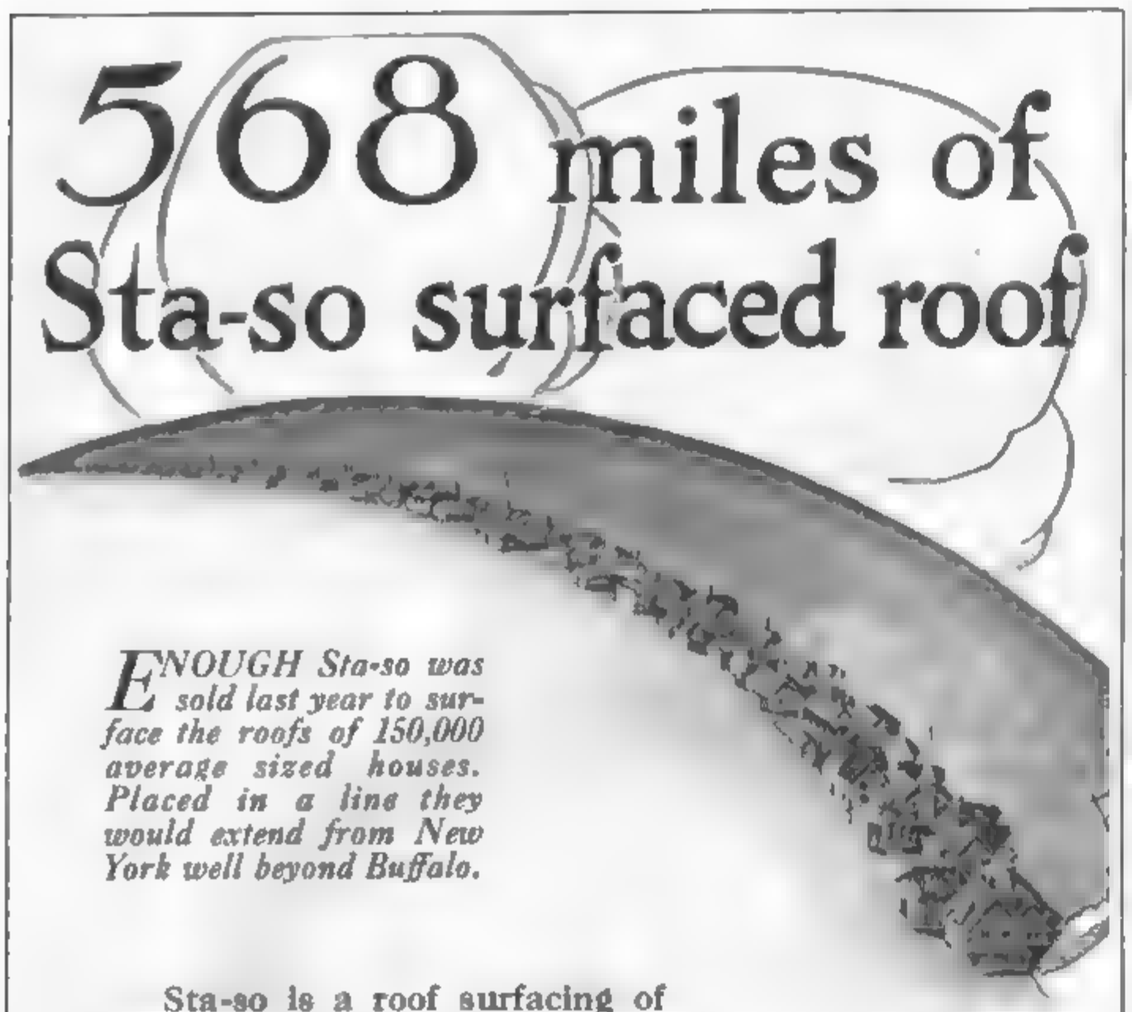
In locating grounds, shorts and other troubles for all makes of cars, the use of your Weston means speed by the elimination of guesswork. The Weston Model 433 Testing Voltmeter is the most accurate and perfect instrument of its kind in the world. Absolutely dependable and offers facilities for making every known test. Full particulars on request. Also inquire concerning Model 441 "Fault Finder"—the general utility instrument. One or more "Fault Finders" should be in every garage.

Correctly Indicates Electrical Performance

WESTON AMMETER

For Dependable Service Outlasting Your Car

568 miles of Sta-so surfaced roof



ENOUGH Sta-so was sold last year to surface the roofs of 150,000 average sized houses. Placed in a line they would extend from New York well beyond Buffalo.

Sta-so is a roof surfacing of beautiful colored slate. Nature gave Sta-so its hues of rich Indian red or cool sage green. Sta-so colors cannot fade. You will never need to paint or stain your Sta-so surfaced roof.

Sta-so *stays*—stays in color, stays in durability, stays in place.

Sta-so *resists weather and wear.* Blow high, blow low, your home is always protected.

Sta-so *resists fire.* It is absolutely proof against sparks and embers.

Sta-so'd roofing is *economical.* On the average, its first cost is one-third that of tile, one-half that of solid slate and usually less than the best wood shingles. In cost per year it is the cheapest roofing.

Look for *and find* the Sta-so label on the next roofing you buy. It means roof surface that will not fade. It means roof service that will not fail.

These manufacturers of roofing products bought enough Sta-so last year to surface *1 billion* square feet of roofing.

Amalgamated Roofing Co. . Chicago, Ill.	McHenry Millhouse Mfg Co., South Bend, Ind
Barber Asphalt Paving Co., Philadelphia, Pa.	National Roofing Co. . Tonawanda, N Y
Barrett Co. . . . . New York, N Y.	B F Nelson Roofing Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Beckman-Dawson Rfg Co. Chicago Ill.	Pioneer Paper Co . . Los Angeles Calif
Bird & Son . . East Walpole Mass	Reynolds Shingle Co. . Grand Rapids, Mich
Philip Carey Mfg. Co. . Cincinnati, Ohio	Richardson Paper Co. . . Cincinnati Ohio
Fontkote Co . . . Boston, Mass.	St Bo Products Co. . . . St Paul, Minn
Ford Manufacturing Co. . St Louis, Mo	Standard Paint Co. . . . New York, N Y
The Heppes Nelson Roofing Co, Chicago, Ill.	Usona Mfg. Co. . . . . Aurora, Ill
Keystone Roofing Mfg Co York, Pa.	H F Watson Co . . . . . Erie, Pa
A H White Rfg Co. . . New Orleans, La.	

next week with an excellent six days' work behind him.

Again that week Mr. Josselyn scanned closely and even excitedly the columns of the stock market, and again the sanguine predictions of the prophet at 61 Henry Street were fulfilled to the letter. And Mr. Josselyn's calculation of his lost gains on the purchase of the usual hundred-share unit of stock-market speculation showed him a total theoretical profit—for him, a loss—of forty-five hundred dollars.

"You would not believe it," he said, mentioning it to one and another of his friends, "but I have watched it now two weeks and he's called the turn each time. I want you to watch this thing from now on with me."

And going further than this, he ordered for himself, as a little test, ten shares of this stock, the purchase of which his prophet again recommended.

"Either way," he told himself, "it would not be much for me."

But he was pleased, nevertheless, when for a third time the prophecy was fulfilled and the market leader advanced again, making him a profit, which, however—though something—seemed small enough when compared with the ten times greater sum he would have made by buying the usual minimum speculative unit of one hundred shares.

However, he could not help but be excited as well as mystified by the strange accuracy with which his unknown informant could predict the course of the market, and the clear indication given of a personal inside knowledge of the great pools, which in a speculative market so dominate the price of stocks in Wall Street.

"How else do you explain it?" he demanded of one or another of the half dozen friends to whom he had now—under promise of secrecy—shown the letter and induced to study with him the course of the market. "Three times now he has been absolutely right! And it stands to reason it can't be all accident."

And now he was ready—almost—to take the plunge and buy his unit of one hundred shares of this oil stock—as indeed the manager of the local branch stock-broker's office where he had taken his orders advised doing—when he was held back on the brink of action by the fourth letter from his typewriting prophet.

"A reaction is due," he advised, "and overdue. The pool is liquidated. Stocks are out of strong into weak hands." It was time, he said, to sell the market leader short; but if not this, then let everyone who held this stock sell; by all means sell his actual holdings, for the market was now definitely turning from oil to another speculation. Oil had been king; but now the new speculation would be silver! The Government of the United States had removed its restraining hand from that metal's price, which was now certain to bound up to unknown heights. And the great pools of the future—which were now forming on the great silver stock, such as the Monarch of the Sierras—would be the dominating feature of the coming market. But as for oil this week, sell! By all means, sell!

Mr. Josselyn, having his profit on his ten shares, did as he was bid; sent as an honest man his twenty per cent of his gains to his informant—the brother of the veiled lady at 61 Henry Street—and now waited with more than interest for the result of that week's prophecy. And now, when for the fourth time the predictions of this man were fulfilled to the dot, the small group who were watching them together, if not all convinced, were at least confounded.

"How else do you explain it then, if he doesn't speak from advance knowledge—if he hasn't some real information about these pools?" demanded Mr. Josselyn, now not only convinced by the accuracy of the predictions but grateful as well for his preservation from the severe loss that would have resulted if he had followed his own intentions and not been warned off by his adviser.

It was under these circumstances that the fifth letter arrived advising the formation of a great pool in that wonderful leader of the new speculation, Monarch of the Sierras, now for sale on the curb market in New York. The price of this stock was not high—certainly not as compared with the oil stock that had preceded it as market leader. The prospect of advance was correspondingly great to one coming in at the beginning of the rise; and Mr. Josselyn now made up his mind that under the circumstances, seeing what he had seen, conservatism would be—as in the past—a mistake and a matter of sharp regret; and he ordered at once the hundred shares that were the ordinary minimum unit of all stock speculation.

The first course of this stock in the market was gratifying in the extreme; and twice, under the advice of his weekly prophecy and seeing gains—though not yet great—begin to show themselves, Mr. Josselyn increased—in fact, redoubled his holdings until as a matter of actual dollars and cents his commitments reached in these shares of lower price the standard minimum unit of one hundred shares of one hundred dollars par value so often mentioned in the circulars, and upon which, as a minimum, you could hope to calculate on any respectable margin of profit in speculation.

It was consequently to his surprise and regret that simultaneously the stock of the Sierra Monarch suddenly ceased rising and plunged downward on the curb market, and as suddenly the letters from Daniel Seymour, of 61 Henry Street, ceased arriving. Mr. Josselyn was greatly disturbed by this, not only because of his apparently severe personal losses but also because of the evident nervousness of the group of personal friends and good customers of his whom he had let in on his secret letters of information, and whose pointed inquiries about the fall of the Monarch of the Sierras became now a matter of sharp concern to him. He now wrote once or twice—finally disregarding the request of the veiled lady—in an endeavor to learn the reason of the cessation of the prophecies and something about the future prospects of this stock; but no answer came from Daniel Seymour, of 61 Henry Street; and at last, angry, excited and unwilling and almost unable to wait longer to unravel the mystery and to procure advice on what course to pursue about the Monarch of the Sierras, whose quotations had, in fact, sunk upon the curb market from dollars to cents, Mr. Josselyn determined—in spite of all promises to the contrary—to leave town himself, visit the city and find out with his own eyes what had become of the prophet at 61 Henry Street; if he were still there, to demand advice and explanation; if he were not there, to learn where he had gone.

Upon arrival in the city and at Henry Street Mr. Josselyn was surprised, even with his knowledge of the narrow circumstances of the veiled lady and her brother, at the character of the thoroughfare on which they lived. It seemed, in fact, to be in a tenement district almost squalid in character and apparently inhabited by a foreign population, many of whom did not even speak English. This could scarcely be the place he was seeking, and he was pausing, puzzled, under the shadow of the high wall when he saw passing for the first time one who seemed to be capable of answering an inquiry in the English tongue—a round short man with a red face, who gave the impression of a person much irritated, if not permanently enraged.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Josselyn with his usual politeness. "This is Henry Street, is it not?"

"It is, yes," snapped the stranger briefly.

"Could you direct me to Number 61?"

"I wish I could," said the stranger in a tense, staccato voice. "Because if I could I'd go there!"

"I see," said Mr. Josselyn politely.

"I've been looking for it," volunteered the other then. "I've been looking for it for an hour; inquiring from these foreigners," said the other in the voice of one in the last stages of a deadly anger, "till I begin to doubt my sanity."

"That is funny," said Mr. Josselyn in the soothing manner both natural and cultivated by him.

"Is it?" said the round red man, turning on him as if to rend him. "Is it?"

"I mean," Mr. Josselyn hastily explained himself, "it is curious that I am here looking for the same number—in the same predicament as you. May I inquire who it is you are seeking?"

"I am seeking—if you want to know—the greatest swindler on this continent!" said the stranger.

"Who?" asked Mr. Josselyn with a certain anticipatory sinking of the heart. "Who is that?"

"His name," said the red-faced stranger with venomous distinctness, "is Daniel Seymour."

(Continued on Page 145)

ARMCO IRON

FOR BURIAL VAULTS *and* CASKETS

BECAUSE of the growing scarcity of mahogany and other woods, metals are being used more and more in the manufacturing of caskets and grave vaults. Those made of Armco Iron are particularly desirable because they combine attractive appearance, absolute protection, durability, and moderate expense, but do not add excessive weight.

Armco Iron Caskets are beautiful examples of workmanship. They take a finish like the finest wood grains, and are much more serviceable.

Armco Iron Grave Vaults of air-tight and water-tight construction are also available. Porous materials, such as are sometimes used in grave-vault construction, let in water, and ordinary metals rust out because of alkaline and other severe corrosive influences underground.

But the purity, evenness, and rust-resisting properties of Armco (American Ingot) Iron insure the permanence and protection so necessary and desirable in grave appointments.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
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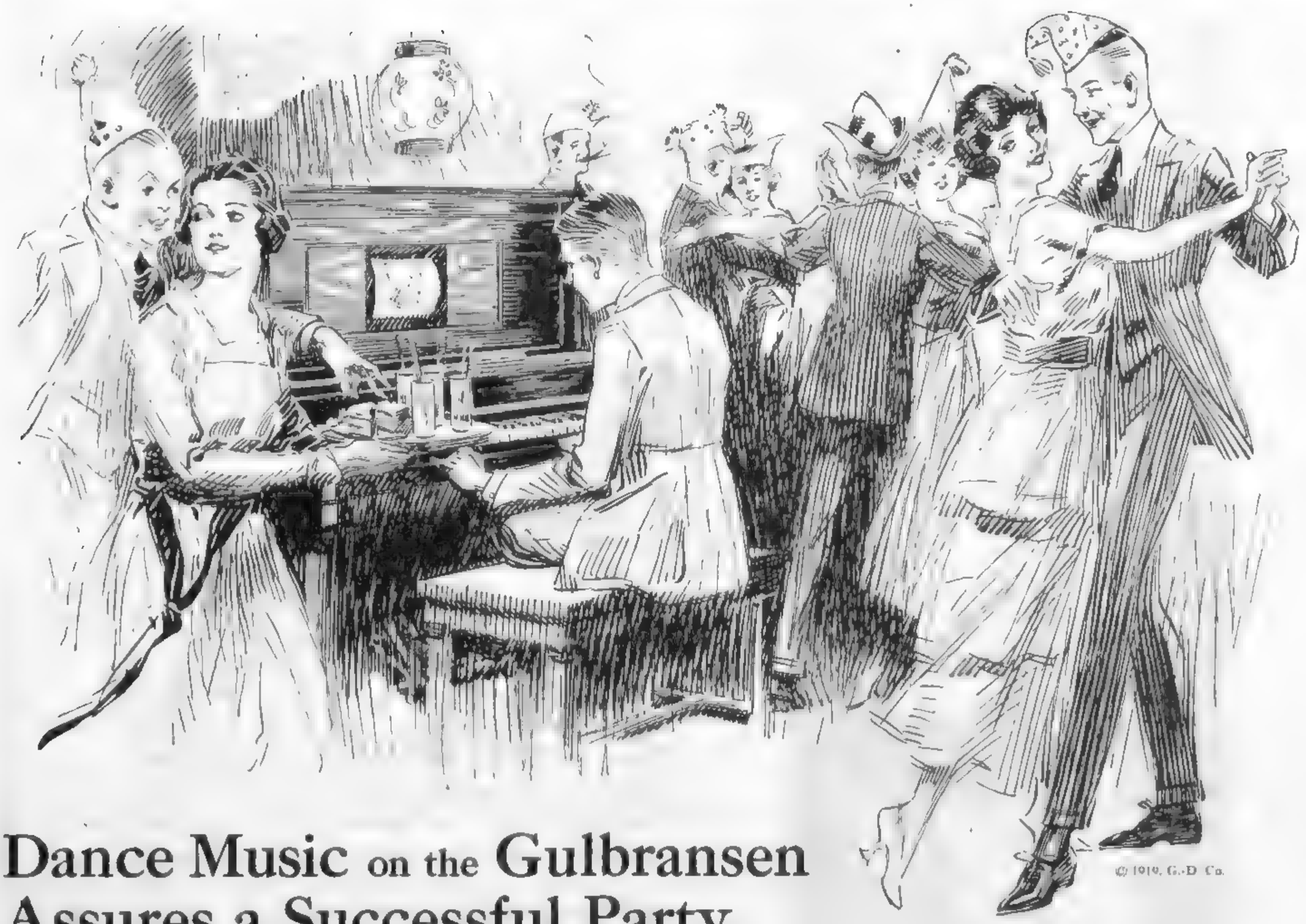

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Dance Music on the Gulbransen Assures a Successful Party

YOU will need to do some entertaining this fall and winter. Everybody wants to dance. Consider the help you will get from a Gulbransen Player-Piano.

You can always depend upon the Gulbransen for good dance music—the latest jazz songs, the old favorites. It offers a larger repertoire than any orchestra.

Its full piano tone is ample and inspiring. It makes you independent of hired talent, saves you money, keeps your parties delightfully informal.

And everybody can play the Gulbransen with all the zip and swing you could ask. It is quite the thing to take a turn at it while resting from dancing. The Gulbransen is so Easy to Play it will not tire you.

In fact, a tiny baby once crept up to the Gulbransen and, so gently do the pedals operate, the baby played it just as shown in the picture below. That is where we got the idea for our trade mark.

But the Gulbransen is not only easy to pedal. It is easy to play *well*, expressively, sympathetically, brilliantly—as suits the occasion. It gives you a new idea of player-pianos.

Go to the Gulbransen dealer and try a Gulbransen. You will find him by the Baby at the Pedals in his window and newspaper advertising. Or write us for his address.

Try some of these popular dance songs. The Gulbransen dealer has them. They sound particularly well on the Gulbransen. You ought to know them.

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How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm
Beautiful Ohio
And That Ain't All
Mary
Garden of My Dreams
Mickey
The Vamp
Me-ow
Oui, Oui, Marie
I'm a Jazz Baby
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows
Till We Meet Again
Minnie, Shimmie for Me
Jerry
Oh, Helen
I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles
Tulip Time—Follies 1919
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Three models, all playable by hand or by roll, sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the U. S., freight and war tax paid. Prices branded in the back of each instrument at the factory.

White House Model	$675
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GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO.
3232 West Chicago Ave. CHICAGO

Gulbransen Trade Mark

GULBRANSEN
(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)
Player-Piano

(Continued from Page 142)

"Do you—do you know," inquired Mr. Josselyn, now naturally agitated, "this man personally?"

"I do not," said the fat man unflinchingly.

"Then why," inquired Mr. Josselyn pertinently, "do you call him a swindler?"

"A swindler," said the angry man sententiously, "is one who swindles. And this man is the manipulator of an enterprise which is—or must be—an out-and-out fraud, a swindle of the most devilish and diabolical type. And when I locate him at his headquarters, 61 Henry Street, I shall either have full restitution or I shall denounce him and turn him and his accomplices over to the proper authorities."

And he proceeded violently to attack and discuss Daniel Seymour and his prophecies and to state what he was about to do to him when he found him.

"Suppose," said Mr. Josselyn, "suppose we see if we can't find out together where that number is." For the excited manner of the other was proving singularly attractive to the young, and a swarm of smeared infants was rapidly collecting round them.

"Here," said Mr. Josselyn, "is a place where they might know." And suiting the action to the words he led the way to an Italian saloon or café opposite, his new acquaintance finally following him, to the obvious disappointment of his youthful audience.

"Sixaty-one?" said the bartender in the Italian saloon, not excessively responsive. "I dunno. I never hear of it."

And seeing that patronage and diplomacy would be the next step native to the circumstances, Mr. Josselyn took it.

"May I offer you a drink?" he said to his companion.

"I don't care if I do," said the other, unbending finally.

"You can serve it at one of the little tables," said Mr. Josselyn. And when the cooling beer was brought he passed to the server a quarter; and then, with the air of one accustomed to distributing gratuities, he waved away his change with another question about the desired address.

"Sixaty-one? I look it up for you," said the now more amenable man in the apron, and turned to inquire concerning it from the few inside and then from those outside the door, but apparently without immediate success.

"And now, if you don't mind," said Mr. Josselyn, when the two at the table had quenched their first thirst, "if it is not intruding, could you tell me what you know about this Daniel Seymour and his market prophecies? That is, if you don't mind," he said again politely.

"Mind? No!" said the other in his abrupt way, which Mr. Josselyn now surmised was but a surface manner of indignation covering a nature essentially communicative. "Mind? No! I'm glad to," he said; and after a moment's pause he related his experience with the typewritten prophecies of Mr. Seymour.

"My name is Bangs," he said. "George W. Bangs."

"Howdado, Mr. Bangs," said Mr. Josselyn, reaching his hand across the table. "Glad to know you." And he gave his own name and address.

"Howdado," said Mr. Bangs, shaking hands perfunctorily and going on with the matter in hand.

"I am a bachelor," he said, "in the retail shoe business; and having no special reason for returning home, I am often in my store at nights. A matter of four weeks ago," he went on, "I was about to close up for the night when a young woman, heavily veiled ——"

"A veiled lady!" interjected Mr. Josselyn involuntarily.

"Yes! Why not?" said Mr. Bangs, evidently with small appetite for interruption.

"Nothing," said Mr. Josselyn, sensing this. "Go on!"

"She had, it seemed," said Mr. George W. Bangs in a dry, sarcastic voice, "access to information about the stock market."

"From her brother!"

"Yes," said Mr. Bangs, eying him.

"An orphan brother," said Mr. Josselyn eagerly, "with whom she lived at 61 Henry Street."

"Who was employed in a great stockbroker's office," said Mr. Bangs, finally catching and giving way to the spirit of the occasion.

"From which he would send you ——"

"Inside and advance information on the stock markets, the big pools."

"To be paid for on a percentage basis."

"Yes."

"Because they trusted you."

"Exactly," said George W. Bangs in still harder and drier tones. "In a confidential transaction."

"A little woman, dark and very neatly dressed."

"The same one," said Mr. Bangs. "So she got you too!"

"She did," said Mr. Josselyn. And both were silent.

"But the letters—the prophecies about the market—were they true in your case?" inquired Mr. Josselyn, speaking again finally.

"They were," said Mr. Bangs, "at first."

And they compared notes—for they both, it seemed, had preserved and had with them that remarkable series of market letters.

"This," said Mr. Josselyn, unfolding and reading the first one that was handed him, "is exactly identical. And this," he said, unfolding the second—and again the third. "It seemed impossible," remarked Mr. Josselyn, "did it not at the time?"

"It did," said Mr. Bangs briefly.

"But this," said Mr. Josselyn, now coming to the fourth letter, "is different."

"Exactly opposite," said Mr. Bangs, after scrutinizing Mr. Josselyn's letter.

And Mr. Josselyn meanwhile examined the other letter more closely. For it said to buy, instead of to sell, the great oil stock—the speculative leader, in terms as definite as it had advised Mr. Josselyn to sell it. It advised this—but it advised, too, still more urgently, to begin immediately the purchase of the silver stocks and of the Monarch of the Sierras, which was now certainly rising to assume the leadership in the stock market.

"And what, if I may ask," said Mr. Josselyn finally, "did you do? How did you act on this information—on this silver stock?"

"I was," said Mr. Bangs tersely, "like you, I presume, a fool. I fell for it finally."

"I hope not for a large sum," said Mr. Josselyn.

"Large enough," replied Mr. Bangs laconically.

"And yet," said Mr. Josselyn, whose mind, with the tenacity of despair—for he had now not only sunk his savings but had involved his business credit even in this thing—steadily refused to believe the worst. "And yet I have to have it explained to me."

"What?" snapped Mr. Bangs.

"A number of things," Mr. Josselyn responded. "The way he predicted in advance exactly what did happen, in the first three letters to both of us—all exactly true. For he did that, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did that," conceded Mr. Bangs.

"Three times," repeated Mr. Josselyn. "Four times to me."

"Probably he guessed it. Probably he guessed at it, just as you and I would do," said Mr. Bangs.

"That doesn't quite explain it to me," said Mr. Josselyn politely. "And another thing I cannot understand—if he was a pure swindler; if they both were, as I am loath to believe—what was their purpose?" asked Mr. Josselyn, speaking aloud a thought which had many times lately appealed to him. "Where would they get their profits unless from a percentage of what we made?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Bangs shortly, now obviously losing his interest in mere theoretical discussion and anxious again for the action which was evidently so native to his disposition. "I know this, though—these people, this man and woman, are swindlers. I know this—they enticed me and probably many others into a fraudulent scheme of speculation. And I know this—I shall find them; I shall run them down if there is any possible way of doing it. I shall find them at 61 Henry Street or elsewhere. And when I find them I shall denounce them. I shall demand reparation. And following that I shall have justice. I shall see that this man with his accomplice, this veiled woman of ours, is placed securely where he can do no more of this—in jail!"

And when he had said this they both looked up. For at the end of his sentence the Italian bartender had approached and stood over them waiting.

"You gotta right," he stated, and he waved his hand. "You said it. Yes!"

"What?" demanded Mr. Bangs crisply.

"The jail," responded the other.

"The what?" ejaculated Mr. Bangs.

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LET any motor car owner who has an Anchor Top on his car tell you what it means to ride in snug comfort anywhere, and in any weather. What it means to get year-round service from your car instead of having it laid up six months out of every year.

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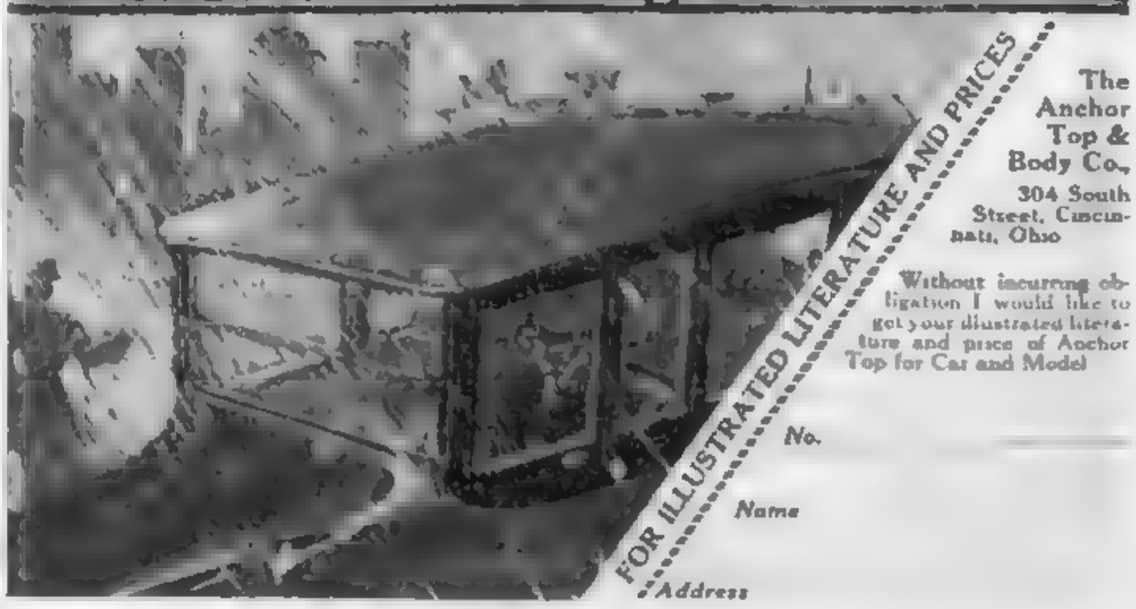

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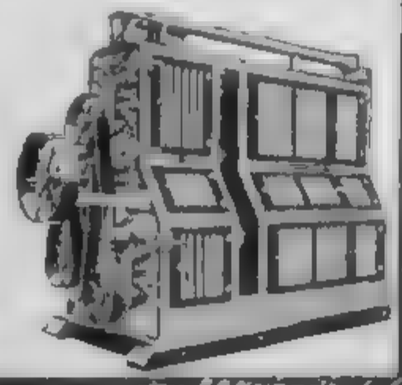

"The sixaty-one," returned the other. "It musta be."

"What—what?" inquired Mr. Bangs still more sharply.

"The sixaty-one, the jail, the sixaty-one," said the foreign bartender, quite obviously now striking against the limit of his vocabulary, "there—yes—over the street. Yes," he said, pointing, for they had risen now and gone with him to the door.

"Thank you," said Mr. Josselyn, finally leaving him and breaking the deadlock, for the complexion of Mr. Bangs now grew every moment more alarming, being now, if not scarlet, at least crimson.

"What is it? What is it?" he inquired of Mr. Josselyn when they had gone. "Am I crazy—or is he? An ass, an idiot, an imbecile, or what?"

"More likely," said Mr. Josselyn, taking the more natural explanation, "more likely we just didn't quite understand him."

His companion made no reply.

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Josselyn, "we can go over and see. That's easy, now we are here."

And taking his companion by the arm he passed across the roadway and up on the steps of the grim stone structure which the Italian had clearly indicated as Number 61 Henry Street.

"Is this," demanded Mr. Josselyn of the man in uniform who appeared to answer their inquiries, "61 Henry Street?"

"Well," said the official, apparently taken aback, "I don't know as I know."

"Don't know!" exclaimed the now scarlet George W. Bangs. "Your own street number?"

"I ain't sure," the other answered. "But it may be. Wait a minute." And he went back to inquire.

"It's an institution of some sort, that's sure," said Mr. Josselyn, whispering in his absence.

"Sure? It's certain," said the now permanently indignant Mr. Bangs. "A typical state institution."

And then the uniformed attendant returned.

"They ain't sure," he said, "but they think it is," and stood waiting for another inquiry in the aggressively patient manner common to kindergarten teachers, ticket agents and public officials.

But at this point Mr. Bangs broke in, entirely disregarding this. "Think!" he said. "Think! Don't you know your own street number? What are you, anyhow? What is this place? Do you know that? What is this institution here we've come to?"

"The old Henry Street jail," the other answered, moved clearly by a great compassion for his ignorance.

"The jail!" said Mr. Josselyn, taking up the conversation politely on Mr. Bangs' inability to continue it.

"Yes," said the official, who, though still cold, responded to the courtesy of Mr. Josselyn.

"May we come in? May we see the manager—the jailer?" asked Mr. Josselyn. "If it is possible," he said, and smiled his most courteous smile.

"I'll see," said the attendant, and, disappearing for a short time, he reappeared to lead them, without further conversation, to another room and the desk of the official they had asked for.

As they approached his desk the keeper of the prison, a tall mannerly man past middle age, rose and shook hands and bade them be seated with a courtesy not inferior to Mr. Josselyn's own. And when they were seated Mr. Josselyn, feeling welcome and at ease, asked the first question looking toward the solution of the mystery they both sought.

"Is this 61 Henry Street?" he asked again of the courteous jailer.

"It is," the other answered, "though naturally we do not often think of it as such. And in fact, though of course we do have a street number, very few would know it outside of myself and the Post Office Department. And I am rather surprised," he added, "that you have found it. But now that you have, what can we do for you?" he asked them with a quiet smile.

"Is there a man—an individual here by the name of Daniel Seymour?" interjected Mr. Bangs.

"There is, yes," said the polite official, his courteous smile broadening somewhat.

"What is he? What is he here for?"

"He is, under his various names," the other responded, "one of the sharpest and most notorious stock swindlers in the country. He is here at present under indictment for one of his many ingenious frauds—as our prisoner."

"Your prisoner!" ejaculated Mr. Bangs.

"Yes. Are you by chance in any way his victims?"

"I should say," said Mr. Josselyn in Mr. Bangs' almost violent silence, "probably that we were." And encouraged by the other's courtesy he went forward and elaborated the history of the mysterious stock prophecies that had originated at 61 Henry Street.

And at the end the official burst out into polite but uncontrollable laughter.

"Pardon me," he said, stopping finally. "But can you beat it?"

"What, sir?" asked Mr. Josselyn, now himself a little indignant.

"You'll pardon me," said the warden, wiping his eyes. "But you will admit," he said, "that it is at least unusual for an operation of this kind to be conducted from a jail."

"It is—I should say myself," said Mr. Bangs with another sudden access of speech. "And not a very pleasant advertisement for the jail. How could it be?" he demanded. "How could it happen?"

"That I will explain to you presently," said the polite official, "with your permission. But first I would like to ask you a question or two myself." And he then made inquiries concerning their names and residences.

"You, you say," he said to Mr. Josselyn, "are from Upper New York State?"

"Yes," said Mr. Josselyn, and gave his home address.

"And you?" he asked of Mr. Bangs.

"From Connecticut," Mr. Bangs answered him, also giving the name of his home town.

And the head of the prison scrupulously put them both down, apparently in a list of other names.

"He told you—he prophesied concerning the stock market—this leading stock in it," he inquired of Mr. Bangs, "how many times correctly?"

"Three," said Mr. Bangs shortly.

And he made note of this and just what the prophecies were.

"And you?" he asked Mr. Josselyn.

"Four."

He made note of this also, beside Mr. Josselyn's name and place of residence.

"And now," said the polite official, leaning back, "I am at your service; to answer what questions you may wish to ask—if I can."

Mr. Bangs being still apparently handicapped by the strength of his emotions, it was Mr. Josselyn who made the first inquiries.

"How," he asked—"just what was this game that this criminal worked in this?"

"It is an old one, a variation of one of the old market-tip speculation games," replied the official, "which, I understand, was more prevalent some years ago than now, but is being revived again by such expert swindlers as this Seymour—with a little different purpose."

"But how—in what way," returned Mr. Josselyn quickly, going at once to the point which baffled him, "could this man take a stock like this first one he recommended and predict accurately its rise and fall in price three times running, as with my friend here; or four times, as in my own case? Was it pure accident—coincidence?"

"Not at all," said the official. "It is a certainty—with the proper tools."

"The proper tools!" repeated Mr. Josselyn. "Yes!"

"Yes," said the warden gravely. "It is founded, as nearly all such games are, upon the so-called sucker list." And he went on explaining in detail this most important feature in stock swindling.

"A great share of the efforts of these stock swindlers," he explained, "as you probably are aware, is devoted to the obtaining and the use of these sucker lists. The great stock swindling operations of this country, in fact, you may almost say, in all their thousands of variations, center in these lists, and there are no pains or ingenuity that these persons will spare themselves for the getting and the use of these.

"These lists," he continued, "as you no doubt know, are valuable property, bought and sold in New York and in the so-called curb markets in the larger cities all over the country. And just now—so we are credibly informed—lists of the Liberty Bond holders and even Red Cross subscribers

(Continued on Page 149)

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The illustration shows a cut-away view of the shutters and controlling "Sylphon" thermostat. Every motor mechanic knows that for perfect carburation the carburetor should continually be adjusted to meet the slightest temperature changes. The "Sylphon" thermostat and shutters on the Columbia Six automatically keep the motor at a constant temperature, obviating the necessity of carburetor adjustments and eliminating starting trouble, slow warming up, hood covers and the like during cold weather. Careful tests have proved that this automatic motor temperature control results in as much as thirty percent increase in motor efficiency the year round.

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Toledo Parcel Post and Express Scale
For Everybody

SCALES

NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 146)

are being offered for sale to these people for their use, having been procured often where localities are too liberal in advertising these names in their local papers. As possibly was done in your town—and yours," he said to Mr. Josselyn when Mr. Bangs had nodded sharply.

"I think so, yes," said Mr. Josselyn. "But "

"But now I know," said the intelligent official, bowing understandingly. "Now your question. How could he in his circular strike, three times with you and four times with you, an accurate prediction of the movement of a stock? That is an old expedient—a game very simple if looked at from the operator's side. We have often described it as the old game of half and half."

"Half and half!" repeated Mr. Bangs.

"Yes," said the warden. "You," he said to Mr. Josselyn, "for example, reside in New York State. You," he said to Mr. Bangs, "are a resident of Connecticut. Now there are many variations in working this particular scheme. Formerly it was done by states. But the principle is always the same, for it is founded upon a mathematical certainty."

"A mathematical certainty!" echoed Mr. Bangs.

"Yes," said the warden, "as follows: The operator, in this variation of the game, will take his full sucker list of perhaps several thousand names. He will then divide it carefully into local groups—say into counties or cities. He will then take these groups and split them in half, into two lists—that is, each containing approximately the same number of names. You see?"

"Yes," assented Mr. Josselyn, listening carefully.

"He will then prepare two sets of predictions on a speculative stock, one stating it is going up, one that it is going down; and send one to half the groups and another to the other half, separating the groups receiving the different letters as far as possible so that there will be the least possible chance of their recipients comparing notes."

"I see," said Mr. Josselyn.

"Now then, obviously," said the polite and fluent official, "he has now as a matter of necessity predicted the course of the market to one-half of his list correctly and has produced a corresponding first impression on them. His problem is now to procure again a prophecy that is correct. What does he do? The names to which the incorrect prediction has been sent are lost naturally—thrown into the discard. So he does this: He takes the other list—the other half—and splits that once again into halves, still separating the recipients of the letters as far as possible geographically."

"So one-half is correct always," said Mr. Josselyn quickly. And Mr. Bangs gave out a grunt.

"And the next split, you see, would bring a further division into localities. Only this time the groups with the successful predictions would have had correct prophecies three times—as in your case," said the official to Mr. Bangs, "and so might be pardoned for falling for the deception."

"And still more so in my case," said Mr. Josselyn, "on the fourth correct prediction." But Mr. Bangs only grunted.

"Yes, exactly," said the polite official. "It seemed no doubt miraculous to you, or if not, at least certain by that time."

"Yes," assented Mr. Josselyn. "It was very convincing."

"I understand all that," said Mr. Bangs, now suddenly breaking in. "That's all right! But that is not the question—not to me."

"What is?" asked the courteous warden, turning toward him.

"The question to me is: How could he do this—how could he do this all from a jail?"

"Ah, that is the amusing thing!" exclaimed the official.

"Is it?" inquired Mr. Bangs, still in a loud and menacing tone. "Is it?"

"I think so," said the other, regarding him courteously but firmly. "Very! And I think you will in the end. For it shows you how far these people will go with their so-called sucker lists."

But in answer Mr. Bangs merely grunted.

"Now then," said the official, going on with his elucidation, "in dealing with criminals, gentlemen, what do you always do? You put yourself in the criminal's place. You imagine yourself a criminal in his position, do you not?"

And Mr. Bangs again grunted.

"Here was this man," the officer continued, "incarcerated for stock swindling. Up against it, we will say, desperate for cash money to pay the expenses of his coming trial and for other use. What would he do? He would go over in his mind, would he not, all the devices for raising money in his memory? Say then he fell upon this one. He would have none of the elaborate machinery, none of the great lists, none of the elaborate organization these people need and use to cover whole states. All that would be gone. He had no money, no organization, no human being in the world to trust but one this woman."

"This woman!" exclaimed both in chorus.

"This veiled lady evidently of whom you speak. Nellie is the name we know her by—Nellie the Lady—from her manners, the extremely refined and mannerly way she has. His wife, let us call her. And, gentlemen," said the official, "I have seen many things; but there is nothing like a loyal true-hearted woman to stick by you when you are down."

"Go on, please," said Mr. Josselyn.

"And this one, this woman," said the official admiringly, "is a wonder, isn't she? A great artist in her line."

"Go on with your explaining," said Mr. Bangs.

"Very well," said the warden, doing so. "Now then, putting ourselves in this man's place again," he said, "where would we find ourselves? What would he probably do? He must have money—cash at once. He has, as we understand it, three possible assets in the world—a very carefully selected sucker list, himself and his associate—his faithful Nellie."

"Go on!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs, again hurrying him.

"Very well," said the polite but unhastening official. "Suppose then that he decides on this old game of half and half, or some variation of it. These are his assets. There are three factors in the case, and one of these is fixed—that is himself. He himself can do one thing only—he can direct operations, concentrate and boil down the sucker list and stay here waiting to receive the money which he so much needs and which Nellie the Lady will start the selected suckers to sending in in the quickest possible time."

"Selected suckers!" repeated Mr. Josselyn, partly to himself.

"Well—yes," said the official politely. "You may say that is what these people all do—the theory of the operation. Say, for example, he had a list of names in different places of investors in Liberty Bonds; and say these had been boiled down by inquiry—answers to circulars offering general information upon stock market terms, for example, such as I understand you fell for," he said, turning to Mr. Josselyn and Mr. Bangs.

And Mr. Josselyn nodded, while Mr. Bangs sat red and still.

"Showing at one and the same time that you were both entirely ignorant of the stock market but willing to be interested in it."

"As suckers," said Mr. Josselyn.

"Well—yes," said the polite official, "perhaps we may say so."

"Say so!" cried Mr. Bangs impatiently. "Say so by all means! The whales of all the suckers! Say so! And go on and tell us how this Nellie—this Nellie woman worked us!"

"She would start out," went on the official smoothly, "with a certain number of names—carefully selected. In your case, I see, and in several others, the names of bachelors," he said, regarding them. "But let us say, in general, men not unsusceptible to female charms—men not dummies, as they say, to a good-looking girl," he said, and sat looking at them with grave understanding.

"Well then," he proceeded, "she goes out—this Nellie the Lady. Now let us say that in a week's time she sees and picks out and interests one hundred different individuals carefully selected for their possibilities in different localities. That would not be unreasonable to expect from a good canvasser working against time for a man she loved—that she was stuck on," the official said, looking toward them for assent.

But neither answering him he went on.

"The rest, then, is an easy calculation. Take one hundred and divide it into two. What would you have?"

"Fifty," said Mr. Josselyn.

"Yes, fifty right predictions."

"And then again?" he said.

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"Twenty-five," responded Mr. Josselyn.

"Never mind," said Mr. Bangs, hastening the process, "we'll take that much for granted. The next—we know—will be twelve and the next after that six."

"In the first of these—the third true prophecy," said the official with continued calm politeness, "among the twelve he will have you. And in the six," he said to Mr. Josselyn, "you! And every time the reader of the letter will be impressed with more and more certainty, naturally, that the writer knows what he is writing about; that he has knowledge of a big pool, let us say, which actually gives him the ability to forecast and prophesy about the stock market."

"Say he does!" said Mr. Bangs, again breaking in upon his reasoning. "Say he does all this, what are six—what are twelve people, for that matter? He won't get them all."

"Ah," replied the urbane official. "But you forget. While he divided you multiplied!"

"Me!" replied Mr. Bangs. "I multiplied! How?"

"You shared, did you not—by direct invitation—your information from this circular, for verification with your friends up to the number of ten?"

And both of his auditors were silent.

"If you did not even go beyond that," he said, "in fact."

And both moved slightly.

"Tempted, if for no other reason, by the apparent mystery of the thing. And then, of course, some even might be impressed in the early stages of the letters," he said. "But let us take it at the worst, when four prophecies in succession have been proved. Let us take six men who tell ten others, or five perhaps!"

"Yes," said Mr Bangs, now glaring intently at him with something new—some new purpose evidently in his mind.

"And say," the official went along, "only a percentage should put in a small part—any considerable share of ten thousand dollars—of that minimum of stock speculation that he wrote continually about. Say only a few of these took his advice and bought."

"Say they did," said Mr. Bangs. "A few!"

"Yes," said the official, looking back at him.

"How many of them," Mr. Bangs explained himself, "would send on their money—their percentage?"

"More than you would think perhaps," said the courteous official most politely, and went on again in Mr. Bangs' silence. "But in a way," he said, "you are right. That was not the big thing."

"Not the big thing!" both said after him in concert.

"Not the big thing to which, as in all these schemes, he was leading them."

"What was?" Mr. Bangs demanded.

"I should say offhand," said the warden, "that it was this Monarch of the Sierras, that new silver stock, which in the end he recommended to everybody."

"And which ——" exclaimed Mr. Josselyn, starting up.

"Was—as far as we can learn—a worthless fake," continued the official, "floated by some confederates of his, or at least by someone with whom he had an understanding through Nellie the Lady."

"How—in what way?" interjected Mr. Bangs excitedly, still objecting. "How could he get any profit out of it, when he told us—or she told us rather—to buy it anywhere, of any broker we wanted to."

"What difference does that make," inquired the official, "with the Monarch of the Sierras, if this stock is only sold? Every share sold anywhere is so much profit to its promoters, with whom undoubtedly—as I have told you—either by himself or through Nellie the Lady—this man we will call Daniel Seymour had some financial understanding."

"It is worthless, you say, this stock?" inquired Mr. Josselyn when he had stopped.

"So we understand," said the warden.

"I am not certain, of course," he continued, "that this is all exactly so—in every link of the chain. But this is our theory of the case, which would explain it, would it not, so far as you know?

"But, of course," he continued when they both sat silent, "he could have done nothing without the help of Nellie. He never could have worked it.

"I tell you, gentlemen," went on the polite official philosophically, "say what you want to, there's nothing like a good, true, loyal woman for any man, I don't care who he is, when he is down!"

And Mr. Bangs now gave an angry grunt. But that was all. And in a moment more the philosophic officer went on a little further with his philosophy.

"I am a fisherman, gentlemen," he began. "And quite often on my days off I take my recreation by trips in the public fishing steamers outside the harbor—toward the Cholera Banks, or what not. It is not a recreation of which to be particularly proud, gentlemen. It is a daily beer party—a motley crowd out for a day of stimulated joy. But I have it—the fishing part of it, I mean—in my blood. I go often. And I often think these get-rich-quick swindlers, these boosters of fake stocks, are much like these fishing parties are. A motley crowd much better home at work—cooped up in this one boat, their whole minds focused at drawing in a prize from that apparently empty waste round them.

"Now this may not impress you so, gentlemen," said the philosophizing warden, "but that's the way it seems to me these stock swindlers look at life and mankind in general—exactly as these fishing parties do. Life to them is the ocean full of foolish fish which they can have and eat for nothing—if they can entice them. The world is their ocean—their fish pond; and there is no ingenuity or bait too difficult or elaborate for them to try in fishing."

"For their suckers!" cried Mr. Josselyn.

"Exactly," said the warden. "You see! The very word itself!"

"But that is not my question!" Mr. Bangs now cried loudly.

"Your question!" inquired the warden, regarding him with surprise and now apparently with some distaste.

"No!" said Mr. Bangs loudly. "The question is—my question was: How could he do this—how could he operate this anyway from a jail?"

"In what way?" asked the warden, still politely. "I've shown you, have I not, that it took place, the great part of it—carried on by the woman—entirely outside the jail?"

"Except," said Mr. Bangs, "the receipt of letters by him through the mails."

"You forget, do you not," the official asked him, "your instructions, carefully given you by the woman in the first place, not to write him? Of the uselessness of it beyond the mere sending of money orders? And to visit him and find him at 61 Henry Street, as you have seen, would be a very difficult process—for persons located several miles from here. An enterprise," he concluded, looking at Mr. Bangs, "requiring an unusually persistent nature."

"Even then—even then," reiterated Mr. Bangs, "there would be some letters—some kicks coming in from somewhere that should have been discovered in his mail."

"Who," said the official courteously but firmly, "has told you that they were not discovered? In fact, have I not continually intimated to you that they were? But what good did that do—when the harm was done? They, his victims, would write only naturally when they desired to complain, when they had already acted on his advice and were already the full-fledged, unhappy owners of the Monarch of the Sierras.

"But," he said, now rising, "I'm afraid that I can do little more of any advantage for you. I have your names and residences, and in case that this last plan of this so-called Seymour is found so clearly criminal—of which there is some doubt—as to be included in the many charges against him, I can call you, if you wish, to take your place in the line of his various accusers.

"But in the matter of more consequence to you—of any possible chance of recovering your money—" he said concluding, "my knowledge is simply what is said to us by competent judges; that the Monarch of the Sierras, like so many of these promotions, is worthless. Beyond this, in general, my advice can be of little value to you, unless it is to warn you—of what you probably are already sufficiently warned—to guard yourself in future against the visits, not only of veiled ladies but of any others canvassing for the sale of unknown stocks; and always, in fact, against the thousand-and-one tricks of the great multitude of fakers who feed richly upon sucker lists."

Saying this, he shook hands with each. Then, after a moment's hesitancy on the part of Mr. Bangs, they passed out through the bare corridors and found themselves again on the outer steps of the grim and forbidding stone building at 61 Henry Street.

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

set of government employees, either holding office when their party was in power or else, when their party was out, expecting to hold office again at the next turn of the wheel—the ins being accommodated with office stools and the outs having to sit it out on garden benches in the Kalimegdan. A benevolent state had provided by law that every government official after, if I am not mistaken, eight years' service, was entitled to a pension; a small one naturally, but sufficient to enable him to undergo the sitting-out process without risking starvation.

Now that is the explanation as it was given to me by my Serbian friend. Should it turn out to have been a product of my caustic informant's imagination, I decline all responsibility for it, and I hope my indulgent readers will pardon me for having told the story.

As soon as we were fairly settled in our temporary establishment in the Serbian Crown we began to feel very much at home among our surroundings. Belgrad reminded us so much of some Russian provincial towns, such as Kursk or Orel or Nijni-Novgorod, where my wife, as quite a young motherless girl, had for many years been doing the honors of government house, her father's official residence on the Kreml, overlooking the majestic Volga, just as we could almost from our windows look at the confluence of the Save and the blue Danube. The people looked to us so familiar, just like our Little Russians, or, as it is now the fashion to call them, Ukrainians.

The winter season promised to be, and indeed turned out to be very gay in spite of the naturally limited social resources of such a small capital, thanks to the presence of the king's mother, Queen Natalie, the divorced wife of the former King Milan. She was in a way a countrywoman of ours, being the daughter of a very wealthy Bessarabian landowner. She was still extremely handsome, tall and graceful, with charmingly gracious and affable manners. She was devoted to her son, and she was trying her best to enliven society and to make the palace a center of gayety, where the poor young king could find some relaxation from the cares of state amidst surroundings more suitable to his age than the society of ministers and party leaders.

There were two palaces side by side—a larger and modern one in which Queen Natalie was residing as guest of her son, and a small one called the *Konak*—a Turkish word—which had originally been, I believe, the residence of the Turkish Pasha when Serbia was still a Turkish province or vilayet. The king was living in the small palace, where he was destined to meet his awful fate with his wife in that night of horrors of June 11, 1903. During the winter season several balls, banquets and receptions were given in the larger palace. Even part of the company of the Théâtre Français had been invited to Belgrad and it gave a representation of Molière's Malade Imaginaire in the great ballroom of the palace.

Then there were every fortnight small dances in the king's own palace, to which alternately one-half of the diplomatic corps was always invited. The king was passionately fond of dancing, an art in which, alas, he showed little proficiency but indefatigable energy. It was touching to see his mother, when he was sitting down for a moment's rest, coming up to him and tenderly wiping the perspiration off his burning cheeks.

In such a small town society was naturally restricted in numbers and the style of living was very modest, even among foreign diplomats. There were only three of us who kept our own carriages and horses. Otherwise what in England they call carriage people were nonexistent. Even the number of public conveyances, or phaetons, as they were called, was limited, as far as I can remember, to four or five, so that on occasions like a banquet or ball at the court carriages and horses from the royal stables had to be placed at the disposal of the guests to be seriatim conveyed to the palace.

We were particularly lucky in the personnel of our legation. We had as first secretary Mr. Nekludoff, late Minister to Sweden and subsequently Ambassador to Spain, with his charming wife and family of children, who were our intimate friends. Among the members of the diplomatic corps our particular friend was the Italian Minister, the Duke Avarna, who was our almost daily guest. We met him again as a colleague six years later when we were transferred to Athens from Munich.

Of the Serbians we saw most of Mr. Militchevitch, the king's secretary, a very able, level-headed, well-informed, many-sidedly cultivated man of the world, and a perfect gentleman in the best sense of the word. He was sincerely devoted to his young sovereign, and, I believe, rendered him great services with his worldly experience and well-balanced mind. He seems to have met with due appreciation from his countrymen of all parties, having occupied under the new dynasty two important diplomatic posts, in London and in Berlin. I believe he died in the latter city shortly before the outbreak of the war.

Not being mixed up in Serbian party politics in the traditional way, I was naturally brought into contact more with the members of the government of the day than with the party leaders, especially those who were not in sympathy with Prince Lobanoff's new departure in Russia's policy toward the Balkan states, which deprived them of the possibility of trading on the support of Russian diplomacy. Though they treated me outwardly with the consideration due the representative of Russia I evidently was not, and indeed could not be, much of a *persona grata* in their eyes. Their policy was one whose chief aim—the acquisition of territory in the possession of Serbia's neighbors, Austria-Hungary and Turkey—could be reached only by force of arms and was therefore bound in the end to involve Russia in a war for interests which I could not conscientiously consider to be hers and to which I was fully convinced the Russian people—I mean the real people, ninety per cent at least of the nation, and not the infinitesimally small number of political dreamers of the Intelligentzia—were absolutely indifferent.

I was particularly interested in satisfying myself as to what the sentiments of the average Serbians were in regard to the relationship of their country to Russia on one side and to Austria-Hungary on the other, and furthermore how far they were really in sympathy with the ambitious aims of some of their political leaders.

As regards the real people, the peasantry, which composes the bulk of the nation, an answer to these questions could be, with some assurance of being not far from the truth, formulated as follows: The Serbian people unquestionably entertain toward Russia very sincere feelings of gratitude and affection as toward a far-away mother, whose disinterested and beneficent care and powerful protection have helped them to free themselves from the Turkish yoke. That these feelings have anything to do with racial affinity I am not prepared to admit. We have seen similar feelings on the part of the Bulgarians turned into bitter hatred of Russia, to whom they owe their liberation and to whose people they are, if anything, perhaps even more closely related than the Serbians. Besides, do we not witness now a display of extraordinarily bitter hatred between Anglo-Saxons and Germans, after all members of the same racial family, no less closely related to each other than Poles are to Russians? And what about the proverbially bitterest hatred of all—that between brothers when they happen to fall out? All this puts me in mind of that great French philosopher, who was not so far wrong when he made that apparently cynical remark: "No one can expect to go through life without making enemies; but the enemies given us by Nature are our relations."

I would not have dwelt so long on this question of race affinity were it not that our Pan-Slavists or Slavophiles, or Nationalists, have adopted this race affinity of the Russian people with the Slavs as the corner stone of their political system, and that I hold policies based on sentimental considerations of racial sympathy or antipathy to be, perhaps, temporarily valuable instruments of demagogy, but not sound combinations of business or statesmanship.

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task. Their feelings are not so simple and direct as those of the popular masses are apt to be. So, for instance, the idea of Russia's beneficent motherhood of all Slavdom, which seems to appeal strongly to the fancy of the popular masses, had evidently undergone some alteration in their minds, and the smiling image of the fairy godmother had made room in their eyes for the frown of the stepmother who had clasped to her breast her favorite youngest offspring, the bad boy Bulgaria. At least that was a reproach I heard sometimes delicately and sorrowfully expressed by Serbians, professing at the same time sincere attachment to Russia and an unshaken belief that in the end she would assist Serbia in the realization of her national ideal.

I had to take the defense of Russia's diplomacy, at which these reproaches were aimed, by reminding them that if in 1876 we had not, by consenting in advance to Austria-Hungary's occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, made sure of the neutrality of that Power we could never have attempted the invasion of the Balkan Peninsula in the following year, which led not only to the liberation of Bulgaria from the Turkish yoke but also to the liberation of Serbia herself from Turkish vassalage. It had, after all, been only the sacrifice of what was at best but an ambitious dream for a substantial reality.

Then again the question of cultural unification. The Serbians know full well that the culture of Russia herself has been imported from the west. Small wonder that in quest of culture they prefer to go to the fountainhead—to the nearest, in Vienna, and, when their means will permit it, to Paris and London, to Russia when scholarships in military schools or other government institutions can be obtained.

At one of the first balls at court the first secretary of our legation introduced to me a Serbian colonel, mentioning that he wished to request me to obtain a scholarship in one of the St. Petersburg military schools for his son; whereupon the colonel addressed me in the most perfect German:

"Does Your Excellency speak also German?"

To which I made reply: "Of course I do, since that seems to be the common language of Slavs."

After which the conversation was continued by me in Russian, and by him in Serbian, though I must confess not without the assistance of Mr. Nekludoff, who was quite a proficient Serbian scholar.

Now the question of languages. There can be no doubt that there is more German than Russian spoken in Serbia. Also the knowledge of German is of greater practical use to the Serbians than the knowledge of Russian, considering that the bulk of their outside commercial business is carried on with Austria-Hungary as the nearest neighbor of Serbia, and necessarily in the German language. In the upper stratum of the Serbian bureaucracy French was fairly well known as the language generally used in international intercourse by polite society all over Continental Europe. The knowledge of English I found to be limited to a small number of individuals. All this, after all, is quite natural. When it comes to making a choice between foreign languages, the issue, except in individual cases, will necessarily be determined not by sentimental motives of racial affinity but by purely utilitarian considerations of the better adaptability of this or that language to given practical purposes.

As regards the ambitious designs, or rather hopes, of possible territorial expansion of the kingdom, my impression was that the popular sentiment—as far, of course, as similar questions are accessible to the understanding of and are capable of moving the masses of the people—was perhaps more occupied with the fate of Macedonia than with Bosnia and Herzegovina, let alone Croatia. Macedonia, with the extraordinary tangle of races—Serbian, Bulgarian, Greek and even Koutzo-Wallachian, tyrannized over by an infinitesimally small layer of the ruling Turkish race—had always been a bone of contention between the various races composing its population; some, as the Serbians and Bulgarians, claiming to be the numerically preponderating nationality; or, as the Greeks, basing their claim to preponderance not on numbers but on traditions of ancient history and on cultural superiority.

Moreover, the question of determining the relative reasonableness of these conflicting claims was complicated by the usual tendency of the diplomacy of the rival great Powers to take a hand in these disputes according to what each considered to be best suited to serve its own interests. As an illustration of this state of affairs I might repeat a story told me by a distinguished Serbian statesman who had held a ministerial post, but at the time was out of office.

In the course of a journey through Macedonia undertaken for the purpose of satisfying himself as to the real condition of things there he had reached Saloniki and had been entertained at dinner by the Russian consul general, who had the reputation of being the greatest authority on the ethnography of the Balkan Peninsula. When my Serbian friend, after dinner over coffee and cigars, asked him for his frank opinion as to whether the Macedonians were Serbians or Bulgarians he elicited from his host the following illuminating reply:

"If you ask me this question as plain Mr. X, I will say they are Serbians, but if you want to know my opinion as consul general of Russia, I am bound to say that they are all Bulgarians."

It must, however, not be forgotten that there are in Macedonia also people who decline to be considered either Serbian or Bulgarian and who want to be simply Macedonian.

The question of Bosnia and Herzegovina, it seemed to me, agitated the minds of the Intelligentzia a great deal more than the Macedonian question, because the acquisition of these provinces with a population of unquestionably Serbian stock—though part of it had become Mohammedan during the Turkish régime—would have given Serbia access to the Adriatic; but then it was plain that this aim of Serbian policy could have been reached only in case of a total collapse of Austria-Hungary, a contingency which in those days seemed to be sufficiently remote, in any event less likely to happen than the collapse of the Ottoman Empire. The same could, of course, be said as well of Croatia, whose population besides, though of Serbian stock, belonged not to the Orthodox Greek Church, as the Serbians of the kingdom, but to the Roman Catholic Church; and between the two branches of the Serbian family there was not much love lost.

But taken all in all, during this year of my sojourn in Serbia, though plenty of inflammable material was as always present in the Balkan Peninsula, there was a lull in what is called *la grande politique*—that delight of ambitious diplomats and bellicose general staffs, and at the same time that unmitigated curse of the peoples who in the end have to pay for its vagaries with their blood and treasure, of which, however, mankind will never get rid before the breaking of the dawn of the reign of reason, an event expected to be contemporaneous with the advent of the millennium. This comparative quiet was due in a great measure to the fact of the advent of a new reign in Russia and to the prevailing uncertainty as to the character it would assume.

XIV

THE winter season at Belgrad had been one of the most brilliant and animated, or perhaps one might say the most brilliant and animated Serbia's capital had ever seen. The time passed, we hardly noticed how quickly, and summer was at the door almost before we had time to think of where we should go so as to avoid the intolerable midsummer heat at Belgrad. Before we could leave for a summer holiday we witnessed the arrival on a short visit to the king of two semiroyal guests, Prince Nicholas of Montenegro and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, both on their way home from Moscow, where they had been present at the ceremony of the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas II. The former seemed to me to be less satisfied with his reception by the young emperor; at any rate he reminded me in a tone of melancholy regret, when I went to pay him my respects, of the famous toast of Alexander III, who had called him his only friend. He had, however, every reason to congratulate himself upon the success of his visit to Moscow, as it was there, it appears, that the marriage between his daughter, the Princess Helen, and the then Crown Prince of Italy was decided upon.

The Prince of Bulgaria, who arrived in the evening barely in time for a late banquet—which indeed had to be delayed for an hour or so in the expectation of his arrival in a belated train—and who left the following afternoon, seemed to be highly delighted with his reception in Moscow, his first visit to the Russian court after the reconciliation brought about by his son's—Prince Boris'—joining the Orthodox Church and Emperor Nicholas' standing godfather to the heir to the Bulgarian throne.

At the solemn banquet given in his honor at the palace I was seated next to the Bulgarian Prime Minister, Stoiloff, and watched the anxious expression of his face when the Prince, who had prepared a speech in French in reply to the king's expected toast in the same language, got up to reply to the king, who had unexpectedly spoken in Serbian, and without a moment's hesitation began his rather lengthy extemporized reply in Bulgarian.

After the first words spoken by the Prince with perfect assurance in his best oratorical manner and in the purest Bulgarian, my Bulgarian neighbor leaned back in his chair with evident pride and satisfaction, and beaming on me said: "This is the way His Royal Highness speaks Bulgarian—better even than any of us."

After the dinner the Prince held the usual reception of the members of the diplomatic corps, which he carried off with the easy assurance of a past master of the art, in singular contrast to the embarrassed awkwardness of the poor young king on similar occasions. He seemed to be much gratified by the reception he had met with in Russia and was evidently in an elated frame of mind. He naturally honored me as the representative of Russia with a demonstratively lengthy talk, interlarding his French conversation with many Russian expressions in a very amusing way. During the reception he had dispatches and telegrams brought to him, which he, interrupting the ceremony, proceeded to read in a neighboring salon, the doors of which were left open, after which he gave orders to his aids, and so on. In short he was bent on impressing us as a busy man of affairs, full of bustle and energy.

We did not tarry long after the festivities were over but took the train for Vienna, where we were to separate, my family going to Switzerland for the summer, and I to St. Petersburg to report to the Minister of Foreign Affairs before beginning my summer vacation. On the day we arrived at Vienna I had noticed in the local papers a telegram from St. Petersburg announcing the sudden death of our Minister to Japan, Mr. Hitrovo, and I had a vague presentiment that I should probably be appointed to succeed him.

Indeed on the very day of my arrival Prince Lobanoff sent for me and asked me if I would be willing to go to Tokio, and if so whether I could manage to start with the least delay possible. Upon my having declared at once my entire willingness to conform to his wishes he said he would the very next day—which happened to be a Tuesday, the day when the Minister of Foreign Affairs used to have his weekly audience with the emperor—submit the decree of my appointment for His Majesty's signature. The day after his audience he sent for me again and told me that he had not been able to obtain the emperor's signature though His Majesty had in principle consented to my appointment, but that the matter would surely be settled the next Tuesday. However, the next Tuesday he came back from Tsarskoe Selo still without the signed decree, and he told me that there was some hitch, but nothing personal to me, adding that it was again "that confounded Korean business." As he did not volunteer any explanation and I could not properly press him for it I went to see the chief of the Asiatic Department, Count Kapnist, one of Prince Lobanoff's favorites, and like his brother, our Ambassador at Vienna, a friend of mine, and asked him whether he could tell me what Prince Lobanoff's curious allusion to Korean affairs could have meant in connection with the question of my appointment.

This is what he told me confidentially, and I have no hesitation in making public his story, considering that all this is now a matter of history and all the personages involved in it are no more of this world.

During the coronation festivities in Moscow, in May, 1896, when Prince Lobanoff and Mr. Witte, as he then was, were negotiating with Li Hung Chang the famous Manchurian railroad convention under the watchful eyes of Marshal Yamagata, the Japanese special ambassador, an ambassador from the King of Korea made

(Continued on Page 157)

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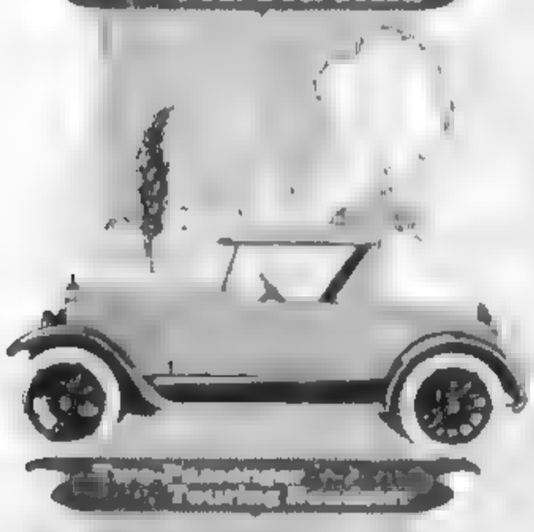

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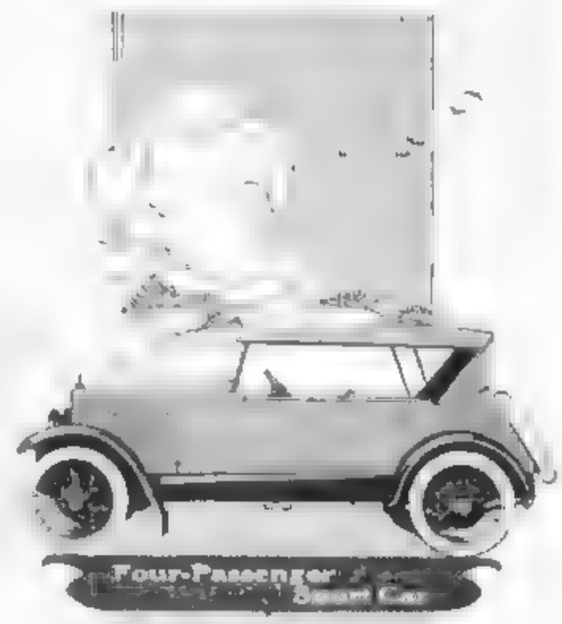

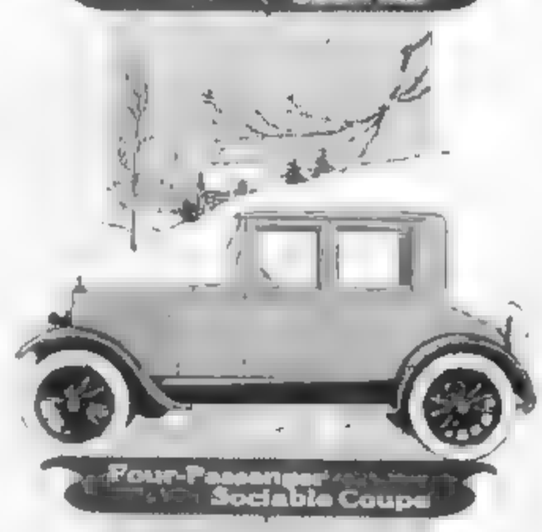

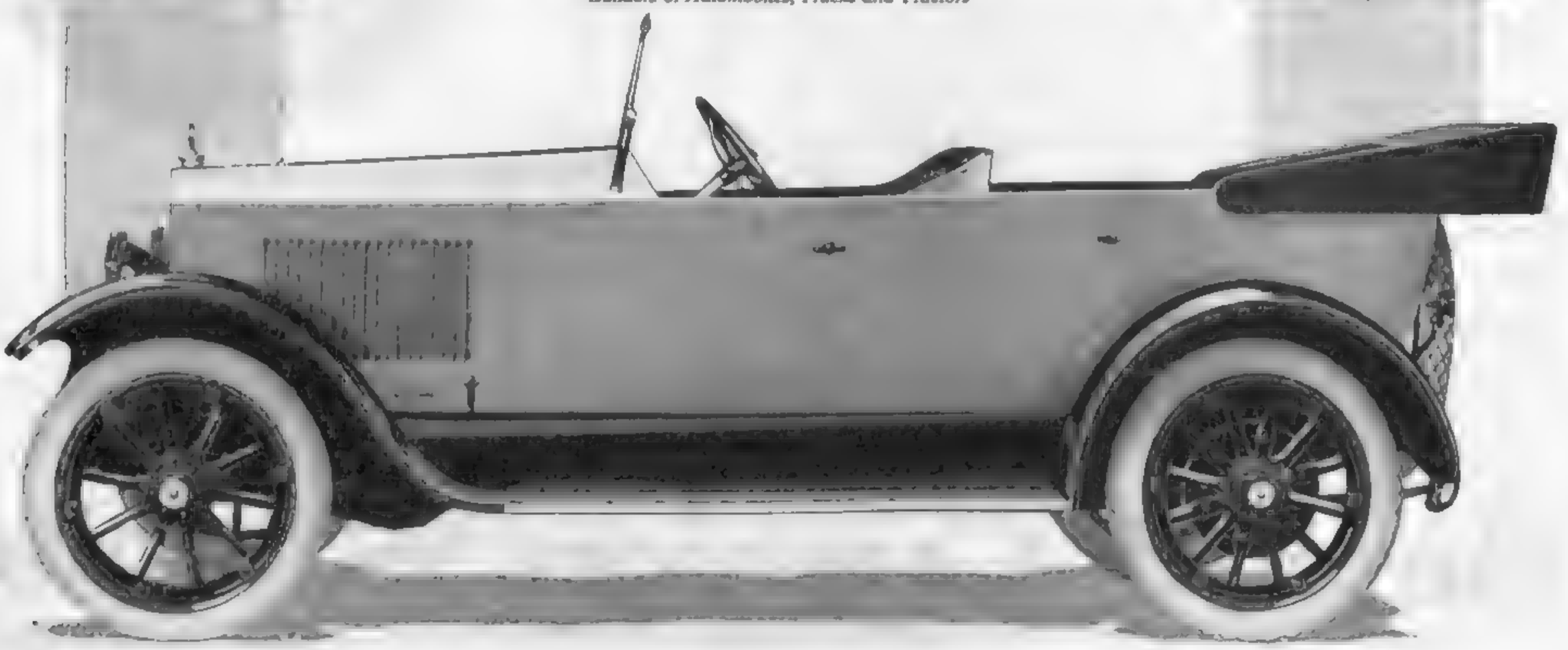

(Continued from Page 154)

his appearance, and having obtained a private audience submitted to the Emperor Nicholas the request of his sovereign to be taken under the protectorate of Russia. The emperor, it appears, had then and there granted this request without previous consultation with his Minister of Foreign Affairs. Now I feel bound to say, in extenuation of the grave and in its consequences fatal error committed in this matter by the emperor, that given his very limited knowledge of international relations and his total inexperience in the handling of affairs of state—which it would be unjust to reproach him with, as he had never been given an opportunity of acquiring any such experience—it was natural for the young sovereign, brought up in the traditional belief in the omnipotence of Czardom, surrounded as he was at that moment by the representatives of all the Powers of the world come to do him homage—it was but natural for him to see in such a request nothing but a very proper acknowledgment of and homage to his power and greatness, and to be utterly unsuspecting of the possibility of any danger lurking under a gracious promise of protection given by a very great monarch to a very humble semibarbarous potentate, ruler of a small and quite insignificant kingdom.

This I believe to be the true psychological explanation of the emperor's injudicious action, which, however, when it became known to Prince Lobanoff—possibly even from the lips of His Majesty himself—provoked his just indignation and probably gave rise to serious apprehensions as to the ultimate consequences of this inconsiderate step. What passed between the emperor and his minister will probably never be known; but experienced observers of court life did not fail to notice that from a certain moment during the Moscow festivities a coolness had begun to affect the relations between the emperor and the prince and did not seem to have given way to a better feeling until Prince Lobanoff's sudden death in the imperial train, when he was accompanying the imperial couple on their journey to Vienna.

The fact of this promise of a protectorate having been given was, of course, not published, and probably every possible precaution was taken in order to guard the secret, but it is hardly credible that such watchful and experienced observers as the Japanese should have long remained in ignorance of a fact so closely affecting their interests in Korea, to which they always attached the very greatest importance. In the meanwhile our Minister to Japan, the late Mr. Hitrovo, who had arrived in Moscow at the same time as Marshal Yamagata, had opened the eyes of Prince Lobanoff to the necessity of treating Korean affairs with the utmost caution if we wished to avoid a serious conflict with Japan, whose determination to defend her interests in that country at all hazards, even at the risk of war, could not be doubted for a moment.

Prince Lobanoff, evidently convinced of the wisdom of this advice, was naturally anxious to remove all causes that might lead to friction with Japan. One of the possible causes of such friction was the presence at Seul, the capital of Korea, in the capacity of diplomatic agent of Russia, of a gentleman, a Mr. Weber, who had acquired a considerable influence over the King of Korea and whose activity there had attracted the suspicious attention of the Japanese Government. He wished, therefore, to replace him by some other diplomat who would be less objectionable to the Japanese, and proposed to send to Seul a Mr. Speyer, who was acting as chargé d'affaires in Japan, and he had offered Mr. Weber my post in Mexico.

This arrangement, however, did not seem to suit the emperor, who apparently wished to prolong the stay of Mr. Weber in Korea; and so my appointment to Japan was indefinitely delayed because on my arrival in Tokio depended the possibility of removing Mr. Speyer to Korea and Mr. Weber to Mexico. Prince Lobanoff did not give up the hope of having things settled in accordance with his wishes, and he instructed me not to return to Belgrad until my appointment had been definitely made, when I might go there on my way to Japan if I wished to present in person my letters of recall. There being no further reason for my staying in the empty capital in midsummer I left to join my family in Switzerland.

Shortly afterward Prince Lobanoff, as minister in attendance on the emperor, started with Their Majesties on their tour of visits to different European capitals, a journey from which he was destined never to return. He died suddenly of apoplexy in his car in the imperial train at a station not far from Kieff on August 30, 1896. He was a man of strong physique, and though past seventy when he became Minister of Foreign Affairs there was every reason to hope that he might be spared to his sovereign and his country for some eight or ten years longer. To the inexperienced young emperor his loss was irreparable and amounted to what was little short of a catastrophe.

The imperial couple's tour of visits once begun, could, of course, neither be given up nor postponed, and there was no one who could be called upon at a moment's notice not only to fill but to fill at all adequately the defunct statesman's place. Prince Lobanoff's place in European politics and in the estimation of the world, in spite of his having had the direction of Russian policy for barely eighteen months, had indeed become one of great and generally acknowledged importance. Neither the unusual activity and energy he had caused Russian diplomacy to display during his short term of office nor the somewhat haughty tone he had adopted toward foreign governments and diplomats had provoked any serious apprehensions, such was the confidence which his well-known firm disposition in favor of the maintenance of peace and his great ability and strength of character had inspired everywhere. His heritage could have been worthily borne only by the strongest shoulders. But such an heir was not forthcoming in the hour of need, nor was one ever found before the Russian Empire had become nothing but a memory of a glorious past. Personally I had every reason deeply to deplore the passing of the only Minister of Foreign Affairs who during all the long years of my diplomatic career had ever treated me with entire confidence and real well-meaning regard.

Nothing remained for the emperor in the embarrassing emergency brought about by the untimely death of his Minister of Foreign Affairs but to take with him on this very important journey the defunct minister's assistant, Mr. Shiskine, a very worthy old gentleman but politically an absolute nonentity and quite incompetent to direct the foreign policy of a great country in the serious times, the approach of which was instinctively felt everywhere in Europe.

When the summer was over and I had not had any further news in regard to my projected appointment to Japan I made up my mind to try to ascertain whether this uncertainty had not lasted long enough and whether it would not be possible to have this vexed question settled one way or the other. We accordingly went to St. Petersburg, where, my fate still remaining undecided, we spent the autumn and part of the winter until I was ordered to return temporarily to Belgrad in connection with a diplomatic combination to which I shall have to refer later on.

During the two or three months I spent at the capital I was naturally a frequent visitor at the Foreign Office, where I had a warm friend and former colleague, who was also one of Prince Lobanoff's appointees and who occupied an important position in the Asiatic Department. In this way I became acquainted with the details of an incident with which Dr. E. J. Dillon, in his Eclipse of Russia, deals exhaustively under the heading The Czar's Plot to Seize the Heights of the Upper Bosporus. I shall not attempt to reproduce in these pages the story told by Doctor Dillon, with elaborate accuracy, of this extraordinary plot, which he justly describes as a "criminal plan"—though it must be owned that there is no government under the sun that has not at one time or other conceived or occasionally even realized similar "criminal plans."

With Doctor Dillon I disagree in only one respect and this is when he calls it "the czar's plot," though in his own account of the affair he justly attributes to our ambassador at Constantinople, Mr. Nelidoff, the authorship of this nefarious plan, the execution of which, or even any attempt at its execution, would have unquestionably spelled disaster to Russia. The unfortunate emperor has enough to answer for before God and men without being saddled with responsibility for an intended crime in which his participation was merely that

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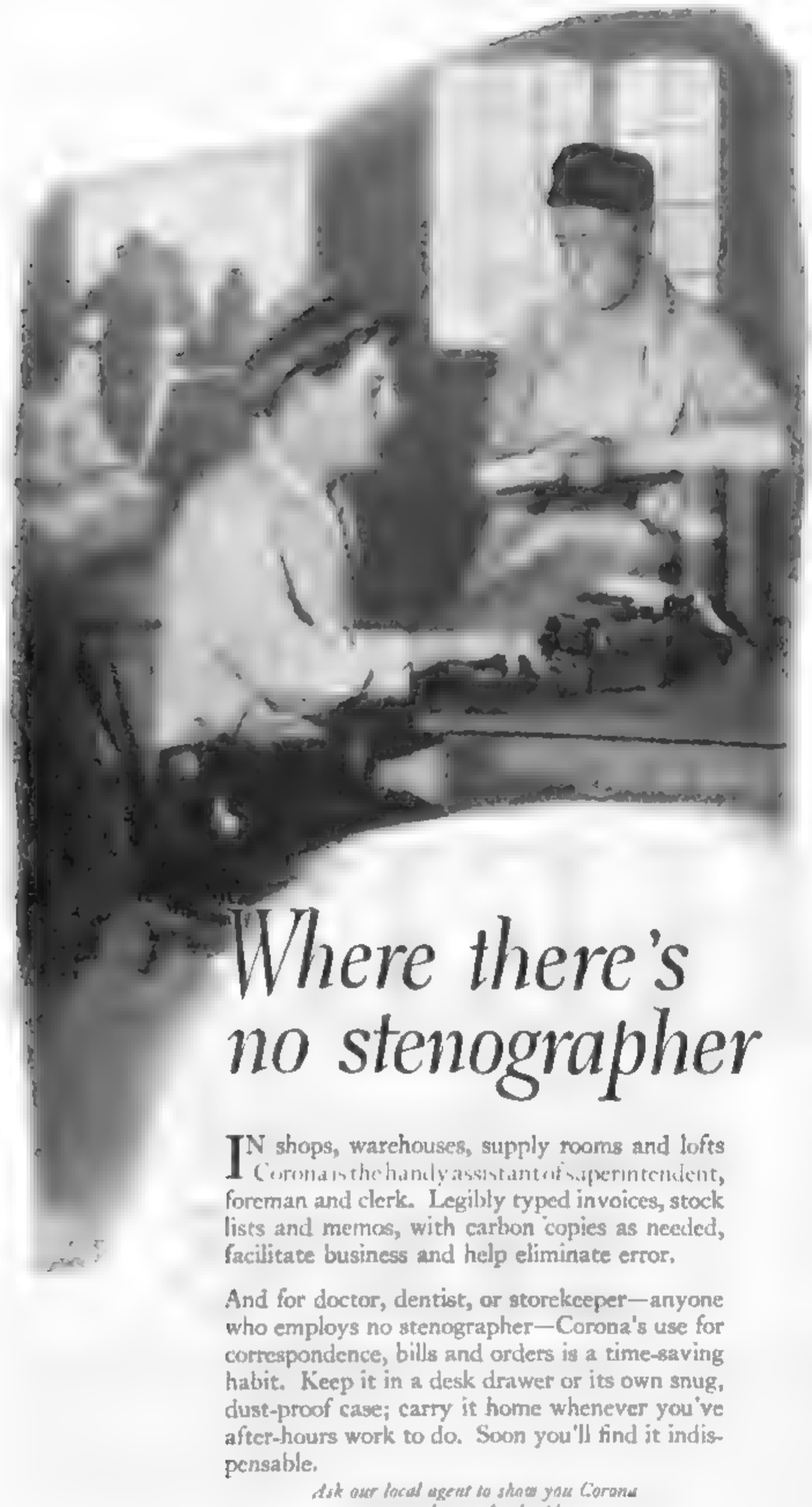

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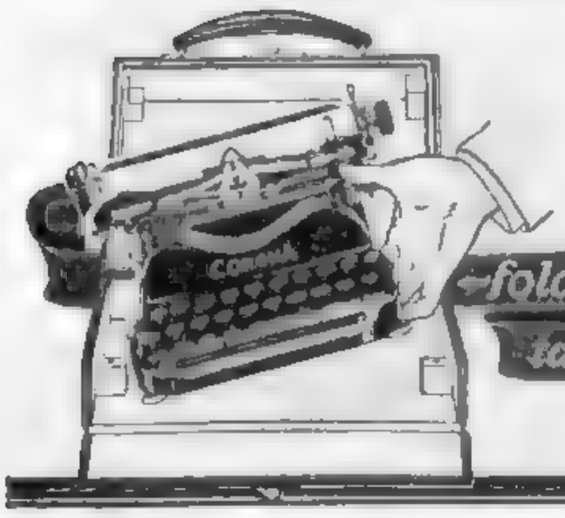

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of a weakling sovereign who, when appealed to in the cause of what was represented to him as a life interest of his country, had neither the insight to realize the criminal folly of the project submitted for his approval nor the strength of will to put his foot down on it as his father would have done. The honorable part played on this occasion by two rival statesmen, Witte and Pobiedonostseff, of whom the by far greater one unhesitatingly sought and found the willing cooperation of the lesser one in defeating that nefarious plan, does them the greatest credit, and Doctor Dillon deserves well of their memory by having placed in the proper light their unselfish patriotic devotion to the true interests and to the welfare of their country.

I hold no brief for the defense of the truly incredible levity with which an aged and experienced diplomat, and a man of the highest personal character and irreproachable honor, such as Mr. Nelidoff, could have ventured to submit to his sovereign a project of the highly dangerous and risky character of which he could not but have been well aware; still I should like to say something—not, of course, in extenuation of his guilt but in explanation of the psychological motives that may have led him to commit an act the doubtful rectitude of which must have been apparent to him.

In judging of similar actions one should always keep in mind that which constitutes the fundamental defect, or, so to speak, the original sin of the régime of autocracy; I mean the concentration on the person of the autocrat of the entire and sole responsibility for every act of his government. The recognition of this dangerous principle as a fundamental law of the state inevitably deadens the sense of personal responsibility in individual servants of the crown. Thus a statesman might unhesitatingly and with perfect bona fides submit to his sovereign a plan of doubtful applicability but based on highly patriotic considerations, feeling at the same time that whether his plan be approved or rejected he had done what he held to be his patriotic duty, and that in case of the approval and realization of his plan and its subsequent disastrous failure, the responsibility would not be his, but the autocrat's who had approved it. This, of course, could not be pleaded as an excuse, but does in a measure, it seems to me, serve as a psychological explanation of what necessarily always remains an act of extraordinary levity.

Another psychological explanation might be found in the tendency of our Intelligentzia to let themselves be carried away by patriotic declamation and clever-sounding slogans such as, in the present case, the ever-repeated saying: "The straits are the key to the door of our house; we must put that key in our pocket." The number of people was astonishingly large who would swear by the absolute necessity for Russia of securing at any cost possession of the straits, until one fine day they were declared to be of no account, as Mr. Iswolsky found out to his cost when, as Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1909, he attempted to trade away Russia's consent to the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary for that Power's consent to our taking possession of these straits, and when he was unanimously accused by our patriotic press of having betrayed the sacred cause of Slavdom for a mere mess of pottage.

This whole episode was an extremely interesting one, but I can here only refer those who wish to know more about it to Doctor Dillon's very detailed and entirely truthful account of it in his Eclipse of Russia. Fortunately, and thanks exclusively to the timely patriotic intervention of Witte and Pobiedonostseff, it had no immediate disastrous consequences, but the probabilities are that the secret of this contemplated act of unprovoked aggression was not so well guarded as not to have become at least partially known to the interested parties, and could therefore but contribute to strengthen the traditional suspicions with which our policy in the Near East had always been regarded by the Western Powers no less than by the Turks.

All my endeavors to bring to a decisive issue the question of my appointment to Japan proved unavailing, partly, I suppose, because Mr. Shiskine, as a merely temporary acting chief of the Foreign Department, did not feel like pressing the emperor for a decision one way or the other, being afraid of indisposing His Majesty by such insistence, and partly, perhaps, because he entertained some hopes of being in the end himself appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, when he would feel more at liberty to take up this question as well as that of some other appointments similarly delayed.

At last—I think it was about Christmas time—he sent for me and told me that I would have to return immediately to Belgrad, but only for a short time, in order to attend to some important business that had cropped up unexpectedly. Then he proceeded to explain that Mr. Nelidoff, our Ambassador at Constantinople, on his way to return to his post had met in the train—the so-called Orient Express—our diplomatic agent in Bulgaria, Mr. Tcharykoff, and that they had between them devised a plan for the organization of an alliance of the Balkan Powers, the initiative of which should be taken by the Bulgarian Government, and our participation in the whole affair in suggesting this plan to the Bulgarians should remain a profound secret. I was therefore instructed to proceed at once to Belgrad and to give my vigorous support to the proposal with which the Bulgarian Government would approach Serbia, but to see to it that the secret should not leak out.

With these instructions in my pocket I left in hot haste for Belgrad, where I found a radical ministry in power, headed by Mr. Simitch, who had for many years been the Serbian Minister in Vienna, an experienced, tactful and able diplomat and a statesman of moderate views. A couple of days after my arrival, at a late hour in the evening, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Simitch, who seemed to be in a state of some excitement and elation. He said he had come with wonderfully good news. The Bulgarian diplomatic agent had just called upon him and announced that Russia had decided to organize a Balkan alliance and that the Bulgarian Government hoped to find Serbia willing to join the alliance.

Seeing that the famous secret had leaked out and might compromise our government in an undesirable way I had nothing left but to deny the existence of any such decision as had been attributed to Russia by the Bulgarian representative.

This incident shows once more the inconvenience, not to say the danger, of suffering subordinate agents—for such, after all, are ambassadors no less than mere ministers plenipotentiary—to strike out lines of policy of their own.

In the meantime the appointment of a new Minister of Foreign Affairs to succeed Prince Lobanoff had taken place. The emperor's choice, after nearly six months of hesitation, had fallen on Count Mouravieff, our Minister at Copenhagen, where His Majesty when heir to the throne had probably had occasion to meet him.

This choice was not quite a surprise, as, there being no other candidates in the field, it had seemed more or less likely that the emperor's choice would in the end fall on some diplomat whom he happened to know personally, and that that could have been only someone he had met at Copenhagen, where our imperial family had been frequent guests at the Danish court. I had never met Count Mouravieff, and all I knew about him was from hearsay, namely that he was rather ignorant and very superficial but gifted with a good deal of sound common sense, and that he was an experienced courtier

My curiosity to know him was to be gratified pretty soon. A month had hardly passed after he had been installed in his office as Minister of Foreign Affairs when I received a telegram from him informing me that the emperor had signed my appointment as Minister to Japan and that my letters of recall from my post in Serbia were being forwarded to me.

The following week I was on my way to St. Petersburg, where I expected to stay some time in order to acquaint myself thoroughly with the state of our relations with Japan, in regard to which I had then already conceived some misgivings.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

A Helper in the Kitchen that You can keep

THERE is always satisfaction and pleasure in homes where a *Napanee Dutch Kitchenet* systematizes and reduces kitchen labor, and everything is so convenient and the work made so pleasant with this "Helper in your kitchen which you can keep," that discouraging thoughts of doing your own work are quickly forgotten.

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WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR YOUNG MEN?

(Continued from Page 18)

places the weight of the body on the outer half of the foot, and not with the toes turned outward, which is an unnatural posture. And in walking he lifts his weight upon the ball of his foot, thus exercising and strengthening all the muscles.

To avoid flat foot children should be properly shod. They should be taught to walk and stand properly. Of course these rules also apply to adults. If you have weak arches learn to walk with the feet parallel or pointed slightly inward.

You may remember that you were taught in childhood to turn your toes out. This is considered to be the correct method in walking or standing and to lend an air of gentility to one's appearance, but it does not conduce to one's endurance in walking. Also the glide may seem an elegant method of locomotion, but the proper thing is to rise each time on the ball of the foot so as to exercise the muscles and ligaments. This also implies that the toes must have plenty of room for free movements.

A few simple exercises will help to strengthen the arch. If you are suffering from flat foot in any but the extreme degree take this home and try it, not upon your piano but upon your bedroom floor, after you have shed the cares and the habiliments of the day:

Standing with the feet parallel or slightly toed in and firmly planted, rotate the thighs outward from the hip without bending the knees. This exercise will correct the tendency to throw the weight upon the inner surface of the foot.

Lift the toes forcibly as far as possible from the floor. Also, separate the toes by muscular effort, one from another, either in the same or in a separate exercise.

Standing upon a board or anything above the surface of the floor with the ball of the foot upon the edge, forcibly bend the toes downward and back a number of times.

Each exercise may be repeated as often as time permits or inclination dictates.

To jump abruptly from one extremity to the other—from the feet to the head—anyone not a student of psychology might think that mental defects do not belong in our list because they are neither avoidable nor curable and because they could not have occurred with great frequency among our young men.

Keeping the Brain Well Fed

But there are many kinds and degrees of mental defects. Every insane asylum has its idiots and its criminal insane, almost every community its village fool, every schoolroom its stupid child. Many families possess one member who does not measure up to the rest in intelligence. In other words, mental defectives grade all the way up from those who are mentally void to those who are merely slow, and cannot be grouped together any more than physical defectives.

Not more than two centuries ago the insane were either totally neglected or they were venerated because they were considered "possessed." No attempt was made to classify them or to treat them intelligently. And until recently mental defectives of the higher grades, those just below normal intelligence, were not classified. Stupid men and women were just fools, that was all, and backward children were merely stupid or lazy.

Now we know that many children are backward because they cannot see clearly, needing glasses. Or they cannot hear well, or cannot breathe properly because of obstructions in the nose or throat. And these defects are being discovered by systematic examinations of school children, and their physical defects removed, when possible.

Last of all, we are beginning to show a little gleam of intelligence here and there throughout the country—it is by no means general—in our treatment of children who do not have imperfections of sight or hearing or respiration but are merely mentally slow. Tests are used by which they may be graded according to age, not of their bodies but of their minds. These tests are many and varied. They include, among others, tests of their ability to copy from memory both simple designs and sentences. Also questions are asked which require analysis and judgment in the answers.

You are walking along a country road and see upon a blacksmith shop a sign: "Three miles to Jonesville. If you cannot read, ask the blacksmith." Or, answer this: "What would you do if you missed your train?" If anyone sprung these on you suddenly you would probably think him mentally deficient, but if you failed to see the absurdity in the first proposition or to answer properly the second you yourself would be so classified, and your mental age would be placed at about seven or eight. Many a prospective soldier failed in the mental tests.

As this is written, the figures for the whole Army are not yet complete, but of five hundred thousand men rejected more than twenty-five thousand of them were mentally defective.

Mental development, like physical development, is partly a matter of proper nourishment in childhood. Many a backward child has been brought up to normal intelligence by being fed one good wholesome meal a day. In some of the schools of our large cities children have been given at noon all the milk they could drink, with bread and butter and a cereal. Within a few months the stupid children had caught up with the others. This is not a startling fact. It is quite obvious, and the wonder is that it was not sooner recognized. The brain, to function, needs nourishment just as much as the rest of the body—and also fresh air. Stuffy schoolrooms make sluggish minds, and children in open-air schools thrive mentally as well as physically, because mental activity depends upon physical well-being.

Minds of Assorted Sizes

One of the indefensible customs with regard to school children has been our grading them according to their ages without reference to their minds. One might as logically order a suit of clothes by mail, giving his age only. Children of the same age come in assorted sizes mentally as well as physically. Many a boy or girl quite fully grown possesses the mind of a child of seven or ten. The child's thought processes must be developed according to his individual needs.

Within a generation or two our intellectual average will be higher than it is to-day, because we are beginning to see these things. Here and there the psychologist is at work in the schools, analyzing the minds of the children, discovering their mental quickness or slowness, their visual and auditory memories and their natural aptitudes for certain lines of study.

In our gradual approach from milder to graver conditions the next subject on our list is hernia. Logically hernia, or rupture, might be classified as an unavoidable condition, but this would be only partly correct. Of rupture it may be said that some are born with it, which is a matter entirely beyond their control; some acquire it, by unnecessarily violent exertion; and some have it thrust upon them, by accident or by emergencies that require extreme effort.

That it is not a rare condition may be inferred from the fact that more than twenty-eight thousand men examined for the Army were ruptured.

Strictly speaking, a hernia is the protrusion of an internal organ or tissue through an abnormal or an abnormally enlarged opening. For instance, one may have a hernia of the brain through the skull if a part of the bone is gone and there is increased pressure from within. But ordinarily rupture means the protrusion of a part of the abdominal contents, and this is the sense in which the word is employed here.

Now the explanation of rupture is simple. The abdominal wall consists of: First, the skin; then fat, more or less; then strong muscular bands that hold the contents in place. Upon the firmness or relaxation of these muscular bands depends the shape of the abdomen. Flaccid muscles cause it to be more or less pendulous. The shape also of course depends upon the amount of fat in the wall, but this we need not consider in discussing the mechanics of rupture. Lining the inner side of the abdominal wall and also the intestines are two layers of a smooth, shiny, self-lubricating membrane, the peritoneum.

The Oxide Test

A uniformity test of lead oxide is reproduced below by greatly-enlarged photo-micrographs, *not retouched*. The dark spots or fragments are oxide particles. Plate I shows oxide of the best quality produced in the open market. Note the lack of uniformity of the particles compared with Plate II, which shows Gould-Made Oxide. Dreadnaught Plates made with Gould Oxide give uniform resistance to disintegration. No weak spots, but even quality of the whole plate surface.

Plate I

Plate II

All lead oxides used in building Dreadnaught Plates are made by Gould in the only battery plant in America producing storage battery plates complete, from the pig lead to finished product.

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The Gould Starting Battery is basically right because the *plates* are right. You cannot have a dependable battery unless the battery plates are dependable. Battery plates cannot be good unless the lead oxide that goes into them is uniformly good. The makers of the Gould Battery feel that the best way to be sure of uniformly good lead oxide is to make it themselves. No other battery maker goes so far to insure quality.

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THIS summer Jim Fraser, just back from France, took off his uniform and went to work for the Electric Floor Surfacer Company, 149 West 36th St., New York City.

Three weeks later he was made foreman. "Because," as Mr. Campbell, the manager, said, "when you give Fraser a job it's done on time."

About this time J. Pierpont Morgan's big steam yacht "Corsair" was mustered out of the Navy with her decks badly scarred from hard service in foreign waters. Mr. Campbell contracted to re-finish the "Corsair's" decks and turned the job over to Fraser. "The Corsair sails Friday? Three full working days. That's easy," said Fraser. But—

Those three days it rained. Not until Thursday afternoon did it start to clear. And the "Corsair" was to sail next morning.

That hot July night the deck-watch on the "Corsair" saw a stubborn fight against time.

Under the white glare of the deck lights Fraser and his little crew worked feverishly—all night long their sanding rolls, covered with fast-cutting "Speed-grits", whirred at 1750 R. P. M., grinding down the scarred deck surface.

At 7:10 Friday morning, the job was finished and Fraser and his weary crew left the yacht.

At 8 o'clock the "Corsair" sailed—On time!

"A tough job," said Fraser. "That deck was scarred from loading shells, splotched with oil and grease and water-soaked from the rain. Some job—but 'Speed-grits' Garnet Paper is *some* job-speeder."

"And I've got *some* workmen," added Mr. Campbell with a smile.

Good workmen know the difference.

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The two layers of this membrane glide one upon the other as the intestines move about in performing the act of digestion. The intestines, it may be said, are seldom entirely still. This absolute freedom of movement without friction gives to the abdomen one characteristic of a bladder full of water. That is, pressure exerted upon it anywhere causes an equal pressure from within at every point. Now if you press upon a filled hot-water bag, for instance, there will be equal pressure of the water upon every part of the inner surface of the bag and any weak place will give way.

There are certain naturally weak places in the abdominal wall where the muscles cross, which are points of exit for cords or ligaments which belong partly within and partly outside of the abdomen. These weak spots are the usual sites of rupture. Violent pressure, as from great muscular exertion in lifting, will cause these natural rings, as they are called, to stretch and allow the exit of a small part of the abdominal contents. In protruding, the intestine pushes ahead of it the inner lining of the wall, which forms a sack like the finger of a glove.

The danger of a hernia lies in the fact that if not pushed back and held in place by a truss it tends to increase in size. But the greatest danger is that it may be caught and choked where it emerges through the ring. Strangulated hernia is the proper name for this unfortunate condition. And strangulated hernia is an instant menace to life, requiring immediate operation. Whether or not one who has a rupture is in any way responsible for its cause, there is but one safe thing to do about it, and that is to have it corrected by an operation. This is the only sure cure. Trusses are a poor substitute. They are intended to press upon and close the ring, but they are often inaccurately fitted and are easily misplaced. The operation for hernia is usually quite simple, and in skillful hands is entirely safe.

It is not so easy to classify venereal diseases, because one must consider not only the ones who willfully put themselves in jeopardy but also the innocent victims—the women and the children.

There are no statistics concerning the prevalence of venereal diseases in this country, because they are not reported as are other communicable diseases.

In the examinations for the Army, however, these matters were brought to light. Of the first million men nearly twenty-nine thousand were victims of the various forms of active venereal disease. Comparatively few were examined for the chronic forms, but it has been estimated that if every man had had a thorough examination for the chronic as well as the active forms of venereal disease more than five hundred thousand would have been found to be afflicted.

Frankness as Medicine

It was one of the greatest problems with which the Army had to deal, because it was necessary to protect from infection the men who had been accepted. An outstanding fact was that very few men contracted any venereal disease after they became soldiers.

The army solution is just as applicable to private life. It was twofold. First, publicity. The Army set out to tell the soldier all about the dangers of venereal disease. A moving picture very frank in its treatment of the subject was shown to all the men in the camps. It carried a heart-interest story which held attention, but the very frankness was gripping. There was nothing of mock modesty or innuendo in it, nothing to rouse grins, nudges or whispers. The men were intensely interested, and results showed that most of them took the lesson to heart.

And then there was prophylaxis, or prevention. Men who had exposed themselves to the possibility of infection were obliged under severe penalty for disobedience to report at once to their officers for treatment. This rule obviously was not based upon highly moral grounds, but its enforcement saved a great many young men.

Experience in the Army taught the need of frankness in such matters in the home and in public talks. Also it emphasized the need of public clinics in all communities for purposes of treatment and prevention. Knowledge would not only keep many from transgressing but would do away with a great deal of suffering among the innocent; and especially it would prevent a certain virulent eye disease of the newly born, which causes by far the most cases of blindness.

Innocent babes acquire this disease of the eyes at birth from mothers who are themselves innocent and totally ignorant of their own condition. To avoid the destruction which almost inevitably follows it is now a practice among physicians to instill into the eyes of the child immediately after birth a solution of nitrate of silver. Many doctors have adopted this routine practice at all births, even though there may be no suspicion on their part that the contagion is present. But because this is not universally the custom thousands of babies are blinded every year.

Syphilis may be inherited or acquired. If inherited the sequence is usually as follows: The father has been infected and has been cured, as he thinks. He has not been under intelligent medical supervision. Probably he has had proper treatment for a short time and then has stopped going to the doctor. Or he has changed doctors frequently because he thought he was not getting results and has finally given up in disgust. Or he has pinned his faith to patent medicines, taking one after another, following the lure of specious advertisements. He enters the marital state unclean; the mother becomes infected and she unwittingly passes it on to the child, who—if it survives the first weeks or months of infancy—will carry the burden of an almost incurable disease as long as it lives.

Only compulsory reporting of venereal disease will lessen the evil. But in order to bring this about it must be universally understood that reporting does not mean publicity. And infected persons should not be permitted to marry until they have been pronounced clean.

Here is another of the diseases that are both avoidable and unavoidable—pulmonary tuberculosis, commonly called consumption. Its victims of both sexes and all ages may be estimated by the tremendous number of men who were excluded for this cause from the Army—ninety-five thousand. Most people believe that the only way to prevent consumption is by keeping away from those who have it. But in spite of our precautions we are all exposed to it almost every day of our lives.

Fallacies About Tuberculosis

Why do we not all get it? The answer is that we have something within ourselves strong enough to antagonize it.

Pulmonary tuberculosis is probably the most feared of all the diseases, for two reasons: We are afraid that we will get it from others, and we believe it to be fatal. Both fears are very largely baseless. The inevitability of death from consumption is a foolish belief and is rapidly disappearing. Even the consumptive himself soon learns that he has a good chance to conquer the disease and that he must help to make the chance a certainty.

But the other fallacy is harder to disprove. It must suffice to say that the preponderance of evidence is to the effect that in by far the greater number of instances adults infect themselves and do not get the disease from others; that all or nearly all of us are tuberculous in that we harbor the germs and contend against them continually. Not that we all have active tuberculosis or consumption, but that the tubercle bacillus is within us, waiting its chance to set up housekeeping in our weakest place, which in the majority of cases is the lungs.

This activation, as it is called, when it occurs in the lungs, is what we know as pulmonary tuberculosis. Now, activation may be prevented by keeping well. That is, by keeping up or building up our resistance to the disease. But children, especially infants, have not been long enough in contact with the germs to have developed sufficient resisting power, and their resistance is more easily overcome. For this reason they should be removed from contact with those who have the active disease.

Is this clear? It may be simply stated thus: Infants and children are prone to get the disease from others, but adults with very few exceptions get it because they already have the germs within them and their natural resistance has been broken down. Disease germs do not thrive in healthy bodies.

Now the tubercle bacillus is a minute vegetable, a living, rodlike organism so small that it must be magnified a thousand times in order to be seen at all. It multiplies by dividing, which sounds paradoxical. That is, one bacillus fully grown, in about an hour divides into two, and each of these

(Concluded on Page 165)

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It carries seven standard .380 caliber pistol cartridges in the magazine and one in the chamber—more than any revolver of similar caliber.

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MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

(Concluded from Page 162)

into two and so on, which for a single germ in twenty-four hours would result in a family of many millions—under the most favorable conditions, however. But conditions are never absolutely favorable, and in the vast majority of cases they are extremely unfavorable for the germ.

Eons ago, when life became segregated into animal and vegetable, there began an endless war between these two forms. Fortunately for us, the preponderance of the victories has been with the former. If this had not been true we should not be here at all. One of the reasons for this dominance of the animal kingdom over the vegetable lies in the fact that the vegetable feeds and grows upon the unhealthy or dead animal only. The vegetable germs survive and propagate in bodies that have lost their normal resisting power.

Bearing in mind, then, that we have the germs of tuberculosis locked up within us—inert, innocuous—and that they become active only when conditions are favorable, when immunity is broken down, it follows that prevention consists of proper care of the body and all that this implies. Concretely, it means fresh air all the time. It means nourishing food properly cooked, thoroughly masticated. It means plenty of rest to allow the body to recover from fatigue. It means recreation as a tonic for the mind. All these things are especially true of children, because they have not yet established a natural immunity and are more susceptible to the disease. And the cure of active tuberculosis, which is a regaining of our immunity, a resumption of our dominance as animals over the vegetable kingdom, implies the same means, with rest as the most important factor.

Heart diseases surely belong to the unavoidable conditions? Not necessarily, but most people think so.

In the course of a casual conversation your friend says to you: "By the way, have you heard about Sallie Smith? She has heart trouble."

You shake your head sadly: "And with two little children!"

Just like that. As though you had been informed that Mrs. Smith's death warrant had been duly signed, leaving only the date space blank.

There are many kinds of heart disease, most of which are not fatal. Of one million men examined for the Army 11,562 were rejected for conditions of the heart or blood vessels. But many times this number of men had heart conditions and were accepted as soldiers, because they had functional and not organic troubles. And it is quite reasonable to assume that the lives of one-half or perhaps three-quarters of those rejected were prolonged by the examinations simply because they learned about themselves.

Know Your Own Heart

If there is any one class of conditions in which ignorance is a danger it is conditions of the heart. The reason why some people die of heart disease is partly due to the fact that their attention has never been called to their condition until too late. It is only when the heart is almost completely broken down that we are conscious of it at all. There are no nerves of sensation in the heart muscle. The pains suffered are reflex or referred pains in other nerves, many of them quite remote, which are connected through the spinal cord with the motor nerves of the heart. Many pains which we call heart pains because they are in the chest wall near the heart really do not have their origin in the heart at all. And many a person dies of heart disease whose only symptom has been shortness of breath.

The heart is a force pump, a great muscle or bundle of muscles which, by contracting, send the blood coursing through the vessels to the remotest parts of the body with such force that it flows back to the heart, to receive a new impetus. It is not what is wrong with this pump, as with any other pump, which is most important. It is what the pump can do in spite of its defects, and especially what it cannot do. It is extremely necessary to give the pump no greater task than it can perform safely. Hence one must know where the dividing line is between work and overwork.

One of three things may be at fault in what is called heart disease. It may be the heart itself—that is, either the valves, the orifices through which the blood flows—or it may be the heart muscle. To carry on the analogy of a pump, it may not be the pump at all, but the piping system—that is, the blood vessels. Finally, it may be the pumper, or the force which causes the heart to pump—which is the nerve supply.

In case the piping system is at fault there may be an obstruction somewhere which hinders the onward flow of the blood, causing the heart to labor. This may become so great as to stop the heart action altogether.

The most frequent cause of obstruction to the stream is arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the vessel walls. This usually comes on with advancing age, but it may appear earlier under certain conditions. One of the theories of the cause of arteriosclerosis is based upon the extreme high pressure of modern life. We are a nation of fast livers, always hurrying, always driven by pressure from within. In the arterial walls are elastic and muscle fibers which lengthen and contract with each wave of the onward flowing blood. These degenerate with advancing years or after continued high living and are replaced by inorganic matter which renders the artery walls hard and inelastic.

Now, it requires more force to pump fluid through a lead pipe than through a rubber hose, which by its own contractions helps to drive the stream onward. So hardening of the arteries compels stronger heart contractions and finally this overexertion may exhaust the heart altogether.

If the pumper is at fault, and not the pump or the vessels, the cause is elsewhere. Something is wrong with the nerve stimulus of the heart. The heart action may be too rapid—as for instance, from excitement or overexertion. It may be too slow, as in wasting diseases, or it may be irregular. Diseased conditions of the other organs may act reflexly upon the heart through the nerve centers and the heart itself not be at fault at all.

Practicing Personal Efficiency

The practical application of all this is that one must learn the cause. If it is remote the cause must be corrected, if possible, and many so-called heart conditions will disappear. Many forms of heart manifestations may be prevented by proper care during the progress of other diseases. If the fault lies in the heart itself one must learn what can be done with safety. Get competent advice, not from your neighbor or your plumber, but from a physician, and then live it. Do not follow the example of the man who said that he would not pay for his doctor's advice because he did not intend to take it.

Above all, do not despair. Remember that a pump may perform its task with a leaking valve—if the pumper realizes the defect and pumps accordingly. But he must not attempt to pump to the point of exhaustion. Nor always at the same speed. Occasionally he must rest.

This is the end of the string of seven as set forth in the beginning, which were assembled here for the sole reason that the army examinations proved how much they make up the sum of human ills. If there is anything helpful in this article it will be by suggestion only, because lack of space does not permit exhaustive treatment.

It is plain that any attempt to segregate these conditions into avoidable and into unavoidable is at least partly artificial. Not one of them in all circumstances belongs in either class. The important thing to know, however, is that those of us who are not already victims may avoid most of them if we choose, and that the dire consequences of every one of them may be averted.

Ignorance lies at the bottom of most of our physical ills—ignorance or willful carelessness. Many of us do what we know to be wrong, hoping some day to stop doing it before it will be too late. Many of us hide our weaknesses, refusing to confide even in the doctor. Many of us get advice and, having received it, throw it away unused, which is far less sensible than dropping a newly purchased garment into the gutter on the way home from the store.

Many are held by the fear of an operation that may be far safer than doing without it. Many are lured by specious promises of patent-medicine manufacturers whose motive is to fill their pockets.

It takes moral courage to reckon up our physical liabilities, and many of us shrink from the attempt, postponing it fatally.

Even in the case of minor evils, which cause only discomfort and lessen our efficiency, we go on suffering rather than take the time or the trouble to get rid of them.

These are days of business efficiency; why not practice a little personal efficiency with regard to our bodies?

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You may think that any pliers can do this—but they can't. Bernard Pliers *will* do it. The answer is found in the parallel jaws that give gripping *surface* and the simple patented principle of compound leverage — an exclusive Bernard feature. Once these jaws take hold, they never let go until you release them.

And Bernards cut heavy wire easily, quickly and cleanly. Metal that won't take a dent from ordinary cutting pliers can't resist Bernards.

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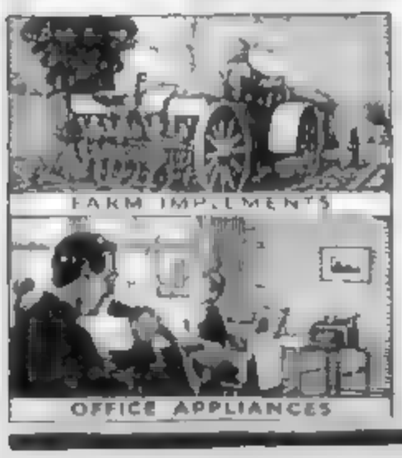

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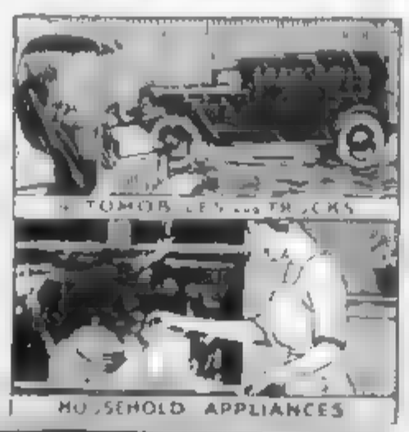


UNCRUSHED GERMANY

(Continued from Page 7)

and characteristics I would not hazard a guess. One hears persistent stories, too, that a limited monarchy there would not be unwelcome to some of the Allies.

On entering Germany beyond the occupied area in April my expectations were keyed to the pitch that the reports appearing in the newspapers were calculated to produce. Now I know that most of the stuff with which we were fed was either willfully distorted for propaganda purposes or represented reportorial zeal to dig up what would startle or go big, and that of the accurate agencies or correspondents hardly any had given a faithful composite picture, due, as mentioned above, to the impossibility of accomplishing the feat in day-to-day reports of isolated events.

Conditions in occupied Germany had proved to be so greatly at variance with what our word painters had led us to believe during the war that my suspicions were roused; but everyone assured me things in Germany proper would be quite different from the order and excellent condition of the Rhineland and its cities and towns, such as Coblenz, Neuwied, Mainz, Wiesbaden, Strasburg, Cologne and Bonn. Moreover, hadn't the newspapers teemed with stories of Spartacist disorders, food shortage, starvation, and a country ripe for the demnition bowwows? Therefore I set out as into a land of turmoil and dangers, for they were still wrangling at Versailles and with the exception of military couriers who traveled under protection no Americans were penetrating the enemy country. It was reasonable to expect, too, that the people one met would be hostile.

The German legation at Bern, Switzerland, furnished me a visé on my passport after a brief inquiry. No American visé or permission could be given, inasmuch as we were still at war and had no dealings with the German Government except through military channels. Consequently the correspondents who entered Germany went at their own risk, waiving protection of their governments; but this turned out to be a mere formality, because no risks existed if a person minded his business and observed ordinary precautions.

A German visé being quite sufficient it remained only to board a train, which I did from a small town across the border from Basel. No trunk; traveling in Germany with any baggage you could not keep under your eye was precarious, for railroad traffic was badly disorganized.

This disorganization was partly due to shortage of coal, owing to the difficulty of hauling it and also to a strike of miners. Again, they hadn't enough cars and locomotives in good repair. I saw thousands of cars and hundreds of engines standing idle on sidings, but they were in execrable shape.

Haphazard Travel in Germany

For that matter, so were the cars you rode in. They hadn't been painted in years and all the fixtures were dilapidated; and except on the through trains between important centers there were only third and fourth class coaches—a fourth-class coach is half-brother to a box car and cousin to the familiar *40 hommes ou 8 chevaux* our troops used in France. The passengers pile into them without regard to their capacity and if you aren't early enough to grab a seat on one of the benches against the partitions you stand throughout the trip.

Yet even in the handling of this haphazard traffic the Germans show traces of their former precision and efficiency. Though strikes and other causes rendered the duration of any journey on which a train set out beyond human calculation, the start was invariably made on time. If the train was scheduled to leave at eleven o'clock it left then or within a couple of minutes—and elsewhere in Europe I have waited hours for trains to get under way from their starting point.

Well, my idea was to make Frankfort-on-the-Main. The ticket seller shrugged and tossed me a ticket for Offenburg, a short distance along the line. A guard on the platform was even more pessimistic; he was of opinion that I would be lucky indeed to get that far.

Such was railroad transportation before peace was signed. You boarded a train with the firm intention of traveling a couple of hundred miles. After going forty or fifty, with stops at every jerkwater town, the train would come to a halt and officials would walk along under the windows yelling the equivalent of "Everybody out!"

Then out piled the tired, cramped, irritated crowd, to surge round the uniformed employees. What was the matter? Search them! Strike up the line, perhaps! At any rate it was an order. But how were we to get to X? Where would we pass the night? And when would another train be going? An impatient humping of the shoulders, and the harassed official would escape.

Then the passengers would form a committee to wait upon the station master and harangue him. The Germans are great at that. They will get up a committee on the slightest provocation, to go and make speeches at some official or higher-up. I attached myself to half a dozen of these and trailed along to see the fun. Invariably every member of the committee had his say. Once, after everybody else had made a speech, they turned to me, until then unnoticed in the background. I shook my head; but being obliged to reply to a question the cat was out of the bag.

"What are you anyway?"

"American."

Instantly they forgot all about their grievances against the railroad and pressed round me. What the muschief was I doing there?

No hostility; not a sign of ill-feeling: just eager curiosity. There are always two or three in any gathering who speak English, which simplifies matters.

American Mules Haul Berlin Cabs

But those darned Fourteen Points! I have yet to meet a German who doesn't want to argue them and analyze them and compare them with the peace terms, and harangue me as though I were personally responsible. My one hope is to discover some distant shore on which they have never been heard of and whose fortunate, happy inhabitants don't give a cuss about who won the war.

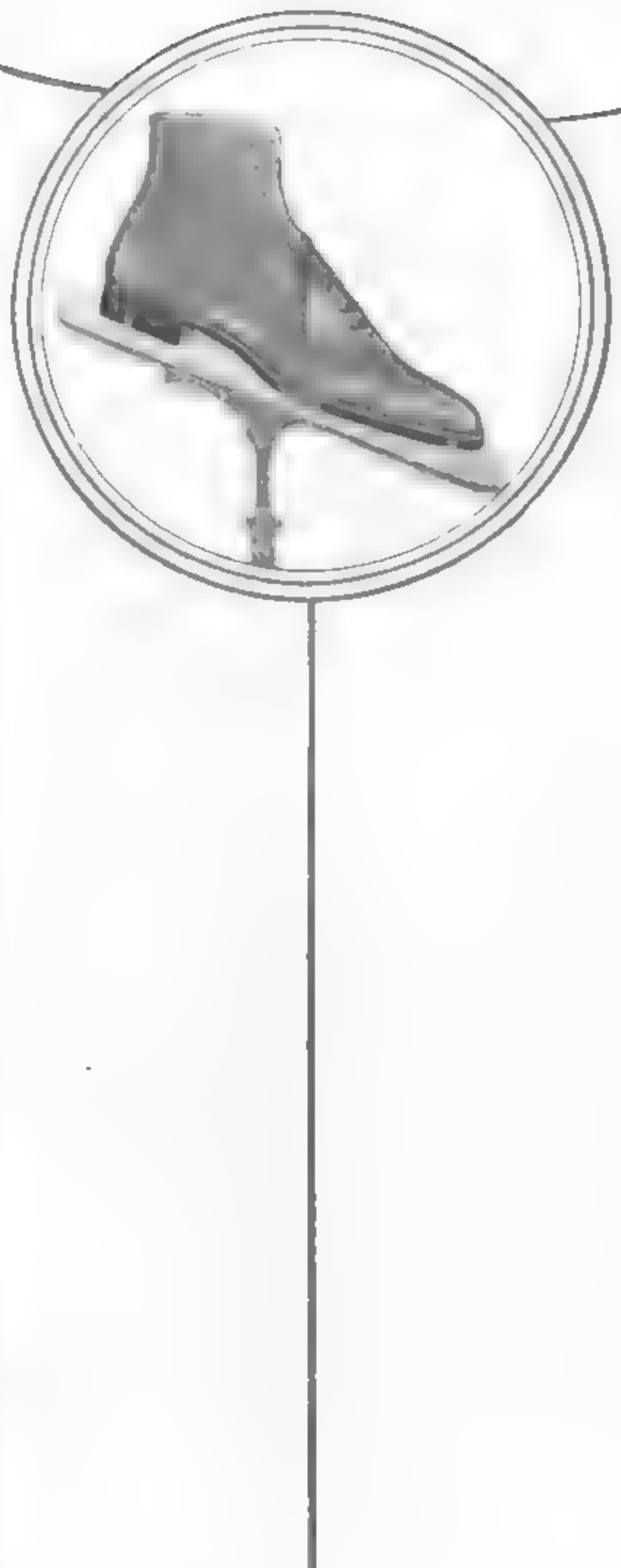
Having reduced me to a state of perspiring limp weariness they would desist and one of them would help carry my luggage to a hotel. Times without number I have had Germans go to inconvenience to find me accommodation and put me aboard the right train. They are anxious to regain the esteem of other peoples of course; but the average middle-class Germans—and the peasantry, too, for that matter—are kindly folk in the ordinary affairs of life. It is when they get on questions affecting the interests of the Fatherland or their race that they grow arrogant and bullying. Miseducation; they have had false teachings and false information pounded into them so long that not even the distrust and hate of almost the entire world can raise a doubt of their own right thinking and attitude toward other peoples.

That is what makes them so dangerous. Their natural bent is simplicity and honesty of dealing; they are as credulous as children in many respects, and patient past understanding; all of which makes them a menace in bad hands, since they are so malleable to those in authority and so retentive of anything taught from above.

Though one never knew when setting out on a journey whether he would make it in a straight run or take three days to go two hundred miles, the railroad systems of Germany are not so slipshod as these facts would indicate. The roadbeds seemed to be in excellent condition, and gangs of men were working on the lines at frequent intervals. Stations and sidings appeared to be in first-class shape, after four years of war, and they were repairing, building and extending at the very time the Allies were arguing whether they would mulct them a hundred and twenty-five billion marks or demand payment of the entire cost of the struggle. Indeed, Germany's railroad lines are in much better repair and are much better organized than those of France. This was to be expected in the case of the French railroads in the invaded areas, but the statement applies also to those portions of France remote from enemy activity.

The chief German lack is rolling stock. In spite of what their armies stole they will have to build many thousands of locomotives and cars, and do a tremendous lot of patching on those they have. Of course

(Continued on Page 169)



Shoes of Worth

Nettleton

THE shops where Nettleton Shoes are offered dominate the high-class footwear trade in their several localities. Their patrons are men who realize that no detail of one's garb better expresses breeding than correctly chosen shoes. The slightly higher cost of Nettleton Shoes assures a distinction in appearance and reliability in service well worth the difference.

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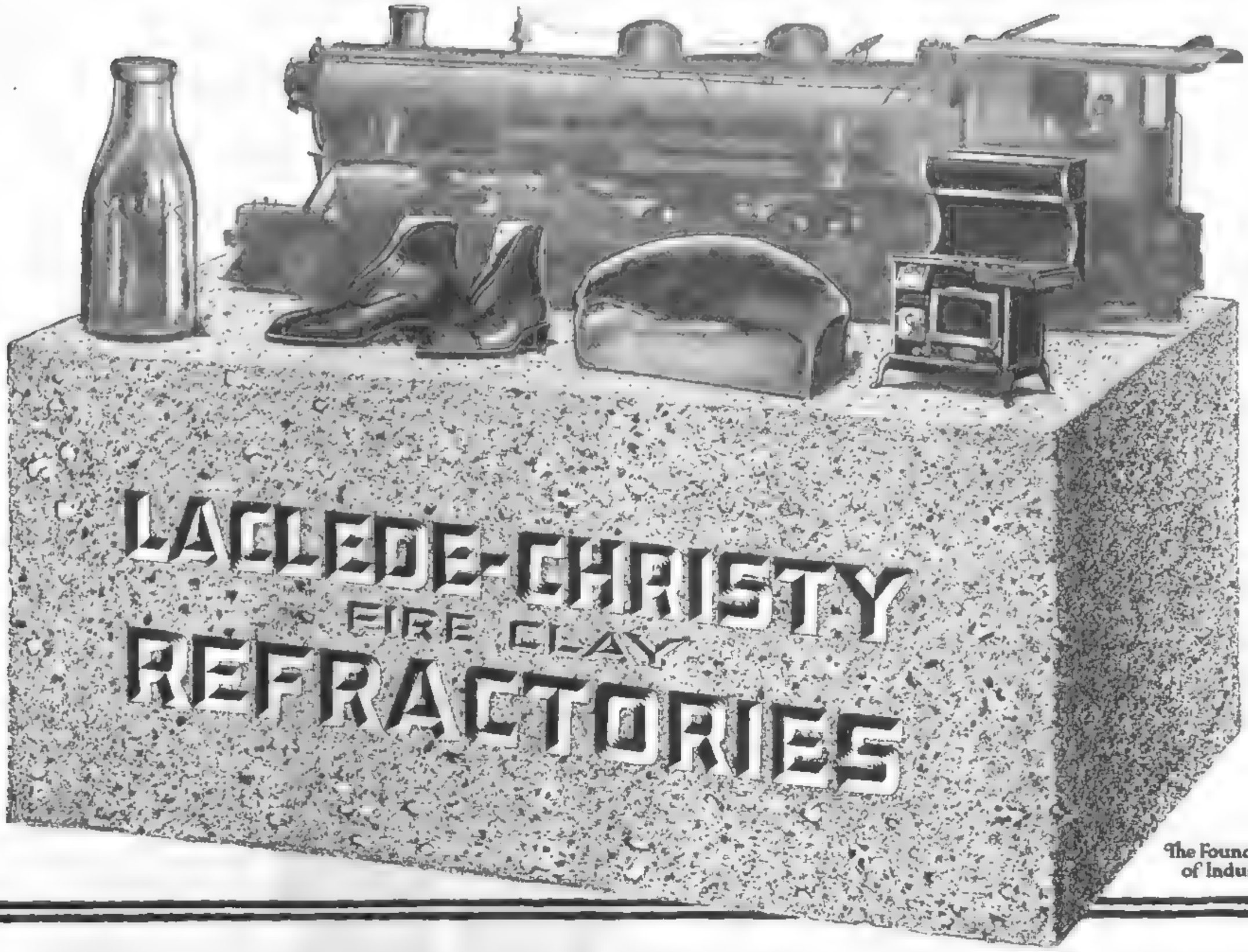

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One unfamiliar with the many uses of Fire Brick and other Refractories little realizes their vast importance.

Yet they are absolutely essential in most of our industrial activities. They play an important part in the tanning of leather—in the manufacture of glass. They line the ovens in which bread is baked, and the by-product coke ovens which produce powerful explosives and beautiful dyes—also the furnaces in which are melted steel and the various metals that go into stoves, ranges, automobiles, locomotives, machinery and thousands of other products. Very appropriately, indeed, are refractories called, "The Foundation of Industry!"

Typical Users of Our Refractories

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It is quite obvious then, that refractories can be useful only to the extent that they are *dependable*.

For three quarters of a century LACLEDE-CHRISTY Refractories have measured up to the highest standards of *serviceability*. That's why they are used by thousands of concerns, of every size and description, for every conceivable purpose. On top of that, you get the co-operation, the accurate, reliable understanding of your requirements, that only a great organization like ours is *able* to give.

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LACLEDE-CHRISTY

A BUSINESS INSTITUTION — FOUNDED 1844 ST. LOUIS

(Continued from Page 166)

they assert that the Allies ruined them by demanding the surrender of so many engines and cars, but it seems probable that quantities of both will mysteriously make their appearance, now that peace is signed, of whose existence the Allies were ignorant.

That would be in line with what the enemy has done in other fields. For instance, we were struck by the absence of horses and cattle in the occupied territory, but everywhere I went in the interior I saw plenty of big stout draft horses in prime condition; and buggy horses and saddle horses. None looked as though they had been starved—not even the cab animals in the cities.

The Germans evidently made a clean sweep of stock in the countries they overran, for I saw hundreds and hundreds of Belgian, Rumanian and Russian horses. That they grabbed some American stuff was also evident, for in both Leipsic and Berlin there were mules with American brands, hauling cabs. Probably these were captured from the Italians, as we sold many thousands to Italy early in the conflict.

What happened was that the enemy cleared out everything from the Rhineland that he thought the Allies might try to appropriate. It was the same with cattle. They were taken out for distribution in the interior; the herds on the junker estates of West Prussia have been swelled by enormous numbers from other parts of Germany.

This maneuver was employed in regard to motor cars, trucks and wagons, also. Before the peace was signed very few automobiles were to be seen in any part of Germany; but a few days after it was all settled the streets of Berlin were alive with them. Up to that time the only cars we saw carried steel-spring tires, but presently automobiles with rubber tires made their appearance.

In Pursuit of Real Starvation

A curious phase of the uproar over the conditions of peace was the bitter resentment of the Germans against the demand for the surrender to France and Belgium of 140,000 milch cows. That really seemed to sting them worse than the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, for which they had been prepared—or even the Saar Basin. Yet it was comparatively a flea bite, for they have more than eight million in Germany; and even while they were shouting that this demand meant the death of thousands of babies through lack of nourishment negotiations were in progress to sell the Lithuanians fifty thousand head.

Scores of times I have heard Germans break off from denunciation of the greed of the Allies in fixing the indemnity to assail them about those milch cows.

"*Ach*, those French! They know how to stab," they would say.

While about the business I tried to run down German starvation to its lair. It had always been somewhere else when I struck a town; it always is somewhere else in Europe. Propagandists and artists picture a nation tottering toward the grave from hunger—you have seen these posters of wasted women and children and emaciated old men, some designed to encourage our hopes, during the fighting, that Germany was in this plight, others having for object the stimulation of our sympathy to give to France or Belgium or Italy. One visits the lands so afflicted and hunts in vain for any such general condition.

Hunger and serious undernourishment among certain classes in certain sections, yes—but we have the same condition in the United States. Take a look into a few of our poorer quarters; examine the daily menu of the small tenant farmer or the po' white population of the South and Southwest; and perhaps a little of your long-range sympathy may be profitably diverted to home use. For a deal of buncombe has been written and spoken and painted about starvation in Central Europe; that is the only word which describes it.

We combed the Rhineland in order to uncover the deplorable food conditions we had been led to expect. They were very short of food in places—not a doubt about that—but the shortage was only relative, and due almost entirely to faulty distribution. The areas of production were holding out on the industrial districts or else the war profiteers and grafters were getting in their work.

So in Germany proper I could go into a rural town anywhere—towns the size of Appenweier or Frankfort-on-the-Oder—and get an excellent meal at a *Gasthaus* very cheaply, reckoned in American money. They would serve soup, veal and sausage or a bit of beef, with potatoes and a vegetable and a salad and weak beer for seven or eight marks; and at that time a mark was worth round seven cents. Where such is possible nothing like starvation exists.

Each time I expressed my surprise that food should be so easily had the explanation was offered that in this region they had not actually suffered from want. They had had to cut down on certain foods—they had experienced some discomfort from lack of fats—but actual privation, no! But over in Z or Q or X it was different—*ach*, yes! There I would find how thousands had died of hunger—how the little children had perished under the very eyes of their helpless parents—all because of the fiendish blockade.

So away I would hit for Z and Q and X—and dine very comfortably for half a dollar at the best hotel the place afforded. The inhabitants gave every indication of having had three fair meals a day; the children were reasonably stout and healthy, and romped in the streets. Where was the ghastly specter of starvation?

Not here—*ach*, no! But farther north their fellow countrymen had died miserably in thousands because they had nothing to eat. And in the large centers—more especially in the industrial communities—the death rate from food shortage had been appalling.

Well, I went north; also I visited the large centers and several industrial communities. And I have yet to find visible evidence of the ravages of starvation among the Germans.

It would be idle to deny, however, that they have suffered grievously from malnutrition. Doubtless that swelled the death rate from disease and lowered the nation's morale. It certainly played havoc with girth; but as regards the stories of terrible privation with which we have been stuffed I do not believe a word. I suppose it all depends on what one calls privation or starvation. To some people missing afternoon tea is a hardship, and I suspect that when a lusty feeder like Heinie is cut down on his rations he is inclined to roar more than the occasion warrants.

Take the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Goethe's birthplace, which impressed me most favorably of any German city. That may have been because it is so up-to-date.

Naturally I did not look to discover evidences of hardships in the wealthier quarter of Frankfort, among the residents of beautiful Bockenheimer Landstrasse, Westend-strasse or Linden Strasse, for people of means can always find sustenance; it is the masses who bear the real pangs of war. But down in the poorer district, in old Frankfort—among the narrow crooked streets of the Saal-Gasse, Fahrgasse and Metzger-Gasse quarter—I could detect no indications of starvation. The residents were meanly clad and none too clean, which was to be expected, but the children playing about were sturdy enough, and children are the surest index of food conditions.

Young Heinie Under Weight

The meat stalls were open, and meat was being sold by card for two marks and eighty pfennigs the kilo—about twenty cents. There was not much food on display in the shops, and the little there was consisted of a meager assortment of vegetables and sausage and dried stuff, but the prices were decidedly reasonable—much more so than at home, even taking into account the difference in money values.

Yet, however the aspect of the people now may impress an observer in Germany, there is indisputable evidence that the food shortage was responsible for a substantial increase of mortality, especially among young children and women. Professor Deissmann, of Berlin, has placed the number of deaths due to hunger between the years 1914 and 1918 at eight hundred thousand. Very likely the estimate is much too high, for the German statisticians showed a tendency to ascribe the losses during an epidemic to lack of food, on the ground that malnutrition impaired resistance.

Doctor Silbergleit, a well-known Berlin statistician, showed me charts illustrating the ratio of births to deaths in the capital. Up to June, 1915, births exceeded deaths; then for three months the mortality was heavy. Fluctuations occurred until 1917,

THE CASE OF HENRY STEELE

HENRY is all right, but slightly ossified mentally—what you might call firm in his convictions.

Progress annoys him.

Although I have known Henry for years, I had never been able to make him try Mennen's Shaving Cream. His attitude towards it was about as tolerant as that of an elderly village spinster on the matter of rouge.

On a camping trip last spring, Henry slid over a cliff, breaking one arm and spraining the other wrist. After the local doctor had fixed him up, I offered to shave him, preparatory to shipping him home.

He was suspicious, but helpless. Calmly ignoring the shaving mug inherited from his Grandfather, I whipped a half inch of Mennen's into a three-minute lather with the brush only, using lots of cold water. Henry was outraged. He carries a thermometer to be sure his shaving water is just the right heat. He begged me to rub in the lather the way a barber does. Raved about the extraordinary toughness of his beard. He seemed to fear that permanent injury might result if his stubble wasn't thoroughly massaged before amputation.

It was really ludicrous—the look of perplexity on the unsubmerged part of his face—when my safety razor eased down through his two days' crop. He thought at first I was spoofing him—claimed I had left the blade out of the razor.

I think that even now, Henry still feels there is something unmanly in shaving without suffering—he looks upon his conversion to Mennen's as an evidence of weakness; his stern nature half rebels at soap without caustic—lather without a sting—at a beard that weakly surrenders without ten minutes of pummelling. But Henry does use Mennen's; just as does everyone else who ever tried it once. Sending for one of my 12 cent demonstrator tubes is easier than breaking your arm.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

This giant tube costs 50c. It is larger and longer than the regular 35c size and gives you more cream for the money.

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has many advantages over all other lamps.

Safe. The Quick-Lite can be turned over with perfect security. The fuel cannot spill, and the lamp will burn in any position.

Clean. The Quick-Lite has no chimney to get dirty, and no wick to trim. It does not fill the room with odor.

Convenient. Fill only once a week—not daily. Light with common match, and not with torch like old-style gasoline lamps.

Economical. The Quick-Lite Lamp burns about 48 hours on one gallon of gasoline, costing a little over one cent per night—three hours' use.

Durable. The Quick-Lite is practically indestructible. Made throughout of heavy gauge brass and steel, and beautifully nickeled. Will last for years. Quick-Lite Lamps are now in use after more than ten years' service by the purchaser.

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but from then on deaths were much in excess. The high peak was reached in October and November of last year, but the flu was largely responsible, being particularly malignant among women. From an infant death rate of 13.5 per cent in January of 1913, Berlin jumped to a death rate of 18 per cent in January, 1919; but again influenza was a factor.

One item of the statistics he furnished struck me forcibly. The infant mortality due to debility actually dropped from 4.7 per cent in 1914 to 4.4 per cent in 1919. What the explanation may have been I am not in a position to say. However, death from nervous diseases and lung trouble practically doubled.

After the Army of Occupation had been in Germany some time it was remarked by many Americans that comparatively few babies were to be seen. Young children in swarms, but babies in arms were scarce. Also, some experts connected with the civil government the Americans set up made an investigation of food conditions and after examining about two thousand five hundred school children, discovered that their average weight was ten pounds less than the average weight of children of the same ages before the war.

That is pretty serious. But the children looked to be in good condition. I should like to have seen those others before the war—they must have been bouncers!

Without a doubt the nation has been underfed for a couple of years, and it went far to break their morale. One could notice a marked difference in their general air and cockiness as soon as food began to enter in quantities.

And yet there was food enough in Germany had it been distributed properly and honestly, and had their organization not broken down. The Germans abandoned five hundred thousand tons of potatoes in excess of the population's needs in the province of Posen, and a hundred thousand tons of grain. With the failure of their organization and transport system they had to leave it, and the precious stores fell into the hands of the Poles.

Berlin and every large industrial center felt the pinch by reason of this breakdown. The poorer classes felt it worst, yet an American visitor going through the quarter where they live could not fail to think of the congested districts in which our own poor hive. There were no such evidences of poverty in the German capital as can be found any day in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia or any other great American city. It was Berlin's boast that she had no slums. There may have been hunger in those wide, reasonably clean streets, but the dwellers of all ages one met there gave very slight indication of it—certainly no more than I have seen in a dozen American cities.

Consider the Spartacists

No desire to hold a *post mortem* prompts this extended digression on the extent of Germany's sufferings from food shortage. But on the degree of her undernourishment depend in a large measure the health and efficiency of the next two generations—which is my reason for dwelling on the subject.

They told me that twenty thousand men had been idle in Frankfort not long before I visited there, but comparatively few were out of work then. Indeed everybody appeared busy. In the mornings I was wakened about four-thirty by crowds going by to their daily labor; elsewhere in Europe they don't begin to show signs of life until close to eight o'clock.

In various parts of the country I saw large placards pasted on the walls, headed "*Arbeit oder Hungersnot*"—roughly, "Work or Starve." And they were assuredly working. In field and shop, on roads and canals, on bridges and railways, on buildings and underground, the vast activities of four score millions of industrious people went steadily on. Old men and women and small boys and girls labored as energetically as the able-bodied men. At such a time, when conditions throughout Europe were so chaotic and the fate of their nation hung in the balance, it seemed a marvelous thing.

The habit of discipline is so strong in the race that they are inclined to be moderate even in their outbursts. They will demonstrate and hoot and wave their arms under your nose, and shout or mutter names at you, without resorting to violence save under exceptional circumstances. I saw this several times in Berlin.

Consider the Spartacist "revolution" in Munich. More than three hundred thousand rioters were milling in the streets, shooting and being shot at, but not a shop was broken into, though the stocks of hundreds of them were at the mobs' elbow for the taking.

Leipsic was credited with being a hotbed of Spartacism, and I was assured that practically every laboring man in the city possessed arms, and the masses were holding off only because the authorities granted what they wished. There had been serious disorders there. But shortly afterward, at the end of April and in early May, I found a fine apparently prosperous city going placidly about its business.

The famous *Messe* was in progress—an exhibition held twice a year, to which manufacturers from all over Germany and other countries send exhibits of their wares. They do not follow our plan and hold the fair in a group of buildings erected for the purpose, but employ lofts and the upper stories of buildings in several streets. A perfect forest of signs attracts attention to the various exhibits.

During the war the *Messe* naturally shrank to small proportions and was temporarily dropped, but this spring more than ninety thousand visitors attended and the exhibitors totaled eight thousand. One can find almost everything at the *Messe*, from engines to ladies' apparel. Some of the exhibits would compare favorably with the best we see at the big American expositions. Neither the *Messe* nor the bustling, energetic, keen business men who attended it looked like war to me. It was an astounding revelation of what an energetic nation can do under stress.

Hamburg the Hardest Hit

Of all the cities of Germany Hamburg was hardest hit. The giant port was literally strangled by the blockade. The fleets lay idle; the inhabitants who did not go to war could find little to do. Conditions began to grow acute after Christmas of 1915, for they could obtain next to nothing through the Scandinavian countries after that date. So Hamburg, one of the three greatest of German cities, suffered from want. It became almost a city of living dead.

To-day it offers about the gloomest picture of any German city. Its citizens think that all is over. Without ships, under foreign domination, even compelled to give port accommodation to a people they despise—what hope does the future hold for them?

Yet Hamburg is bound to revive. The merchant fleets will be under other flags for some years, but they will furnish employment. Most of the shipping entering New York has been under foreign flags; but nobody complained that this situation ruined the port.

Toward the end of April the American naval representatives at Hamburg took out the last great vessel remaining to the Germans of their once proud fleet—the Imperator. It was a bitter blow to the citizens of Hamburg.

I am told that when the Imperator moved out, crowds lined both banks of the Elbe. They uttered no protest; they neither yelled nor waved. Indeed they scarcely moved. Amid a dead silence the giant ship slipped past them. They watched her go, and bared their heads.

Though the entire nation appeared to a traveler to be working, official records showed that Germany had many idle men. Berlin alone reported 178,193 on March thirty-first. The paralysis of numerous industries, and labor troubles threw hundreds of thousands out of work. I could not secure anything like an accurate estimate of the numbers, for German official figures on any matter bearing even distantly on their peace negotiations were utterly unreliable and I would not credit them for a moment. But the best information obtainable leads me to think that both France and Great Britain had many more unemployed than did our enemy. During the week ending April twelfth there were 1,080,023 drawing out-of-work donation in the British Isles.

Said a London newspaper in May: "A prosperous-looking man smoking a cigar drove up to the Ministry of Labor yesterday afternoon and surprised the officials by presenting his unemployment-donation card to be stamped. He had traveled from Newmarket and Southampton, and when

(Continued on Page 173)

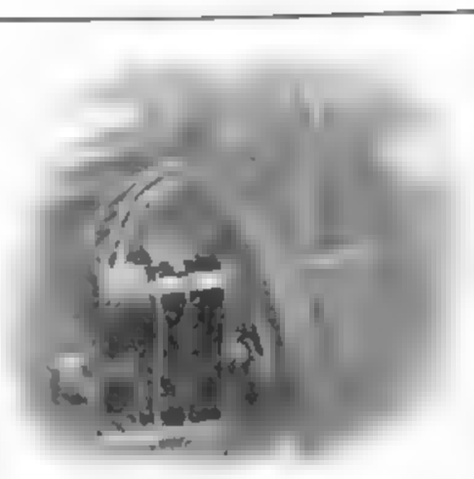
Magneto Ignition

IT'S DEPENDABLE

Realize the Importance of Dependable Ignition

Your engine is no more reliable than its ignition system. The spark that fires the gas gives *life*. If it fails, the engine must stop.

You must consider which type of ignition you want, for on your choice depends the reliability as well as the efficiency of your engine.



Installation of an Eisemann Magneto on a Motor Truck

The magneto is the only dependable, self-contained unit which produces high-tension sparks for ignition—independent of battery or coil.

The Magneto is a sturdy, compact, self-contained device which generates the sparking current *within itself*. It is independent of lighting, starting or other electrical equipment. You never have to bother about it, for it is *always* ready; an occasional drop of oil is all the attention it requires. It works and keeps on working, giving the intensely hot spark that is necessary for utmost efficiency, as long as the engine itself lasts.

You need electrical equipment for starting and lighting—these are comforts, but ignition is an essential; therefore, it is obvious that you should insist on an absolutely reliable ignition system, an independent system—a *proved* system.

You want your car, truck, motorcycle or motor boat to get there and back—*always*. You want your tractor to plow or cultivate until its job is done—*always*. You want your stationary engine to do its work day in and day out—*always*.

That is why you need the Magneto.

Write for booklet "Why Magneto Ignition Makes A Good Engine Better". Mention make, model and year of your car, tractor, truck, etc.

MAGNETO MANUFACTURERS, 110 West 40th Street, New York

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.
Dixie and Aero Magnetos

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP.
The Bosch Magneto

THE EISEMANN MAGNETO CO.
The Eisemann Magneto

ERICSSON MANUFACTURING CO.
The Berling Magneto

THE SIMMS MAGNETO CO.
Simms Magnetos

Hitting the Bullseye Since 1864

Stevens

It Shoots *Straight!*

It was to insure *accuracy* that the new No. 10 Stevens Pistol was made as a single-shot model.

It was to insure *accuracy* that Stevens designers gave this pistol the "Hand-Full" grip which makes pointing and holding on the bullseye easier.

The No. 10 Stevens is a straight shooting target pistol, heavy, well balanced, finely sighted. It has the bore and rifling developed by Stevens experience extending over more than half a century.

It is the only pistol that combines the advantages of the "Hand-Full" grip models with the *accuracy* of the single-shot pistol.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Export Office: 8 State Street, New York

Shotguns – Rifles – Pistols

TRADE MARK
—STEVENS—
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. & FGN.

THE Stevens No. 10 Target Pistol takes any standard .22 caliber long-rifle, rim-fire cartridge. Barrel 6-inch or 8-inch. Total weight about 2¼ pounds.

(Continued from Page 170)

informed that it would be necessary to go to another department of the ministry a few streets away he coolly said it didn't matter as he had a taxi waiting for him outside."

They have loafers in Germany too, for the government gives assistance to the unemployed, ranging from seven to twelve marks a day—in some cases more. It depends on the number of dependents a workman has—the larger the family the more he draws. The natural result is that hordes of them figure there's no use in working, since they can draw as much or almost as much by remaining idle.

Among the unemployed are thousands of former officers of the German Army. Quite a percentage of these have enrolled in the universities with a view to studying for a profession, so the larger universities are crowded. How all the doctors and lawyers which they will turn out in a few years are to make a living is already worrying the members of these professions. They told me at Fribourg and Heidelberg that the universities were full; the same report was given in Berlin.

Other officers, of a rigid martial turn, are seeking commissions in foreign armies. They have even applied to their foes for jobs. The American Commission on the Repatriation of Prisoners of War received so many applications at their headquarters in Berlin that Brig.-Gen. George H. Harries issued a form letter which read as follows:

"Acknowledging receipt of your inquiry of ——— I am directed by General Harries to inform you that the widely circulated rumor that German officers and enlisted men can enter the military or naval service of the United States is absolutely without foundation. No enemy alien can have place in the service of the United States, and the temper of the American people is such that naturalization will henceforth be permitted only after prolonged and careful scrutiny; meanwhile it will be impossible for any unnaturalized person to receive consideration in any phase of our official life.

"We shall guard most closely the honor and privilege of American citizenship. Nevermore will we lightly admit to its responsibilities and benefits any aliens whose national thoughts and methods are not in harmony with those for which our soldiers have fought and died in France."

The younger officers released from the army who possess private means are spending them in Berlin or fashionable resorts. They throng the places of amusement and the tea rooms and the lobbies of the better hotels, and many frequent the gambling clubs, which have sprung up like mushrooms in the capital. A wave of gambling has swept over Berlin, along with other forms of dissipation. Such is always the aftermath of war.

In the more expensive clubs the clientele consists of ex-officers, war profiteers and adventurers for the most part. Both sexes go in for it, and the craze for gambling has spread even among the poorer classes. It is probably due to the uncertainty enveloping their future and will speedily pass with the establishment of order and the era of rehabilitation. Moreover, Berlin's gayer side no more reflects Germany than Broadway does the United States.

Arrogance Returns With Peace

They tell a story in Berlin about a gentleman of questionable appearance who was seen by another prowler going furtively along a street at midnight.

"Hist, Robert!" hailed the friend. "Where are you bound?"

"Into this gambling club to break the bank."

"What? Have you, then, a system?"

"No, but I've got a hand grenade."

One thing strikes a visitor who knew Germany before the war—which I did not: That is the absence of the former arrogance of the officer class. They were walking pretty circumspectly this spring and summer; yet after peace was signed signs multiplied that they were taking heart. We could detect a slight return of their old lordliness and air of authority, and many more of them appeared in the streets in uniform. While the crisis was on, uniformed officers were not much in evidence.

Whatever trials Germany has been through or may have in store—whatever of disorders and unrest and its attendant evils, such as strikes and unemployment and dissipation—let no one suppose that they indicate disintegration or anything organically wrong. Such things are merely the flotsam on the mighty stream of the nation's life. Size up all the troubles, weigh the terrible obstacles and handicaps ahead of them, and then go out and wander over that teeming land, and your conclusions must be that Germany is in no danger of sinking under her burdens, that the war is merely a temporary setback in her development—short, as the life of a nation is measured—and that she will soon resume place as a world power.

For her people are undaunted; also unrepentant. That fact has shocked us and all the Allies. We wanted them to admit their sins, and they wouldn't.

But this should occasion no surprise. The armistice enabled the High Command to withdraw their armies almost intact, and until toward the end the German forces had more than held their own on every front. What wonder that the returning troops should be hailed as heroes, even though finally beaten? The Germans ascribed the beating to economic reasons and the revolution of the people, not to any military superiority of the Allies. Which explains why the retreating boche army marches along Unter den Linden showered with flowers, amid the plaudits of the assembled populace; why the soldiers lustily sang Die Wacht am Rhein when not one among them all could have got anywhere near the Rhine without a pass from the Allied authorities.

Undaunted and Unrepentant

And as for repentance, they are still persuaded that the blame for the war does not attach to them. So why should they be humble and profess contrition? That too is easily explained. If we had been prepared during years and years by propaganda in newspapers, books, lectures and the schools to believe that an iniquitous alliance of envious nations was merely waiting for an opportunity to attack us and break our power and prosperity, defeat and a crippling peace would contribute nothing to our enlightenment. On the contrary we should probably hold even more tenaciously to that belief. And that is the case of the Germans.

Neither are they cured of their military mania. One would surmise that four years of what they have been through would be sufficient to open their eyes and effect a change of heart; but deep down the German remains a lover and respecter of might. It seems bred in the bone. All their statuary, from the brutish expression of crushing power shown in the statue commemorating the Battle of Leipsic, to the amazing wooden, nailed image of Hindenburg in Berlin—all reflects their feeling. In every one is the same note; in every one, an overwhelming impression of strength is conveyed by a giant figure leaning on a broad sword, with feet planted far apart, as though bestriding continents. Let the Germans get on their feet again and once more they will attempt to impose their will by force unless a most remarkable transformation should take place in their methods of education in the interim. In that direction lies their only hope of emancipation from the military fetish.

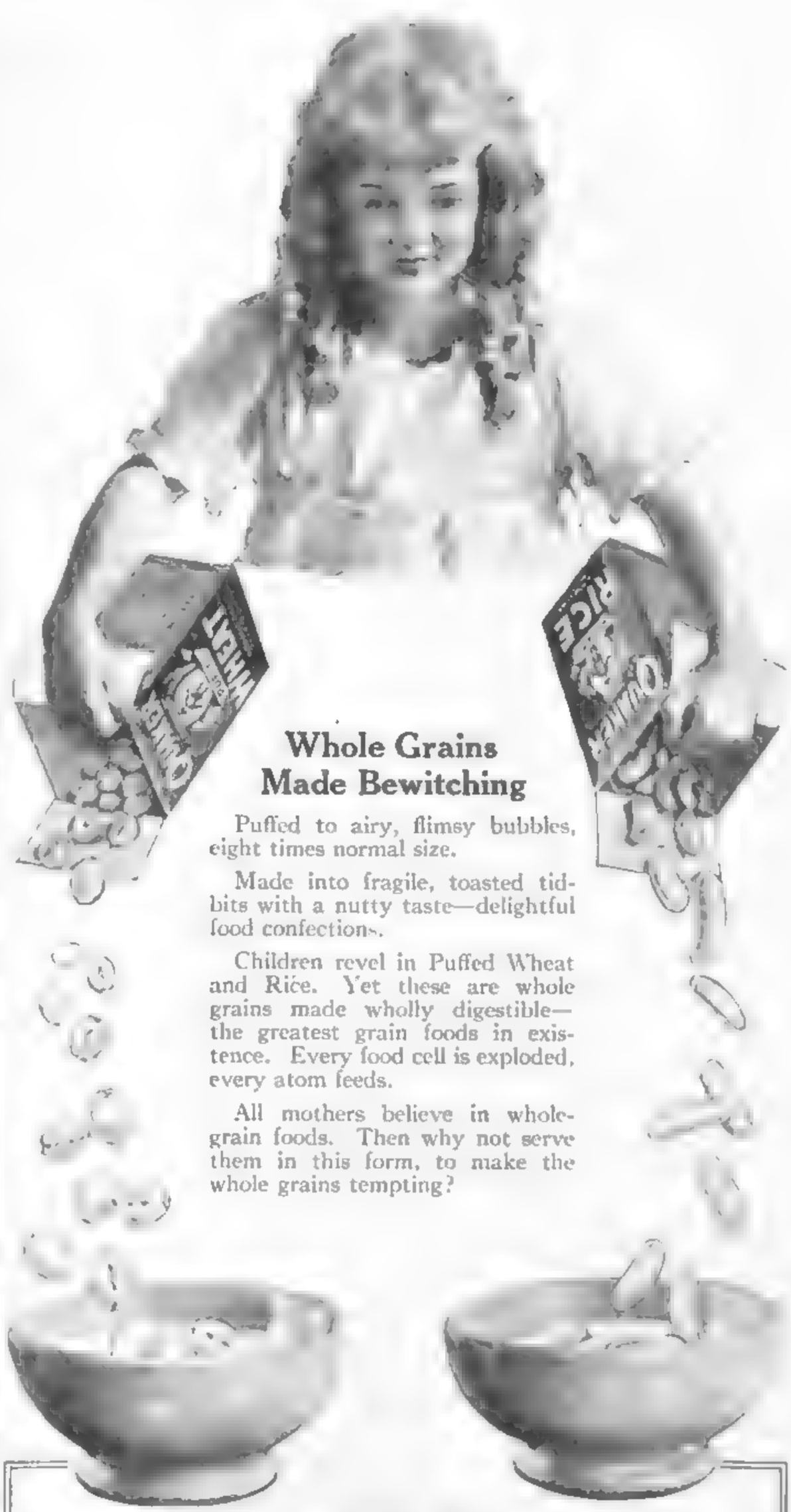
Even the alleged reformers and democrats and what not who were carrying on their republican government last winter and spring were steadfast adherents of the old schools of thought, no matter what disguise they wore or what protestations they made to the contrary. Once you got under their skin it popped out.

I was talking last June to a group in the Foreign Office in Wilhelmstrasse. They belonged to the Majority Socialists, then in the saddle, and as such were supposed to entertain an utter abhorrence of the military system and to think along the lines of democracy and the brotherhood of man. Of course they started in on the Fourteen Points. How did Americans reconcile the peace terms with Mr. Wilson's definite statement of a basis of settlement?

"Search me," I remarked. "How do you people reconcile your promises to the Russians with the Brest-Litovsk Treaty?"

"Ah, but that is different!" cried an official. "We were in the right—absolutely in the right. It was a military necessity. We had won, and it was necessary to our safety to make those terms."

He seemed quite sincere; and for the hundredth time I marveled over German mentality. They can justify anything that happens, just so it be of German doing.



Whole Grains Made Bewitching

Puffed to airy, flimsy bubbles, eight times normal size.

Made into fragile, toasted tidbits with a nutty taste—delightful food confections.

Children revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. Yet these are whole grains made wholly digestible—the greatest grain foods in existence. Every food cell is exploded, every atom feeds.

All mothers believe in whole-grain foods. Then why not serve them in this form, to make the whole grains tempting?

Bring the Milk Dish Back

One great Puffed Grain service is to bring the milk dish back. For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime float Puffed Wheat in milk.

Think what a combination. Milk is a premier food, rich in vitamines. Every child should get at least a pint a day.

Whole Wheat supplies the 16 elements which everybody needs. It is rich in minerals. In Puffed Wheat every food cell is exploded so that every atom feeds.

Here it comes as thin, crisp, toasted bubbles, four times as porous as bread. It is made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. There is no other way to serve whole grain in such inviting, such hygienic form.

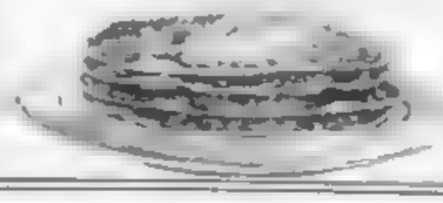
Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Fluffy, Nut-Like, Self-Raising—A Delicious Product

The Quaker Oats Company

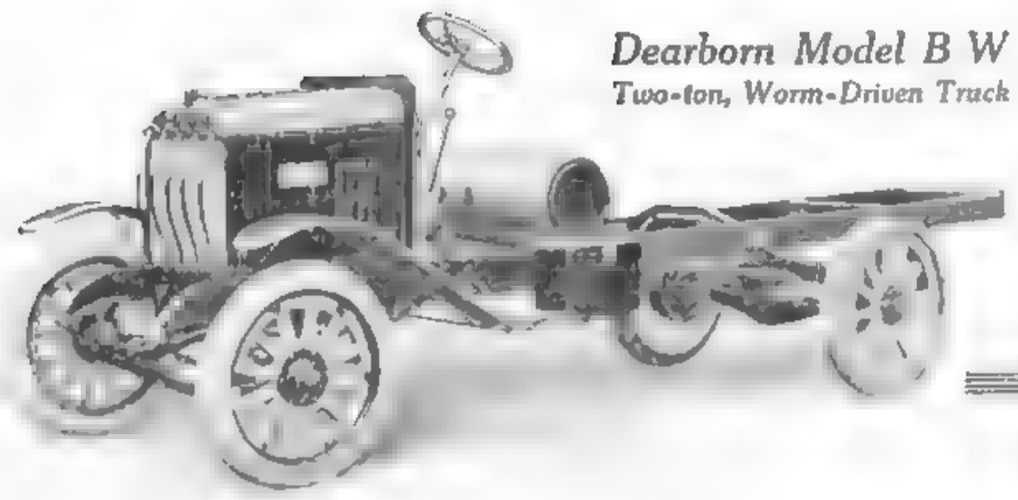
Sole Makers



Puffed Rice Pancake Flour —A Mixture

We now make a Pancake Flour containing ground Puffed Rice. To make an ideal mixture we compared more [illegible] best we [illegible] ground [illegible] to make the pancakes we [illegible] Rice Pancake Flour [illegible] Simply add [illegible] milk. We promise you the finest pancakes you ever tasted.

5307



Dearborn Model B W
Two-ton, Worm-Driven Truck

LOWER { Weight, Operating Cost Price

—the Dearborn Model B W two-ton truck weighs from 500 to 2,000 pounds less than any other two-ton, worm-driven truck;

—its operating cost is much lower because of its simplicity of construction, and its efficient, standardized units—this gives more mileage from gasoline, oil and tires;

—and its price is several hundred dollars less than the average price of two-ton, worm-driven trucks.

DEARBORN TRUCKS

Every factor of Dearborn Truck design and construction is tested and proved by actual experience.

For instance, the Dearborn Model B W is equipped with pneumatic tires on the front wheels. This protects the motor from shocks and jars of the road, reducing motor trouble to a minimum, and adding to its life.

What better units are there than these: Buda Truck Motor, Stromberg Carburetor, Stewart Vacuum System, Bosch Magneto, Borg and Beck Clutch, Grant-Lees Transmission, Standard Worm Axle, Torbensen Front Axle—they are all recognized standards in efficiency, endurance, and economy, and do their part in making the Dearborn Model B W Truck ***"the world's lowest hauling cost."***

Send for literature describing the Dearborn Model B W: Investigate. If you don't know the nearest Dearborn dealer, we will send you his name and address.

DEARBORN TRUCK COMPANY

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"Smith Form-a-Truck" Parts and Service

Smith Form-a-Trucks will convert your used passenger car into a one or two-ton truck. 43,000 in daily use. Write for information.

World-wide distribution and efficient factory methods enable us to give prompt service to all Dearborn and Smith Form-a-Truck owners

"Well, I expect that is about the case with the Allies," I suggested.

He fairly quivered with excitement and indignation.

"But don't you see?" he exclaimed. "Don't you see? We did nothing underhanded. We came out in the open and imposed those terms. We didn't become hypocrites, as the Allies have, and trick them by promises."

"Even granting that which doesn't happen to be true—on your own admission the only difference I can detect is the difference between the methods of a highwayman and a city slicker."

They did not grasp the point at all.

"Yes, that is so," said one complacently. "We are higher. Yes; we are higher."

So I gave up. What was the use?

Germany has lost her colonies and Alsace-Lorraine and great coal fields and all her fleet and most of her merchant ships and millions of her people; she cedes control of ports and ——e areas formerly under her sway; she ...st pay indemnities which a few years ago we would have deemed the economic death knell of any people. Viewed at a distance and on paper her future seems wholly hopeless. But look into Germany and you will not think so.

The Germans are going ahead tirelessly with reorganization to meet changed conditions and every sort of competition after relations with other countries are resumed. The peculiar thing about this situation is that they seem to have plenty of money for commercial enterprises, despite the wails over the amount of reparation. Any American banker or business man with the requisite connections who could have visited Germany during the armistice could have contracted to sell hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of raw materials and other things the country needs. What's more, the Germans could have paid for them. They showed the keenest anxiety to get into touch with American exporters, and they talked cash.

Meanwhile, thousands of French and British and American business representatives were waiting outside, like hounds on the leash, to jump in and connect up, the minute peace permitted. How about all the shouting we used to hear that nobody would ever do business again with the Germans or buy German goods?

There were a few French and British and American business agents in Germany, camouflaged under various guises, long before the signatures were affixed to the peace treaty. Each nation wanted to be on the ground first, and some of the ruses that were resorted to constituted an illuminating revelation of what war really is—a rotten, foul, crooked, bloody phase of business.

Here is a small illustration of the enterprise the Germans were showing even in the midst of their many troubles. The American Government put on sale the horses belonging to the Army of Occupation, because prices were high and transportation home would cost too much. French buyers came up and offered fifteen hundred francs a head for two thousand, which they wanted to cull; also, they wanted time. Along came a squarehead, his pockets bulging with cash and plenty more where that came from, and put in a bid of two thousand francs a head for the whole lot—twenty-four thousand head. Of course the deal would have turned a handsome profit for the German, for besides the top-notch prices he could get in his own country he could obtain about anything he asked in the east. Indeed the Poles were buying American horses from the French at a wide margin of profit until they discovered that they could purchase direct and thus save money.

It would break the heart of an American horse breeder if he could see what animals fetch in Germany. I have known condemned army stuff knocked down under the hammer for eleven hundred marks a head—and they were guaranteed to be no good! Several died before they could be led away, but doubtless they brought the purchaser all he expected, for sausage meat was at a premium.

And the Berliners were going ahead with a subway under Friedrichstrasse, just as though indemnities had never been mentioned. I could multiply such instances all day.

The newspapers had it that the government proposed to go after the war profiteers and operate on them without anæsthetics. They pictured the head of the cabinet sharpening a long knife whilst a fat hog, caught between the palings of a gate labeled "Neutral Countries," squealed in fear and dread.

The intention is to mulct war profits with taxes ranging from ten per cent up to ninety; and in some cases, total confiscation. If they can accomplish this desirable step they will go far toward raising what they require for indemnities. According to information I got in Switzerland and Berlin the war profiteers have surreptitiously sent out of Germany into neutral countries close to thirty-five billion marks.

Another project for which they seem able to raise unlimited money is the organization of Noske's army. What the total strength may be is difficult to compute, but probably Noske could put a million men in the field. These are volunteer troops, raised to protect the Fatherland from Bolshevism and aggression from the east—nominally. The inducements were high pay and the best chow German soldiers have drawn in three years. They lived well—much better than any other class of Germans; their pay was graded according to the nature of their service. From the time of organization up to the middle of June Noske's forces had cost Germany round seven billion marks, not taking into account food and maintenance. This enormous sum did not come out of the government coffers, but from the bankers and big corporations with a special interest in the maintenance of order. Noske was practically supreme in Germany and he represented the old régime—no doubt about it. An *Auswcis* signed by him was better than all the government passports and permits we could obtain. For often the military guards would ignore a pass unless it bore Noske's signature.

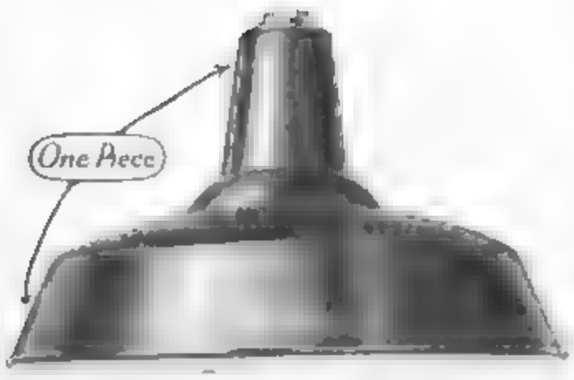
Correct Light

The Fundamental of Industry

Correct light *is* the fundamental need of industry. Upon the degree of efficiency attained in industrial illumination depends the degree of efficiency obtained from men and machinery. Production lags and quality sags under the handicap imposed by incorrect lighting.

The Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co. has devoted years of attention and effort to the development of correct illumination for industry. Within this organization, the inventiveness of pioneers and the skill of engineers are in constant activity. As a result, Benjamin lighting equipment stands unsurpassed.

Without obligation, the services of Benjamin illuminating engineers are at your disposal. They will be glad to plan an economical and efficient system of correct illumination for your particular plant. Or, if you prefer, ask us to send some informative material on lighting to your own engineer, contractor or architect.



The Benjamin RLM Standard Dome Reflector Socket

A lighting unit conforming to the specifications of the Reflector and Lamp Manufacturers and the requirements of the most exacting lighting codes. It is made in one piece without welded joints—an unusually strong, weatherproof, wear-resisting piece of apparatus. Unsurpassed for general illumination. This is only one of the complete line of Benjamin Reflectors—a line which includes a scientifically correct type of reflector for every industrial need.

Interesting literature is free. Address requests to Advertising Department, 806 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago.

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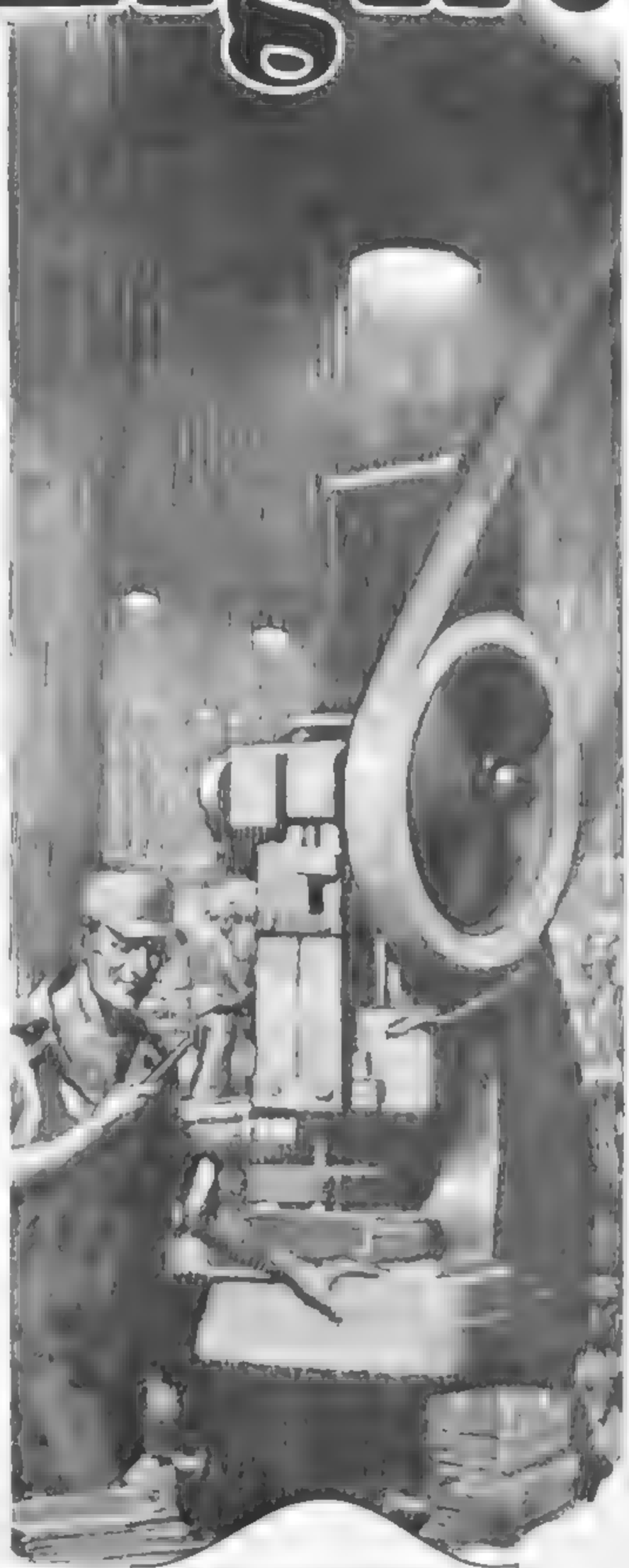

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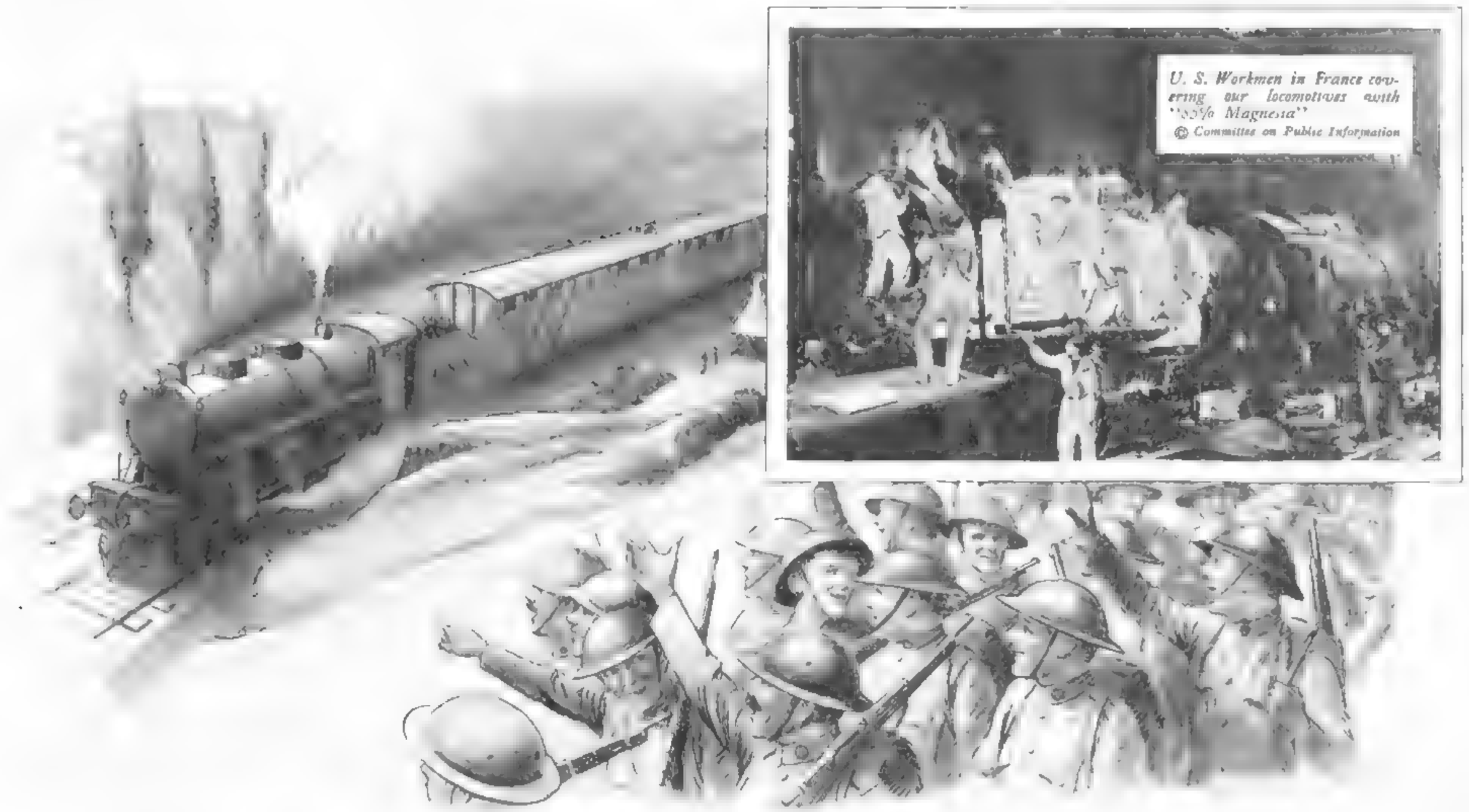
BENJAMIN

Makers of Things More Useful



Defending the Steam of the U.S. Locomotives in France—

WHEN our doughboys in France heard the deep-throated, bull-moose bellow of the new American locomotives, instead of the squeaky toy-whistle of the French locomotives, they roared a welcome and said, "That sounds like home."

Uncle Sam shipped thousands of locomotives for our Army transport, to be assembled over there. For their insulation (their "lagging" underneath their iron jackets) he sent "85% Magnesia". (The photograph in the corner shows our workmen laying it on.)

Uncle Sam knew "85% Magnesia"

Uncle Sam happened to know all about "85% Magnesia", for his Navy has specified it for his warships since 1888. Also, American locomotives have used it for over a quarter of a century.

So when he went into the locomotive business he didn't experiment with any questionable insulation, but adopted the regular "85% Magnesia" which American warships and locomotives have used so long.

Why locomotives have "85% Magnesia"

Between the steam in the boiler and the outside air, there is a difference of over 300° F.—even in summer.

It is that intense heat that gives the mighty steam-power. If the heat were to escape through the steel, the steam would turn to water—the locomotives wouldn't move an inch.

To keep that heat in the boiler, the builders of all these powerful American locomotives lay on, between the boiler and its thin outer iron jacket, a thick covering of "85% Magnesia."

This insulation of "85% Magnesia" holds in the vital heat, and thus transforms the huge steel monster into a miracle of power instead of a lifeless mass of rods and wheels.

The severest test of "85% Magnesia"

The long and regular use of "85% Magnesia" for steam insulation on our American locomotives, is a most conclusive proof of its efficiency and durability.

Locomotives put steam insulation to the severest test. They live on their steam; they require its maximum power on the minimum of coal; their vibration would quickly destroy any inferior insulation. For all that stress and strain they have found that "85% Magnesia" is the only covering that stands up to all tests.

"85% Magnesia" reduces your overhead

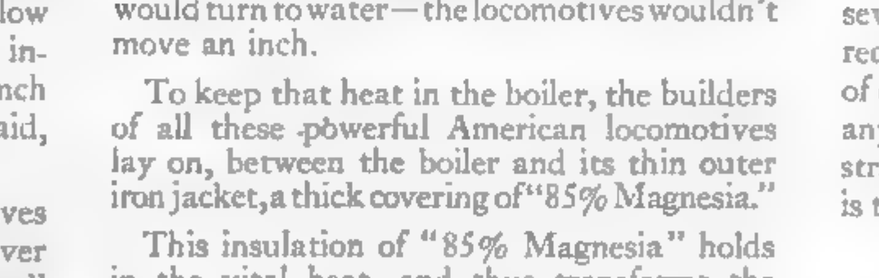
What "85% Magnesia" does for the locomotives and the warships, what it does in the biggest and most exacting power-plants, it will do for you.

It saves your coal. It increases your steam-power for any pressure. It lasts without depreciation of efficiency, as long as the pipes and boilers beneath it.

As wages and other costs go up, "85% Magnesia" keeps your overhead down.

Information for you

To find the actual saving in dollars and cents by the use of "85% Magnesia" coverings in your plant or in your home write us for the Table prepared by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of Pittsburgh University. To Engineers and Architects we will send also the Standard Specification of the Magnesia Association, compiled by the Mellon Institute, giving the exact thickness for every kind of treated surface.



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721 Bulletin Building, Philadelphia, Penna.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 25)

decked out in a brand-new suit of clothes. The only thing he retained of his former attire was his old slouch hat. Barney did not know much about preserving the unities.

He pulled up with a flourish and gave my master his usual greeting. My master was too overcome for mere expression and just sat down on the bank and laughed. Barney was the first to take up his parable.

"Well, boss," he droned, "we brought the old ship into port, all right—safe an' sound."

"Did you have a rough voyage, Barney?" inquired my master between laughs.

"Terrible! Just terrible!" vouchsafed Barney. "For nine days an' nights we drifted at the mercy of the winds an' waves. We lost our rudder an' the crew was helpless. The captain jumped overboard and the masts was carried away. Finally th' old ship went to pieces. Everybody was drowned but me."

"You must have had plenty of time to collect your valuables before you swam ashore?" interrogated my master in the same vein.

"Yep," admitted Barney. "I did happen to save a few things out of the wreck." He dug down into his inside pocket and drew forth a hefty bundle of yellow-backed bills, which he tossed over to my master. "There's the old life preserver!" he chortled. "I never let go of it till I was high an' dry."

Both boys laughed a great deal, and then Barney told the straight story of his adventure.

It appears that on the day of his arrival at the town which had been his objective point there had been some kind of local celebration going on. Among other amusements there was horse racing; and, of course, the local speed marvel had been entered. It was a ten-dollar sweepstake. Barney had feigned drunkenness and persisted in entering Missouri Ghost. Everybody laughed at the country boy, who rode bareback, and with the old driving blinkers on the Ghost for a bridle.

He had been beaten by fully a hundred yards, but kept on persisting that he had the fastest horse living, and made another match for twenty dollars a side. He told the people he wanted a week to get his horse ready, and they told him they would give him ten years if he chose. So Barney had put up at the local hotel and stayed round there for a week, always pretending to be half drunk. He said he carried a big whiskey bottle full of cider, and whenever anyone was looking at him he took a big drink of it.

Barney was very proud of the manner in which he had played the game. He dwelt on every detail at considerable length. He could easily have sent for my master to help him out, but he preferred to work in his own way and had written down to Kansas City for his brother to come up.

The latter pretended to be drinking too, and Barney had slipped him the bank roll my master had given him to bet on the race. Barney and his brother got to playing dice together in the barroom of the hotel, and Barney won all the money. Of course, in a small town such as that was news travels quickly, especially when a well-dressed stranger had lost the best part of five hundred dollars to a drunken farmer boy; and the people who owned the local speed merchant crowded round to see whether he would be foolish enough to bet his money with them on the race.

Barney described at great length how he had bragged about his old horse, but refused to bet. They kept on offering him all kinds of odds and finally he allowed himself to be hectored into putting up all he had. One reason why he hesitated was that he wanted to get an "honest" stakeholder, because in those days the latter was a very important point, especially where a stranger in a strange town had anything at stake.

Finally he decided upon the town marshal. This man was a grafter pure and simple and played no favorites. Barney took him into his confidence and on top of that promised him five hundred dollars out of the winnings. It was a double assurance that he would get what he won.

The match had been made for a distance of four hundred yards. It was down the main street of the town. Barney said he pulled the shoes off the Ghost and let him run barefoot. He had not used a saddle; and, in fact, did nothing to excite the other people's suspicions, being so advised by the stakeholder, who had a friend betting on the side for him.

The race itself was hardly more than an exercising gallop for the Ghost. When it was over Barney's description of the howls and shrieks of despair from the local populace was inimitable. He wound up with a triumph of all triumphs. He had sold the Missouri Ghost to the town marshal for six hundred dollars and the black pacing mare and buggy.

Barney's head was full of new schemes. He suggested that my master should take Jane and go and beat the Ghost. But he added that it was useless to try to pull such a trick off in the marshal's home town and get away with it.

I forgot to tell you that Barney was very much gratified over the manner in which my education had progressed. He said he could see me growing; and both agreed that when I got my full growth I should be at least fourteen hands and an inch high, if not more. This, of course, is small for the ordinary race horse; but it is big enough, as some of the turf records will show.

That night Barney and my master talked for a long time about the ways and means by which they could get a match with the new owner of Missouri Ghost. And next morning my master took Jane and rode away. I understood from his talk that he was heading for a small town about thirty miles due east. This place would possibly be thirty miles from the town where Barney had sold the Ghost.

Barney rode me the next morning himself and for three or four days thereafter. Then one morning he hitched up the black mare and drove off. The farmer and his wife took care of us while my master and Barney were away. I did not see either of them for several days.

I asked Grassy where he supposed they had gone; and he said he didn't know, but that probably they were looking for another adventure.

At that stage of my life I could not exactly understand why the boys should always be wanting to find some new adventure and I told Grassy so. He shook his head wisely and said that youth was the noon of marvelous adventure and that was the finest thing there was about being young. He said all enterprise and final achievement were built upon a realization of boyish dreams. It seems to me he spoke the truth.

Later on that morning I had quite a little adventure on my own account. The farmer's wife came and turned Grassy and myself out on the big lot. We both played round a little and before I knew it we were racing together. We did not stop until we got to the far fence, and when we reached that point I must have been about a half neck in front of the gray horse. Words could not express the pride I felt, and, as is the manner of youth, I bantered Grassy a little about my victory. Incidentally, I asked him whether he had run as hard as he could.

He admitted that he had done everything he knew how in the way of running, which naturally tickled my pride some more; and I began to tell him how fast I really was and what a great race horse my father had been. I guess I must have bragged and boasted a good deal, and Grassy never spoke until I stopped for sheer want of breath. He did not say anything then until I asked what he was thinking about so much; and he replied by giving me another chapter out of his book of experience.

Grassy's idea was that it is not wise to get elated too much over a single success. He voiced the opinion that a good many people made that mistake and it worked several ways toward their undoing. He said that every living thing had the elements of at least one success locked up in its personality. It was just like a man who has one good story to tell, but can never tell another. It was like the actor who makes an overnight success playing some particular part that happens to be peculiarly suited to his personality. He may never score when cast for anything else; the result being that he lives a very miserable and disappointed life thereafter.

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He argued that this is particularly noticeable in race horses. In his wide experience he had known many horses who won one big race but never could win another, even in the cheapest company.

We did not hear anything about my master or Barney for three or four days; in fact, I began to think that perhaps they never would come back or that some accident had befallen them, when one night after dark there was a terrible hubbub outside the barn.

The half door of my stall was open and I poked my head out to see what was the matter. It was my master and Barney, who had just galloped up. Both were on horseback and appeared to be very excited. Barney was riding the black mare he had driven away. He did not have any saddle, so I judged that wherever he had come from he had left that place in a hurry. The farmer and his wife came out with lanterns and, from all the talk I heard, I judged we were about to move.

I asked Grasshopper what he thought of all the hubbub and he laughed, as he usually did on such occasions. He said:

"You'd better get your golden slippers on, kid, because I guess we are booked for the overland limited."

Well, off we started. Barney rode Grasshopper and led me, while my master rode the black driving mare and led Jane. We headed west in the moonlight. Of course, at first I did not know what the real cause of our hurried exit was; but I found out all about it as we jogged along. Once we got started, my master and Barney seemed to forget the serious side of it and laughed a good deal over their recent experiences.

I gathered from their talk that when my master had gone away with Jane he had located in a small town about thirty miles away, and when Barney left us he had gone over to the town where he had sold Missouri Ghost to the marshal.

Perhaps I forgot to tell you that the latter had the reputation of being a tough man and a killer. We met a good many of that class of gentry in our travels. Ninety-nine per cent of them were cowards at heart. They killed people only when they had all the advantage in their favor and were in the locality where they lived or had friends enough to see that the jury acquitted them. Most of their stock in trade was the bogus reputation they acquired in this way and all of them worked it overtime.

This man, it appears, had five notches on his gun, and everyone was afraid of him, which was the reason my master and Barney had sensed that it would be better to take him away from home before making a match with him.

Well, as I was saying, Barney had gone over and told the marshal that he had heard he could get a match for the Ghost in the town where my master had gone with the mare. Of course Barney did not pretend that he knew my master; but he was so sure the Ghost could beat anything round there that he had given the marshal two hundred dollars of his own money to bet in the event of the match being made.

This evidence of good faith, of course, looked good to the new owner of the Ghost; so he set out immediately for the town where my master was staying. Barney accompanied him. He suggested that Barney should ride the Ghost if he was successful in getting a match. But Barney was too wise for that; besides, he had heard that this man had shot a foot runner when he had lost a match on which he had bet some money. So they took a local quarter-horse rider with them.

They lay round several days, backing and filling, trying to consummate a race; but my master and Barney both judged it would not do to work too quickly, as that might excite suspicion. Of course they pretended to be utter strangers to each other and met and talked over their plans only under cover of darkness.

Finally the match was made for three hundred yards, the conditions being that they should run for five dollars a yard. Outside of this, they succeeded in getting some five hundred dollars bet in small amounts.

The race took place as scheduled and naturally the mare won easily. They expected the Ghost's owner would make a great fuss and outcry, but he did not do so. He asked Barney to go back home with him, but the latter made some excuse; so the marshal took his horse and rider and started for his home town.

My master and Barney congratulated themselves on such a peaceful outcome of the match and did not give the man who lost another thought. He did not evidence by either word or deed that he suspected he had been the victim of a frame-up. After he had left, Barney and my master met and went up to my master's room in the hotel, where they started to count the money they had won on the match. According to Barney's description, there were bills of all denominations lying all over the coverlet, and the boys were intent on sorting them out when suddenly the door was pushed wide open and in walked the owner of the Ghost!

Barney was seated on the bed, facing the door. He said he knew it was no time to throw kisses, as the marshal was undoubtedly loaded for bear; so he made one quick dive and landed between the big man's legs, which he grabbed after the manner of a football player. This catapulted the intruder over his head, landing him stunned against the opposite wall.

It is needless to say the boys stood not on the order of their going. They just grabbed the money off the bed, crammed it into their pockets, locked the door on the outside and beat it. Then they hustled over to the barn where their horses were, jumped on them and galloped back across country to the farm. Barney said his dive for the marshal's legs was the fastest move he ever hoped to make this side of the River Jordan.

They did not think it wise, however, to stay in that locality, because the marshal had many friends scattered round and he would eventually have run them down, trumped up some charge against them and probably have had them thrown into jail for the rest of their natural lives.

Justice in those days was not only blindfolded but the lady's ears were stuffed with cotton. Moreover, at times she was handcuffed to see that she did not indulge in any of those altruistic or equitable tendencies she is popularly supposed to possess.

The only thing, however, which appeared to bother Barney was the fact that he had been forced to leave the new harness and buggy behind him. He mourned this loss a good deal and declared that he would get another at the first opportunity. My master kept insisting they were very lucky to get away in as good shape as they did, but Barney could not see it that way at all. He held that no army should ever retreat leaving any of its baggage to fall into the hands of the enemy.

We traveled all through the night and did not stop until early morning, when we made an impromptu camp down by a little creek. My master and Barney took sponges and gave each of us a sponge bath. It was very refreshing, as we were all tired and the night had been sultry. They had brought enough oats for one feed; so we did not go without our morning meal.

After that they put light sheets on us and stood us in the water of the little creek, so it would draw any soreness out of our feet. The banks were rich with long sweet grass and we grazed while we were having our footbath.

Jane and the black mare, of course, were pretty tired, because in less than twenty-four hours they had both traveled more than forty miles; so they decided to rest up for a while.

There was a small vacant lot down near the road and Barney got leave from the farmer who owned it to turn us out there for a few hours. We remained there until it was again dusk and then set out again, traveling until midnight.

We were still heading west and did not stop until we reached a small village. Here we secured accommodations at a country hotel. They had good stalls in the barn and we were well bedded down. There were no accommodations for the boys in the hotel, however, as they had only two guest bedrooms, which were already occupied; so the boys made a bed in the haymow and slept until away into the afternoon of the next day.

They told the hotel keeper that they were horse traders on their way to Kansas City. This did not excite any comment, as there were a good many traders going up and down the country in those days.

We left there at midnight, and before we came to another halt had put fifteen miles more between us and the owner of the Ghost. It seemed, from the conversation between my master and Barney, that they judged they had reached the safety zone; so here we settled down to recuperate from our strenuous travels and enjoy a much-needed rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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SEEING AMERICA AFTERWARD

(Continued from Page 19)

of this country. He may be a man like Senator Oscar Underwood on the Democratic side or Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, on the Republican side, who have risen above the fear of being defeated in the next election. They pronounce their views unhesitatingly and unequivocally. Constituents may or may not like it. If they don't want a man who holds such views to represent them, if they don't want him to look at all the facts and come to a decision not necessarily as it profits the state of Alabama or the state of Minnesota or the political opportunism of his party organization they can elect someone else to the job. Yet men of that type are invariably returned—this very independence makes them more useful to their constituents than the legislators who are constantly looking to sectional or selfish interest.

If, indeed, the whole Congress of the United States could resolve itself into an investigating body for the purpose of inquiring into the minds of all the people—not simply the people of one state, one city or one town—they would come back to Washington saturated with a wealth of knowledge that would inevitably make them all better politicians as well as better public servants.

The trouble is that members of Congress don't mix enough with the people of other districts and constituencies. Many go home only to listen to the words of their flattering supporters or to defy their critics. They travel round shaking hands in their respective districts, promising favors and privileges which they know full well cannot be granted. They make themselves solid with the editors back home to assure a favorable slant on the news of their activities in Congress or favorable and conspicuous comment on their speeches—often never delivered at all, but printed under that ancient privilege of begging leave to print or extending remarks in the record, a custom begun and sustained by the professional political class of both parties as a means of perpetuating themselves in office.

If members of Congress did take a trip into the United States and inquired of disinterested persons what are the things closest to the hearts and bosoms of the whole country—all the people, and not a particular few—they would discover some astonishing fundamentals. They would forget about points of order and parliamentary wrangles, about red tape and party prestige, profit and advantage, and cease worrying about headlines. They might encounter some of the things I encountered in my thirty-five-day inquiry into things political, social, economic and industrial.

Party Labels Losing Vogue

I traveled for a time—it so happened—in the wake of the chairman of one of the national political committees. State chairmen were invited to lunch with him. Party leaders came from one end of a state to the other to greet him and talk about the party's prospects next time. I talked subsequently with one of those who attended a luncheon.

"Of course," he said after closing the doors of discretion, "I attended the luncheon and we whooped things up—but we haven't a chance in this state, not a chance, and the fault lies largely with our party back in Washington."

Politicians often see things in false values—they exaggerate and underestimate. They rarely apply the rules of psychology. Usually they think in terms of sectional editorials or the applause at banquets. And that's why even honestly intentioned men in Congress frequently size up public opinion in America inaccurately.

For politically speaking America is in no strange, incomprehensible mood. Lines of cleavage may be less distinct, but fundamentals bulk larger. No longer is it considered reproachful to be a Democrat in a strongly Republican state, any more than it is regarded as a high crime or misdemeanor to be a Republican in a solidly Democratic community. Party lines remain more as shadowy horizons than as fixed goals beckoning to a youthful citizenry. Rather does it provoke a smile of amusement or a lament of pity to find an in-and-out, dyed-in-the-wool party man who would consider himself slandered if it were whispered that he had voted the other ticket. Such partisans are in the minority the country over.

The big new majority is a sober multitude of plain Americans who have as little regard for party labels as they have for party tradition. Independent voters, they may be called, but a better word would be disinterested voters. They care nothing for the success of individuals as such—the mere elevation of persons to high office. They care more for the election of the individual or group of individuals willing to discard the petty for the vital, to dig beneath the foam of temporary applause to the essence of real achievement.

Nothing is plainer to-day to the wayfarer on the highroads of American politics than this tendency to turn from one political party to the other—instantly, almost impetuously, the moment a profession of sincerity is proved by concrete example to be simple hypocrisy. Politicians sagely gather in metropolitan clubrooms or in capitol cloakrooms to ponder on party policy. One man flourishes a handful of editorials. Another produces a batch of expensively worded telegrams. Still another presents a formidable array of petitions from the Amalgamated Association for the Accomplishment of Class Favors.

Nobody gets up with a courageous sense of doubt to question the source of political demand. Nobody talks much of the inarticulate; always the measuring stick is applied to the articulate. Rarely is thought given to what the disinterested citizens think—the great mass whose judicial functions manage to develop a weighty judgment on election day.

The Powerful Independent Vote

Yet the judicial mass rules America today. Call it the independent vote, the disinterested vote, the fair-minded vote—it is after all the great body of American people who are more or less impatient of party tactics as such, who are sick of denunciation by the outs in an effort to get where the ins are, and even more fed up with the belabored self-expressed praise by the ins of their own records with never an admission of a mistake, never a confession of error, but always an unbroken defense of everything that has been attempted during their all-too-brief tenure.

I talked with editorial writers in the four corners of the land. Much of their talk was more interesting to hear than their editorials are to read. They spoke their instinctive judgment, not their overpolished diction—and they criticized freely. What Republicans said about Republicans was not less interesting or penetrating than what Democrats said of Democrats. These men who write editorial opinion forgot for the moment their didactic functions and spoke as mere citizens—just as men on street corners might. And from folks like these and many others in all walks of life I gathered certain impressions which were so general and so widespread that they can be briefly summed up.

People who styled themselves Republicans as of 1916 or 1918 date told me they hoped the leaders of the aforesaid party in Washington would watch the calendar. They referred frankly to 1912, when half the Republican Party calling itself liberal turned from the other half calling itself conservative. Amalgamation of these two wings of the party in 1918 did not mean, for instance, a reversion to the status of 1908. It did mean a belief that the regular Republican leaders had seen the handwritings on the wall, had recognized the power of the liberal elements in the party and had made up their minds to be a truly American party—not representative merely of the manufacturing East, but of the agricultural West and the alert, keenly progressive Far West.

Oh, no, that victory in 1918 didn't mean a license to turn back to the days of Aldrich! Nor did it mean an insistence on some of those popeyed doctrines first espoused by a few of the 1912 Progressives and now taken clearly out of the bounds of popularity by empirical Democrats who experimented therewith 'twixt 1912 and 1918.

Beneath that great mass which called itself Republican I found something not at all different from the substantive thought of another great mass labeling itself—between elections—as Democratic. For while

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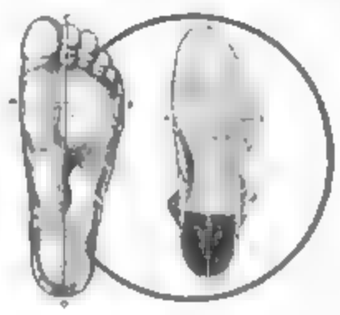

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the Republican rank and file insists on admonishing the new leadership to watch its step and not abuse the period of probation on which the country readily accepted a Republican majority last November, so also do the Democrats speak openly, loudly and unequivocally of Democratic flaws. They speak with the hurt air of persons who vouched for Democratic competency and then found their Washington representatives joy riding indifferently by the real owners of the community automobile.

Many of the Democrats had stopped admonishing. They had already announced themselves ready to turn to the other party—a sort of choice-between-two-evils policy which always manifests itself in mid-administration days of irritation. But those Democrats who were keeping the faith, struggling to defend what they knew or felt was indefensible, pointed always to the lack of executive ability in high places. The postal service was bad. Trains were irregular, overcrowded, badly run and—most of all—expensive. Freight was equally bad. The war was won, but left many open sores—many letters never reached soldiers overseas; insurance and compensation were tangled and enmeshed in detestable red tape. Indecision had reigned supreme at the national capital for six months after the armistice. Why did the Peace Conference dally so long? Why were the troops kept overseas?

Some of these questions have now been answered. Some of the irritation has been soothed. Yet the big fact against which the Democratic Party is faced is an impression of incompetency—business inability. On that issue alone the Democrats, based upon my canvass, would be certain of defeat next time if it were not for the fear that Republican incompetency may yet prove worse.

The Republicans on the day the present session of Congress began needed to do no more than talk about the Democratic record to get handclaps of approval from Salem, Oregon, to Salem, Massachusetts, and from Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Texarkana, Texas. But the moment Congress convened the big fact stood up with another interrogation mark beside it.

What the Rank and File Wants

What kind of managers—business managers—were the Republicans? What would they do to reduce taxes and give the average man his income-tax worth of competent management?

It is still an undetermined trial—the jury is still out. Next election the verdict will be returned. Plenty of time for somersaults as well as solid achievement is given to both majority and minority. Only the situation seems to be this: The Republicans must prove themselves better managers than the Democrats. And the Democrats must clean house in the executive branches of the Government, which they still control, and put therein persons who can slowly but surely erase the interrogation mark from their party label.

For capable management, commonsense judgment, practical, sound, sane, fair and disinterested administration of the Government is what the rank and file wants. It doesn't matter if a newspaper office in Virginia furnishes a secretary of the treasury or if a man from the sparsely populated state of Wyoming is leader of the House of Representatives. It isn't the party name but the party performance that is under the eye of a watchful mass of interested citizens.

The income tax has had something to do with it, the selective draft may be another reason, the Liberty Bonds in safe or bank may be still another stimulus, but the fact is people everywhere have begun not merely to feel themselves a part of the Government, but to assert themselves as its partners.

Nowhere is there any newly grown anxiety or eagerness to usurp the functions of the office-holding class. Business men are not resigning big enterprises to run for Congress or for state senator or for mayor. There are exceptions to be sure. But the large majority of the people are perfectly willing to leave the officeholding to the small number who admit they are fitted for the competition.

The political estate is as yet unmenaced by the entrance of any substantial number of persons who seek the overthrow of both the old political parties. Rumors of such, visions of such, one hears in the academic atmosphere of radical forums or in the smoky atmosphere of labor gatherings, but the big majority of folks are pretty confident still that they can crack the whip on election day and make the rival parties respond in the future as they have in the past to the urge of public opinion.

On foreign questions there is no less doubt as to the direction of the public stream than on domestic squabbles. What the mass wants and argues for individually or collectively is solidity. The world nearly turned turtle in a destructive war. America was saved from the terrible devastation visited upon Europe. And those who own homes, those who have savings deposits, those who have no desire to succeed except by the toil of their hands and the power of their brains are much more numerous than those who seek to live dishonestly, to rise by exploitation of their fellow citizens to temporary heights of power—the quicksands of economic disorder. No, nothing is more remote from the American heart than Bolshevism. If enough had not been told the average American citizen of its horrible failure abroad to convince him he would reject that doctrine in the same impatience that a man might exhibit toward anyone who tried to sell him books when the house was afire—when he needed all his energy to preserve those things he already possessed.

Again and again I had heard the same story about the inroads which extreme radicals were making in America's laboring classes. This much is true: For many years in those sections of the country where labor unions boasted a big membership a certain set of men developed qualities of individual leadership. During the course of their bickerings with employers they acquired a definite knowledge of bargaining—of labor diplomacy. Some leaders by the exercise of tact were often able to get as much as by threatening a strike. Anyway, many of these men—not all—who acted as representatives of labor have been trained year in and year out in the all-important problems of negotiation. They have learned just how far it was wise to insist and at what point it was wise to recede—admittedly a delicate but at the same time fundamental stage in the development of their cause. But they have held office—these state or district or local leaders—because the rank and file have had confidence in their ability.

Along comes a new set of men—radicals without experience or knowledge of past conditions—many of them foreigners and born agitators. They assail the old-time leaders. They harangue the masses and point out defects in leadership. They boast of what can be accomplished under new leadership. In some cases, where the labor unions themselves have been augmented during the war by a membership unfamiliar with trade unionism, these radicals have managed to sweep out of power the very men who—when compared with the new leaders—might well be called conservatives. And it usually has taken the ill effects of a serious strike or some other concrete disturbance to bring home to the mass of members the unwisdom of believing in false gods.

Some of Labor's False Gods

Or if it is not radical leadership it is the radical agitator. Usually he is more youthful than his colleagues, interested far more in his own oratory than in the bread and butter of his fellow workers. For hours he wrangles and keeps labor meetings in debate. The men with families go home to bed at eleven o'clock or thereabout. And the vote to strike or to take some other radical action often is taken at two o'clock in the morning, when a majority by the radical element is assured. Other members of the union wake up next day to find themselves bound by the unwelcome action of their locals.

This state of affairs I found particularly on the Pacific Coast. I have no doubt it is true of other parts of the country. What impressed me most in this connection, entirely apart from a natural desire of laboring men to benefit themselves in these days of high cost of living, was the way radicals were preying upon their innocent brethren. If it isn't in meetings it is in the defense funds or in the distribution of radical literature at small sums of money that they appear, for a certain class of so-called reformers abroad in this land makes a business of writing radical literature, of printing radical newspapers practically with a subsidy. The paradox of it is that these radical

(Continued on Page 185)

The Story of Three Wise Men who became successful—and how they did it

THEY started in different cities. None of them knew the others. They were different types of men with different conditions to face; but all arrived at success by the same means.

"ONE" was working for somebody else, but was ambitious to have a business of his own, and be independent. He started, with a few hundred dollars, in a Massachusetts city of moderate size and he made $3,000 the first year, and a little over $10,000 the second year.

"TWO" had a refreshment business in a large Eastern city and was losing money. He added a new product and not only made a good profit the next year, but turned the losing part of his business into a profit-maker.

"THREE" was a manufacturing confectioner making a fair profit. He heard of this new opportunity, looked into it, adopted the Idea, and doubled his profits.

The Idea that these Three Wise Men adopted combines manufacturing, advertising and selling all in one. It is the Candy Kiss business—putting our machine in the window, to cut, shape and wrap the Kisses—drawing people to the window—pulling them in, selling them kisses and other things.

Yes, the crowds do gather 'round the window. They like to see the machine; they like to watch the kisses come tumbling out; they get an appetite for those clean-wrapped kisses; and they come in and buy.

The experience of every one who has gone into the business proves this. Annual net profits of different people have been all the way from $3,000 (first year of one man) to $21,000.

Three kinds of people can go into this business—(1) Those who want to own their own business, (2) Those already in other business such as cigars, retail candy, drugs, soda and ice cream, restaurants, etc., and (3) Manufacturing confectioners who want to simplify their business and make more money.

It is a good business, as you can see for yourself, on account of these reasons:

1. *It is simple*—just kisses, unless you want to sell other things.

2. *Kisses are easy to make.* The formulas are simple (we give our customers a book of formulas). Cooking the batch is easy—we give full directions. A pulling-machine does the pulling. Our kiss machine does the rest and a girl can operate it. Both machines go by electricity.

3. *Kisses are easy to sell*—the machine in the window draws the crowds, and pulls them into your store.

4. *There's a good demand for kisses.* Everybody likes them, and kisses cost very little; so people buy freely. The business of our customers shows a steady growth.

5. *Takes very little capital.* You can pay for the Kiss Machine by instalments. You rent the pulling machine. Other equipment costs very little. You buy materials as you use them.

6. *You do a big business in proportion to your invested capital*—you turn over your money very fast.

7. *You can add a wholesale business.* Other stores will want to sell your kisses.

This same Idea and the same Opportunity are now open in each city or town where there are main streets, crowded corners, etc. There are opportunities in Philadelphia on Market Street, Chestnut Street, Girard Avenue, Germantown Avenue, Ridge Avenue, 52nd Street, etc. Lots of them in New York, Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco, Denver, Portland, Seattle, and smaller cities like Dayton, Sacramento, Jacksonville, Johnstown, Pa., Wilmington, Gary, Ind., Dubuque, Topeka. All that is needed in any locality where there are crowds, is another Wise Man, with good average common sense, fair health, and plenty of hustle, who wants to make a lot of money on a small investment.

We know this business is a good one. We know our kiss machine is right. We don't yet know you and the location you have in mind.

If you are one of these Three Kinds of Wise Men, write us a letter. Tell us the town you have in mind, its population, its industries. Tell us whether you have or can get a store on the good side of a principal street with passing crowds. How many people pass in the most crowded time? Is it crowded day and night? What other stores are nearby—also theatres, movies, schools? About how much would the rent be?

Then tell us about yourself—your age, your health, single or married, how many you have to support, your business experience, your present business. Are you planning to make this your only business?

Fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us. We'll send you our careful book "Your opportunity in the candy kiss business," which answers the questions you probably want to ask about this profitable business and how to get into it.

After you've read this book, tell us any doubts you may have about the business, or ask any questions you like. If you start, we want you to get all the money there is in the business.

Here is Mackenzie's at Chicago. He started July 8th, 1918, and immediately began to make daily profits of $5 to $10. Saturdays $100 to $150. We don't think we should tell what he will make the first year, but it is a lot of money. He puts good stuff into his kisses, and people come back for more. He is very obliging and will tell you about his experience in the business if you'll write him.

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My present business is_____

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Walter Baker & Company Ltd
Beech-Nut Packing Company
E J Brach Company
British-American Tobacco Company
Colgate & Company
Corn Products Refining Company
Cudahy Packing Company
Huyler's
Andrew Jergens Company
Kibbe Brothers Company
Lever Bros Co Ltd
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company
P Lorillard Company
National Biscuit Company
National Candy Company
National Starch Company
Pacific Coast Borax Company
Palmolive Company
Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolate Company
Postum Cereal Company
Procter & Gamble Company
R J Reynolds Tobacco Company
Swift & Company
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Go to the "Exide" Service Station near you. *A* postcard will bring you the address.

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Batteries are made by this Company for every storage battery purpose

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

(Continued from Page 182)

newspapers fill their columns with denunciation of the "paid-and-corrupt" metropolitan press, when at the same time they are supported by a class which would forbid the adoption of a truly judicial attitude toward the statements or activities of the other.

After all the talk about a free press, one of the most important of the radical publications which I happened to pick up on my journeys publicly refused to publish an advertisement about a book attacking Bolshevism because the view thereof taken by the author of the volume differed from the editorial policy of the periodical in question. And then and there was given a plain defense of censorship which none of the larger or more conservative periodicals would have dared present to its readers.

Many a laboring man in the United States, accustomed to believing the propaganda of his leaders or editors of labor publications to the effect that all news printed in newspapers other than those published by the unions themselves is false, has now found himself victimized by the literary radicals whose livelihood depends upon keeping a big clientele prejudiced their way.

Far be it from anyone to disparage the value of class publications. They can be useful. But the toilers never were more easy meat for the exploiting minority than they are to-day—with so many newfangled ideas to toss before the eyes of the workers, so many new ways of stimulating class excitement.

But the pendulum is swinging. One has only to talk with the average worker—not the leaders or the would-be leaders, but the rank and file. Those who own or want to own their own homes do not talk of experiments in government. Those who have large savings in the bank or are thinking of marriage and the future family do not listen long to street-corner utopians. Those who have seen their fellow men rise by dint of brain power and native shrewdness know that men have risen in America from park benches to limousines, from canal boats to private yachts. They know America is a land of opportunity. And so long as a majority of the people of America are not obsessed with the notion that the world owes them a living and owes it to them on a silver platter and without the slightest exertion of hand or brain there isn't any danger of Bolshevism in these United States.

Unrest But Not Bolshevism

Unrest there is. No one with eyes or ears can travel the country and say blandly that all is quiet on the Potomac or the Susquehanna or the Mississippi or the Columbia. The returned soldier is restless. He has not yet been assimilated. Jobs beckon to him, but he doesn't always embrace them. Excitement still surges through his soul. He craves expression at the same time that he quiets his nerves. Prohibition comes suddenly to one section of the country, but it is an old story in the West. Unrest cannot be uniformly blamed on prohibition. Merchants in the dry states testify to the improvement of their volume of business since the saloon tills stopped swallowing nickels. Also the jails offer irrefutable testimony.

In the East, where prohibition is new and where larger numbers of people have suddenly been made thirsty, the difficulty in getting strong drink has made alcoholic beverages so precious that—like children with candy—many who drank moderately before drink to excess now. The crime-wave chart shows an upward curve. These conditions have an ephemeral look, however—they are mere incidents in a great transition.

Readjustment is noticeable everywhere. Can a war that took four million men out of their accustomed pursuits, broke up families, rearranged careers, filled up some niches, emptied others, elbowed men and women forward, jostled others back, drew funds from all pockets for government purposes and above all called for more money wherewith to buy the foods of life—can an earthquake like that pass without a readjustment of our complicated social order?

But a survey of America shows nothing over which any student of politics, economics or social movements need have any fits of apprehension. America stands self-contained, self-confident and self-reliant. Her problems are numerous. Her demand upon public servants is one of unrelenting exaction. But America in readjustment is like a quiet stream awakened by a pebble, whereas in unfortunate Europe molten lava still courses its paths of death and destruction.

America has indeed been only awakened by the pebble. Her manufacturing possibilities were suddenly revealed to her. Efficiency and organization were assets left by the war. Economies of business and thrift were national watchwords. America came out of the struggle, not only able to supply herself with all the necessities manufactures and raw materials—but ready and willing to supply the rest of the world with her surplus. War plants are being converted to peacetime uses. A big export trade awaits America. There is a scarcity of skilled labor, especially in the mechanical trades, and plenty of use for unskilled, particularly agricultural, labor Economically America is prepared for the burdens of reconstruction—indeed is in an avid mood, anxious to meet the new demands of an impoverished world.

Having learned something about investing money through Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps the average man is not soon going to forget his lesson in finance. Having accumulated a comfortable surplus, however, he is not begrudging himself necessities which he denied himself and his family during the war. Practically every city but one I visited showed an advertising boom. Retail and department stores were doing an unprecedented business. Folks were buying everything from door knobs to flivvers. Only in the Western copper country, where the mines had shut down, did I find an occasional pessimist. But the high prices for other commodities produced by the same region absorbed the labor and kept things humming in the stores.

Killing the Germs of War

War casualties were numerous enough, but relatively a small proportion of our more than 100,000,000 of people were affected. The influenza epidemic did as much to paralyze American business processes and the personnel of American enterprises as did the war—if not more.

Just now the doctors are trying to find an antidote for both war and influenza. We hear most, however, about the effort to kill the germs of wars. I asked everywhere many questions about the League of Nations. I got a variety of answers. But without reflecting in the slightest on the gentlemen who argue for or against Paragraph Seven or Section Y or Chapter Nine or the Nine Hundred and Ninety-ninth Article of the peace treaty or the covenant, I can truthfully say that the average man hadn't got interested in the League-of-Nations covenant or the provisions of the peace treaty sufficiently to want to read their details—and what's more, he didn't want to be interested. That doesn't mean American indifference either. It is a psychological straw of prime importance, however, and tells which way the wind is blowing.

Masses of people are not interested in technical details. They grasp ideas. They judge administrations on election day by simple standards—honesty, efficiency, competence. Many a voter could not always tell you specifically—if he tried—just why he thinks Mr. Jones is inefficient and why Mr. Smith is the candidate for whom he casts his ballot. He has an impression about Mr. Jones' work built up by the cumulative process of daily impressions.

So it is with the League of Nations. The impression which the masses of folks in America have is that war is a horrible, ugly thing, never to be repeated if heaven and earth can be moved to prevent it. They have also the well-defined notion that peace is a blessed thing, much more precious to-day than it ever seemed five years ago. There's just as much thrill as ever over the glorious achievement of our troops overseas, but there isn't much of a thrill over the tales they tell of the horrible piles of dead beings they saw on the battlefields of France.

I watched a crowd coming out of a League-of-Nations meeting. I purposely listened to the comments of different individuals.

"Looks like a big thing, that League of Nations—anything that will stop war——"

"But will it stop war? Will human beings ever stop fighting? Isn't it human nature?"

"Guess it is, but we can keep 'em fighting in a back yard somewhere, or keep 'em in a ring where they won't drag everybody in. If there's got to be fighting let's rope it

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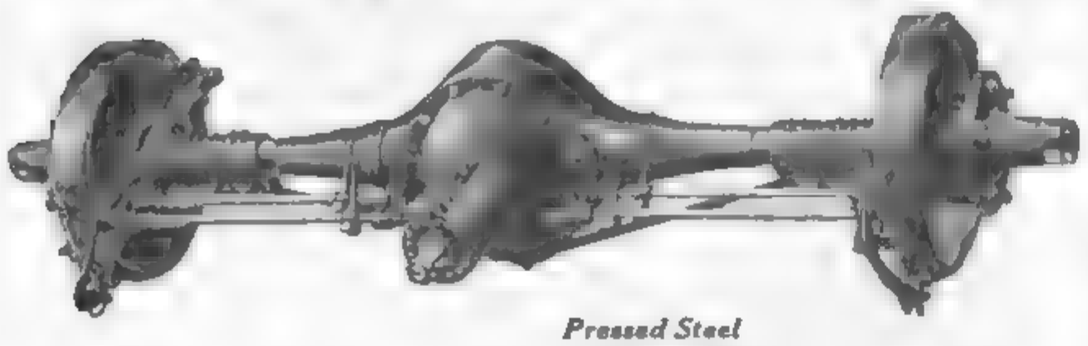

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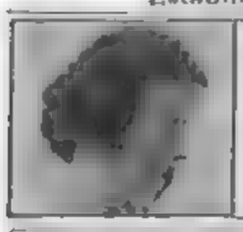

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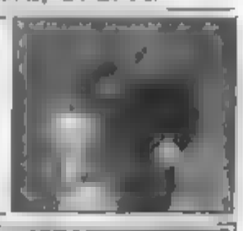

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off. Let's get in on the talk before they get making war—and let's throw a weight or two on the scales and maybe there won't be any war."

"Certainly no harm in trying it. If the thing doesn't work we won't be any worse off than we were before. What's the odds?"

And that last comment sums up opinion as I found it. Most people hadn't analyzed the covenant or the peace treaty—and didn't feel especially interested in it any more than they are in a ponderous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. They want to know the essentials, but don't feel like partaking of the details.

Does the League of Nations aim to prevent war? Then it is a splendid aim and we are for it, says the populace. Does it take away American independence and rights? Well, President Wilson says it doesn't, and he had charge of America during the war, had command of everything in the United States, and folks generally—Republicans and Democrats—trusted him and gave him a lot of money to spend and a lot of lives to go with it. And what has happened all of a sudden to make one believe this same man would barter away America's heritage?

No, the masses seemed unperturbed by the idea that the League of Nations was cooked up to drag America into perpetual war. The masses know now that dirigibles can fly across the ocean and drop dynamite on our cities, that submarines can steal under the ocean and attack our coast, that the air as well as the land and sea have seen new developments of science which make the Atlantic and Pacific no longer so much of a barrier as before. Rather have nations been drawn together economically and physically. If one country can get militaristic and start a fight in Europe and carry that fight to the ocean and sink American ships and American passengers thereon another nation can do the same.

To keep down the would-be militarists and to make everybody behave the American people, judged by my observations, believe in mutual insurance throughout the world. They may be perplexed about the covenant and some of the things in the peace treaty, but they have heard that everything can be revised in future meetings, that nothing is final and that as time goes on and the international conscience improves changes will be made to meet imaginary and real objections.

America doesn't want war again and is willing to throw her great weight into the balance, even to threaten the use of her tremendous power to stop anybody else from starting a big war. The mere mention of another war is enough to make many fathers and mothers feel shivers running up and down their parental spines. True, the great majority of our people didn't have sons in the war—a relatively small percentage went overseas. Therefore, be it earnestly recommended that as many people as possible who want to be convinced shall first take a trip to France. Look over the battlefields, see the devastated villages, note the worn look on the faces of the surviving peasantry. And while making observations you will not fail to see something else—it is impossible to go anywhere in Northern France for miles and miles and escape the sight. For there are not a few hundred, not a few thousand, not a few hundred thousand, but literally millions of crosses; little white symbols of human sacrifice beneath which rest the flower of the white race.

Germany was intolerable—she had to be beaten or she would have made the world unlivable. But could the war have been prevented? Could the screws have been put earlier on German lust and ambition? Could the peoples of other countries have been awakened earlier to the growing menace, and couldn't they have nipped militarism in the bud much sooner by forgetting about the fetish of precedents which forbids butting into the internal affairs or efforts of another nation even though it may look as if those efforts might any day become external?

Such soliloquies came to me as they must have to many another who saw the ruins of France and wondered if any indemnity, if any peace treaty could repair the damage done! Germany's militarism went on virtually unchecked for thirty years—it was a national doctrine. Instead of curbing it at once other nations imitated it in self-defense and in a way recognized its right to grow.

Militarism has now been defeated. Another era is ahead of us. Another thirty years, a generation of development in international intercourse is athwart the paths of the future. Shall the world wait thirty years and attempt then to discipline offenders at a terrible cost, or shall the world recognize that disputes are inevitable, that friction is natural on a crowded, heavily populated planet like ours and begin on the ground floor to prevent passions from rising and to extinguish smoldering fires lest they blaze away into incontrollable flames?

See Europe and your mind will not soon turn indifferently from the subject of wars—how they may be prevented—League of Nations, special treaties, limited armaments, guardianship of small nations, anything to restore civilization to its senses and help keep it there. Then after seeing the great cemetery of the modern world you will come back to America, to a happy, prosperous, unsullied, healthy, well-knit and comfortable land, a country of plenty, of equal opportunity, of freedom. Maybe you will enthuse as have several hundred thousand in the last few months about good old Hoboken, about our railroads and even our street cars, our telephones and our telegraphs, our hotels and our markets, our plethora of food and our unbroken institutions of economic life. Travel, indeed, the transcontinental trail by the Pullman or the flivver route and you will fully appreciate the meaning of those murmurs of inexpressible joy that came with choking emotion from the throats of about two million men as they caught the first glimpse of the land of their dreams—God's Country!

Scientists who help with the Family Wash

At Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, is an institution that frequently is spoken of as "the intelligence department of industry". Its name is the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research.

In its laboratories work more than three score men of science—each of whom is a connecting link between science and industry. They are research men—hunters in the world of science for facts and methods that can be made use of in the world of business.

Some of these specialists are employed by the laundry industry. By means of what they learn laundry processes are constantly being improved.

What is the situation with the housewife? Because she labors alone, she can only guess at the correct amounts of bluing, soaps and powders to use in the family wash. She has no way of ascertaining just how these will affect clothes. Of necessity she must work by "rule of thumb".

But in modern laundries—thanks to the work of the men of the Laundryowners National Association and the Mellon Institute—nothing is ever done by guesswork.

So that each kind of article can be given correct washing, the scientists have told the laundry industry the difference between the many divers textiles that are sent in the family bundle.

There is a right way and a wrong way to wash each. What soaps to use and what not to use has been determined. In modern laundries the formulas for washing a lot of clothes are as carefully balanced as the prescription issued by your family physician.

Laundering has become the approximation of an exact science. Laundrymen of today are specialists. They know. They have learned the secret of correct cleansing.

It is these specialists who do your family washing when you send it to modern laundries.

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NOTHING STIRRING

(Continued from Page 36)

The printed appearance of this literary triumph was followed by wholly unexpected results.

Somebody answered it!

Nothing, *je vous assures*, could have been more surprising. I could scarcely credit the occurrence myself. Yet there it was, in The Art Allowance, the issue being that of the very week in which the sale was to be held. Its appearance left me speechless. Even to this day I cannot comment upon it. Comment for yourself; here is the letter:

"Editor of The Art Allowance.

"*Dear Sir:* Your correspondent, Mr. J. Weatherbee, has, in the last issue of your paper, made an attack upon my old friend, J. Mortimer Greenleaf, which I cannot allow to pass unchallenged. I knew this gentleman for many years and my admiration for his accomplishments is unlimited. My parting with him was of necessity and filled with mutual regrets and my first knowledge of his death came through the advertised sale of his belongings.

"Though I had not realized that he was a collector of such distinction and was somewhat surprised that he should have left such a large and important collection I am positive, from my long and intimate knowledge of him, that in the main his honesty and reliability were beyond dispute. Anyone questioning it or doubting the entire good faith in which he collected anything should be exposed to the pillory of public opprobrium, as his many friends will testify.

A. E. C."

There you are! I rushed to Lionel with it. In point of fact my first reaction was that he had written it. No other explanation was possible.

But he only stared at the sheet in blank amazement.

"I certainly did not!" he said. "There is only one answer. A Mr. J. Mortimer Greenleaf must have existed somewhere—probably still exists, judging by that letter. We can only pray that neither he nor his heirs come to claim a per cent on the sales!"

"They undoubtedly will," I groaned. "Give me a drink—I'm all in."

"Nothing in the house but Oleoil," grinned Lionel cheerfully. "Serves you right, you little fraud. You'd better cancel the sale."

"I can't!" I wailed. "Why, man, it's to-morrow!"

"Well, we'll have to go through with it, that's all," said he grimly. "Who would have thought there could be two people in the world with a name like that? I wish I had a drink myself!"

"Try Oleoil!" I suggested bitterly. But he declined.

What was one to do? *La jour de gloire etait arrive!* We could not stop the affair at the eleventh hour, as Lionel had so casually advised. The wretched thing was coming off the very next day, and it seemed self-evident to me that our only course was to let it go forward, come what might. Nothing that could occur would be any worse than the unexplained closing of the galleries in the face of an eager and expectant public, *ca va sans dire!*

I passed a horrible night, filled with visions of policemen and court rooms where beastly, vulgar persons without any creative imagination gave me the crudest, most insensitive sort of treatment. And by morning I was a nervous wreck—positively. In point of fact I was scarcely able to struggle into the proper garments—a charming gray morning coat bound with black, gray vest and lavender trousers; and dear Lionel was not much better. He was as nervous as a cat and changed his tie five times before breakfast! And as we took our coffee he kept glowering at Greenleaf as if that poor old colored person were entirely to blame.

"Why the hell didn't you let that nigger stock the cellaret?" he demanded for the hundredth time. "This comes of not believing prohibition could happen. Now you know that anything can happen!"

Greenleaf was not in a good mood either. If I had not been positive that we had no liquor in the house I would have said that he had been drinking.

"Say, boss, how long is Ah got ter stay daid?" he asked, wagging his head uneasily.

"Just a couple of days more," I replied soothingly.

"But Ise tired bein' a relect," he said. "Ain't gwine to stay daid no mo'. They's gwine be a resurrection mighty quick. Ah got come ter life an' 'tend to mah affairs!"

"That'll be all right day after to-morrow, old sport," said Lionel. "Shut up now, I've a headache."

"Ain't gwine shut up lessen I git dat assurance money you-all promis' me!" declared the deceased. "Nary a cent yet, an' Ah needs dat money!"

It was an embarrassing situation because at the moment both of us were completely out of cash. Moreover, Greenleaf's behavior was unprecedented. His respectful manner had ever been one of his chief assets, and this change of front was extraordinary.

"Er—well, you will have to wait another day or two, Greenleaf," I replied with what dignity I could command.

"Gwine be a open-up of de grave!" he muttered warningly, and grasping the buttered toast he staggered out of the room.

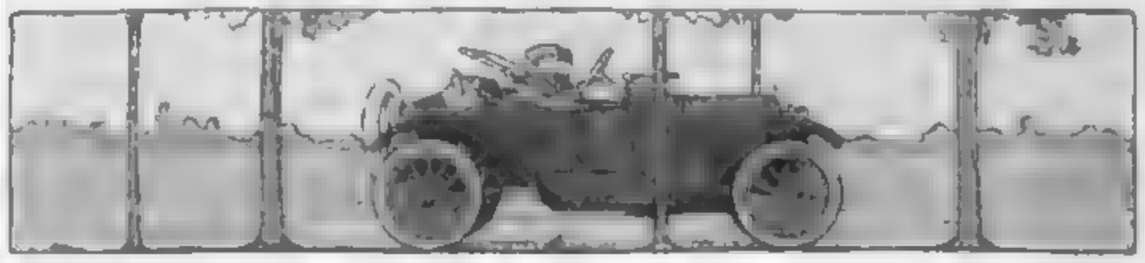
Lionel and I exchanged glances of inquiry, and then gave it up. Time was waxing short and our presence at the shop was imperative.

Oh, fateful day! With what a sinking of the heart did I observe the limousines pouring their burdens of potential buyers at my gate! How my heart trembled as I watched, through a peekhole in an Italian leather screen, as one famous collector after another entered and was escorted to a seat by the outwardly calm and suave Lionel and the innocent Wescott, the second assistant curator! And how I shuddered at recognizing the inevitable sprinkling of dealers among them! Who, who, in all that opulent-appearing throng knew a J. Mortimer Greenleaf? Nay, who among them was, by grace of some demon, J. Mortimer himself? I expected that someone would very possibly go so far as to smite me when I appeared, but nothing stirring. Amid a respectful murmur of recognition I stepped forth with all due ceremony, and the sale was on.

From over the top of the ancient Italian lectern from Paterson, New Jersey, on which my sales book, list and fountain pen rested, I surveyed my audience with that exquisite well-bred poise for which I am noted. And no one in that distinguished gathering I am sure realized the leap my heart gave upon seeing Madame Cartier in their midst. How I pitied her, and yet how sweet was the thought that the fall of the proud beauty was imminent! She was accompanied by Morgenthawl's secretary—which of course meant she was buying for him—and by that little chit, Eloise Dubois, the girl from my home town of Dallas, Texas. Lionel was bending over her with a degree of attention which appeared to me to be rather overdone. I rapped sharply with my gavel and began.

Need I record the details of that sale, the fame of which has gone down to the posterity of dealers forever, and the record of whose luscious items was published in The Art Allowance in round figures which made our rivals green with envy? Hardly! The sale is so famous as to need no record here except as concerns its two most essential events—the sale of the Florentine candlesticks and that of the ex-Sheraton chairs.

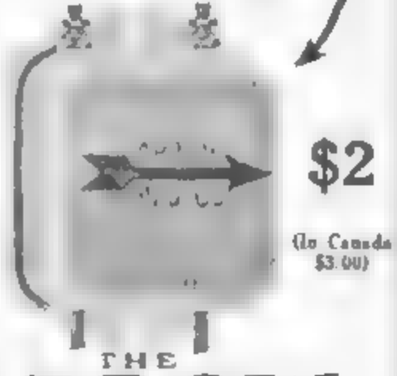
Of course things were dull at the start, a really very fair gilt mirror bringing only ten dollars despite my eloquence. Then beaded bags, grandfather's clocks, oil paintings and whatnots began to go as if upon wings. I touched upon J. Mortimer as



To Ring These

Without These

USE THIS



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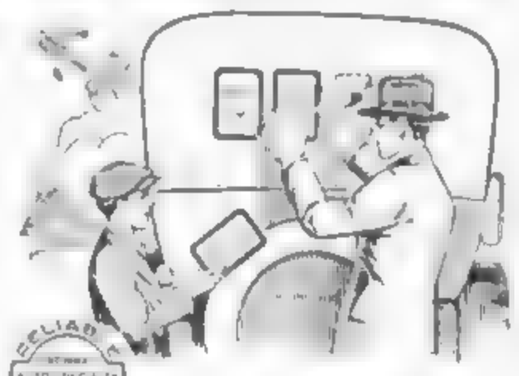

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ANYONE can stick this window on like a tube patch without tools or extra expense—without removing back curtain—without loss of car's use. It lasts longer. No stitching to weaken celluloid. Made for all popular cars. 60 cents up.

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For Small Holes Anywhere

Most of the fixtures you put up around the house need small screw holes. Here's the kind of boring tool that professional mechanics use in making small holes in wood or metal. And it is just as handy for household use.

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The drill is handsomely finished with cocobolo handles and nickeled and black enameled metal parts.

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60 pages of mechanical information—valuable formulas and helpful hints. How to [illegible] other boring and cutting tools.

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MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

little as I could, but when a bid hung in the balance I referred to my distinguished old friend in impassioned tones which never failed to bring results.

The Florentine candlesticks were, at a signal from the widow, put up early, and I was delighted to knock them down to her for fifty dollars—exactly twenty more than they would cost me when the bill from the furniture factory came in. We exchanged a smile of mutual satisfaction over the heads of the multitude, and I passed on to the pair of chairs.

"What am I bid for this beautiful pair of English chairs?" I asked. "Note the exquisite lines. There are a few worm holes in the arms and back—let me be perfectly honest—we don't want to deceive you here. But age, you know, friends, leaves its mark. The frames are as strong as if they were modern. Two splendid chairs warm from the hallway of Mr. Greenleaf's own country place—what am I bid? . . . One hundred dollars for the pair? . . . One hundred—one hundred—one hundred—one ——"

"One ten," said Cartiea unexpectedly.

"One ten, one ten, one ten," I said, delighted. Oh, the sucker! Two fakes at one auction! "One ten. I'm offered one ten."

"One twenty!" said someone else. And up they went! But Cartiea was determined, and in the end she got them for two hundred. I had paid forty for them.

She did not bid again, however, though she waited until the very end.

Figurez vous the strain that I was under—not knowing how or when the unlaid ghost of my unburied corpse would rear his head! But as the auction drew to its close and nothing happened my confidence began to return, reenforced by the splendid profit we had taken in. After all it was very possible that we should never hear from the matter again. That would be just my luck!

And so when Madame Cartiea, check in hand, approached me as the crowd was departing I had no forebodings. How dramatic and terrible was the scene that ensued!

"Two hundred and fifty, right!" she said. "My man will get them this afternoon. And I want to thank you for letting me have those candlesticks for Mr. Morgenthaw! so reasonable. Like most great collectors he dearly loves a bargain. Why, the furniture-company man nearly succeeded in landing him with a pair of imitations, but fortunately I knew their hall-mark and where to look for it. You may be sure I looked at yours very carefully before I bid them in, and they are undoubtedly genuine, though the only giveaway of those from the factory is that tiny feather which they stamp on the bottom."

She laughed charmingly, while a sickly feeling seized me about the middle.

"And I love those reproductions—the so-called English chairs," she went on amiably. "They are the very thing I needed for the waiting room at my gallery. Something that looks antique but will hold the restless customers. Of course I would not have bought them to resell, but they are a splendidly clever achievement."

"I'm glad you are satisfied," I said stiffly.

"Oh, quite!" she smiled. "And just one more thing, dear Mr. Kentt. When did poor old Greenleaf die? He used to be my father's body servant down South, and even then he was quite a collector, though in those days his taste ran rather to small coins and odd bits of metal such as teaspoons and scarfpins. Watches, too, were rather a hobby with him."

I could only look at the terrible woman and gasp. There was no use in carrying the pretense further. She knew.

"He isn't really dead," I said at length.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said. "I was so upset that I wrote The Art Allowance a letter about the poor old negro!"

Then she turned away and I saw her talking with Lionel. I could endure no more; the birthday party would have to get along without me.

Blindly I found my way to the flat and threw myself upon the couch. And as I lay there in a semistupor, who should come in but Lionel, his face ashen.

"What's the matter—why aren't you at your own birthday party?" I whispered from the depths of my own misery. *Pauvre enfant!* How white he was!

"Because the party is all off!" said he. "She's gone out with another man."

"Well, of all things!" I gasped, sitting up. "Who?"

"Damn it! My dad!" said Lionel. Then he rose and seized upon the bottle of Oleoil, which had all this time been reposing on the desk.

"Confound the Old Boy and his stuff!" he exclaimed. "There must be something in it!"

And to my amazement and horror he put the bottle to his lips and drank. After a moment he set it down, a smile dawning upon his erstwhile haggard countenance.

"There is!" he yelled.

"Is what?" I said stupidly.

"Something in it!" he grinned. "Taste!"

I did, and there was. About fifty per cent alcohol with prune juice. Just like the old-time bar whisky.

"Hey, you nigger, where's the rest of that case?" I shouted, springing to my feet and making a dash for the kitchen, Lionel close upon my heels.

But J. Mortimer Greenleaf had beaten us to it. This time he was really dead—dead to the world, that is, and round him on the floor lay the empty evidences of his perspicacity.

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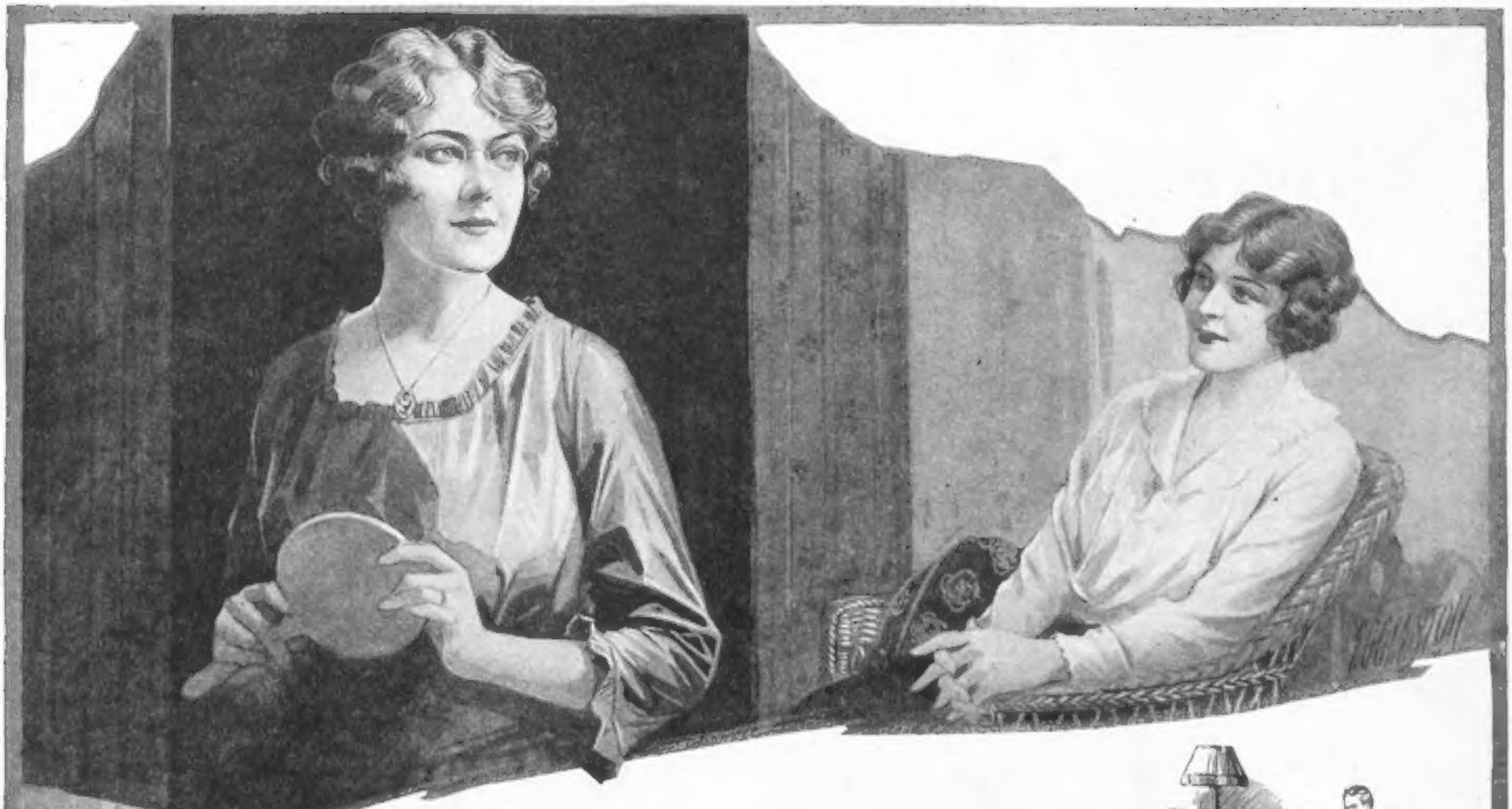

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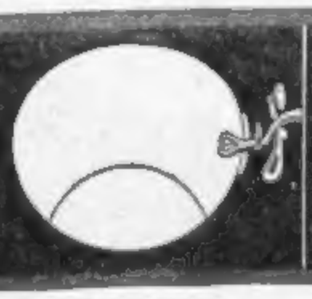

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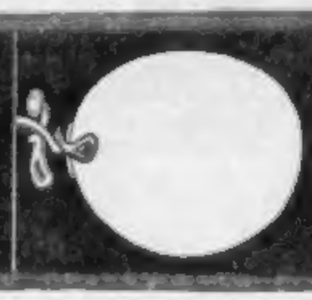

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